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THE  
CRITICAL REVIEW:  
OR,  
Annals of Literature.

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BY  
A SOCIETY of GENTLEMEN.

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VOLUME the NINTH.

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——— *Nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down ought in malice.* SHAKESPEARE

*Ploravere suis non respondere favorem  
Speratum meritis*——— HOR.

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T H E

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# THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

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For the Month of *January* 1760.

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## ARTICLE I.

*Sermons on various important Subjects. By the late Rev. Mr. Thomas Newman. In two Volumes. Published from the Author's Manuscript, and by his particular Direction. 8vo. Price 10 s. Noon, &c.*

OF all the different species of composition, there is not one, perhaps, in which it is so difficult to excel, as in that of writing sermons, or public orations; because it requires such a variety of talents, as are seldom united in the same person. In the historian, we are satisfied with judgment and perspicuity; in the poet, we are contented with nobleness of sentiment and sublimity of expression: but in the orator we expect to find all the precision and accuracy of the former, and all the fire and enthusiasm of the latter. His explanation should be distinct and clear; his arguments strong and forcible; his reflections pertinent and judicious; and his exhortations warm and animating.—There is no rule in logic, however subtle, which he ought not thoroughly to understand; there is no figure in poetry, however bold, which he may not, upon occasion, successfully employ. In a word, he ought to have a perfect knowledge of all the several avenues to the human mind, and be able, by the torrent of his eloquence, to impel it to whatever side, or inspire it with whatever passion he pleases.

Printed orations, it must be owned, are deprived of many advantages; the tone of voice, the gesture of the body, the expressive look, and a thousand other nameless graces: all which conspire to give the speaker such a powerful and almost irresistible influence over his audience. But still it is certain, that

Vol. IX. *January* 1760. B



that a masterly discourse, even in print, and stripped of all the beauties of elocution, tho', perhaps, it cannot ravish and captivate the heart, will yet affect us in a very sensible manner. Witness the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, which it is impossible for a person of any taste to read, without an emotion of soul, similar in kind, though not in degree, to what was felt by their enraptured hearers.

We are sorry to say that, in perusing Mr. Newman's sermons, we have not experienced any thing of this nature; there is nothing in them animated, spirited, or pathetic: all is cool, calm, and languid; he never rises above that mediocrity of composition which characterizes ninety nine in a hundred of our modern sermons, and we will not venture to say that he frequently falls below it. But, though we cannot allow our author any of the qualities of a great orator, yet, if we may judge of his character by his writings, he seems to have possessed all the virtues of a good man. His discourses breathe a spirit of rational piety and devotion, which cannot fail to recommend them to every serious and well-disposed christian. The whole of the first volume is taken up with a disquisition concerning happiness. The author sets out with endeavouring to prove that the design of the Deity in creating man could be no other than to make him happy. Here he nobly vindicates the character of the supreme Being, from those unworthy aspersions with which the impiety of the *crafty* and *designing*, and the ignorance of the *timorous* and *weak-minded* had concurred to load it.

'It is blasphemous nonsense, he affirms, to say that man was the object of the divine hatred before he existed; for what doth not exist, can be neither the object of love nor hatred. It is no less an absurdity to say, that man was so upon his existence; for why or how can it be supposed God would produce any thing that he hated, when it never would have existed, unless he had given being to it? Or could there be any ill-will towards his own works, without hating himself? If then there could be no hatred in God towards the work of his own hands, their misery could not be his primary intention. If he could have no ill-will towards them before he created them, he could not create them to be miserable: and if the misery of the creature could not be the design of the Creator, its happiness must. And that it was so is as certain, as that there can be no envy, no malice, no cruelty, nor any features of the devil to be found in the all-perfect God: nay, the righteousness, the goodness, and every moral excellency in which the Deity most eminently consists,

confists, cannot possibly center in any other original design, than the felicity of those he, from the dictates of his own benevolence, gave being to.'

To the same purpose, in page 21. 'Such suggestions must stand in a very shocking light: "That God created any to damn them; that any are put under an inevitable necessity of being miserable; that though he affords means of happiness to all, yet to some only to such a degree, as to enhance their misery; but not sufficient, if they were faithful, to secure their felicity." In confutation of all such unworthy and blasphemous thoughts, might not our Maker appeal to his own nature; to our own frame and make; to the largesses and bounties of his providence; and to the mission and message of his own son? All which, with united voice, return, The design of the Creator is, not the misery, but the blessedness, of his creatures. The sun in the firmament shines not with stronger light than attends this truth. That is not more visible to the open eye at noon-day, than this is to the impartial enquiring mind.

'I would make it my earnest request that we never admit any contrary suggestions a moment. They must, in their natural consequences, cut the sinews of all endeavours after felicity; and where they are held, it is well if, by the heart's being better than the head, persons are not atheists in practice, or devils for despair.'

He next proceeds to consider that inextinguishable desire of happiness which is implanted in the breast of every man; and, by a variety of arguments, which to us appear unanswerable, he evinces, that neither morality nor religion can ever require us to make the glory of God, exclusive of our own felicity, the end of our actions.

Page 80. 'For my own part, says he, I understand no such refinements in religion as the separating the glory of God from the happiness of man; or any obligations upon us to make the former our end, exclusively of the latter. And I have frequently observed, that when there are such great niceties in sentiment, there are the grossest corruptions in practice. To what purpose is that instinctive desire of happiness implanted in the human mind, but to prompt us to pursue its attainment? But how shall we ever attain it, if we propose it not as an end? We cannot help desiring to be happy: It is as much a part of our frame as intelligence itself is. But why is it so, if not as a spring of action? But how can it be so, but

from the prospect that we set before ourselves of the thing itself? Why did the Son of God himself annex a blessedness to several duties, as he did in Matthew v. Or why is he represented as carried on in his design of love and goodness, from a view to the joy that was set before him; if it was unworthy of a Christian, and mercenary in him, to have his eye upon his own happiness, or to make it his real scope and aim? Heb. xii. 2. Whilst I call and adore him as my master and teacher, I will never admit, that he did not perfectly understand the nature of things, or the religion that he taught: that he did not know what was in man, or what he was made for: or that he had not as just sentiments of, and as honourable regards to, the glory of God, as it is necessary we should have. Whilst, at the same time, we see, that he, both by doctrine and example, hath justified us in having a governing aim to our own felicity, as in the closest connection with the glory of God, which could not lie so warm at any heart as at his own. Let us then but take care to form just sentiments of our own proper good and blessedness, and we cannot have too great a concern for it, or respect to it, as the best of men have had before us. Heb. xi. 26.'

Our author goes on to prove that our happiness consists, not in sensual pleasure, not in wealth and affluence, (in one or other of which most people, he apprehends, are apt to place it) but in the enjoyment of God, and the virtuous dispositions of our own minds. Speaking of universal love and benevolence, in page 283, he hath the following sentiments, which are equally just and generous, and bespeak a mind free from that low bigotry and prejudice, which are no less inconsistent with christianity than it is with common sense.

'Dwelling in love, says he, plainly implies the universality and extensiveness both of the affection, and its natural operations.

'It plainly and strongly intimates, the heart should never be divested of the affection; nor the mind ever be under the power of another complexion. The hating or the bearing ill-will to any, the doing them any harm or mischief with design, or from ill-will, is absolutely inconsistent with the dwelling in love. This absolutely condemns all bigotry, party spirit and prejudice, upon the account of different sentiments in religion; which, to the surprize of every one knows the gospel of Christ, hath not only been the occasion of the worst and most degenerate disposition, but hath been thought a justifiable cause too, and

and to carry a vindication of it in itself. But certainly the dwelling in love towards others, can never be reconciled with dwelling in hatred towards them: the text requires that our love to all mankind rise to a sincere good-will and desire of their welfare; or otherwise I cannot see what argument or motive there can be in that amiable representation of the blessed God, that he is love himself: and that representation of God is certainly brought as a motive to, yea as the pattern of our love to our fellow-creatures. Now as to God, we know that his love and kindness extends to the whole world; "the earth is full of his goodness: and he causeth his sun to shine on the evil and the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and the unjust." Matt. v. 45. Thus extensively and universally may and ought our good affections or benevolence to work, if we would dwell in love, and thereby evidence we are the children of our heavenly father, who is love, whose good will is absolutely universal. But the actual expressions of those affections are unavoidably more limited: but not by any means to the degree that some, who call themselves Christians, restrain them. Our master hath by a very plain similitude told us, who are the objects of our love; and how far we should extend the exercises of it. Luke x. 27. And nothing can be more certain, if he is a judge, than that we are not to look upon those only to have a claim thereto, who are of the same nation, religion, sentiment, and party with ourselves; but that all are entitled thereto who stand in need of our assistance, and towards whom we have an opportunity and ability of exercising a kind affection. And since he hath set aside all narrow and selfish distinctions, appointing us to look upon all as our neighbours and brethren, he hath thereby enjoined us to dwell in love; and told us when we do so, even when we have sincere desires, and bear hearty good-will to the welfare of God's whole rational creation. One would think that our Lord had sufficiently established and guarded the duty of universal love, when he has expressly made it our duty to forgive, yea to love our very enemies, for whom he has demanded all the expressions of it, that the nature and the reason of the thing will admit. It is true, his apostle, when recommending a beneficent love to all, directs us to make a distinction, and to give the preference to the household of faith, or to Christians, before Jews or Heathens. Gal. vi. 10. "As we have opportunity, saith he, let us do good unto all men, especially to them that are of the household of faith." In this apostolical direction, some circumstances, I think, are supposed, which should be taken into the case. It is supposed, that our ability may be so limited, as that we cannot be actually beneficent to all: that the Christians in the apostles days were ha-

ted by others, and therefore could expect no instance of beneficence from them : and that by their very christianity, they were cut off from all indirect ways of helping themselves ; or from those methods of relief, which were inconsistent with the prescriptions that their master had laid down. For these reasons, the preference of love and beneficence, that the apostle required to be given to Christians, was very fit and just, and it is so still : but this preference was no permission, much less a prescription, for the with-holding or with-drawing our love and affection from others : and, lest it should be made a pretence for it, the apostle at the same time expressly requires sincere and hearty good-will to all.

“ This, I think, is the disposition described in the text by dwelling in love : and thus may it be summed up. It implies “ a mind habitually influenced by all the kind and good affection towards the welfare and happiness of mankind ; exerted in a stated and chosen manner to all, as far as our opportunity or ability will extend, as reason and the gospel of Christ shall direct, and their circumstances require.”

In page 293, occurs a thought which, we will venture to say, is as fine as it is generous. “ The uneasinesses arising from our good inclinations towards others, under an inability of gratifying them, are accompanied with a pleasure beyond all that selfishness can boast of.”

The discourses in the 2d volume are on the following subjects ; viz.

*I. Rejoicing in Hope explained and recommended. II. Christ's dying Prayer. III. The Christian's Security. IV. Christ's Second-Coming. V. The Duty and Wisdom of setting the Lord always before us. VI. Against Conformity to the World. VII. The Vanity of Security under Prosperity. VIII. Religious Conversation. IX. Improvement of Life.*

In the discussion of these subjects the author has advanced nothing new or striking, yet has he made some sensible and judicious remarks, particularly in page 36 and 37, where he endeavours to refute the opinion of those, who consider religion as the source of gloomy and melancholy thoughts.

“ It is one amongst the many prejudices against religion, that it is an enemy to every thing chearful and comfortable ; and more especially that Christianity is so ; that upon embracing that,

that, we must surrender every thing else that is the source of real enjoyment. But how unjust a charge, how groundless a fancy is this! Is it possible for it to subsist in the face of the text, and of many others of the same import? Can it be the Christian's duty to rejoice; and he at the same time forbid it? Can we be encouraged, yea, commanded, to cherish and exercise the affection of joy; and shall our master and rule be represented as enemies to every thing of that kind? How shall we ever know the genius and spirit of christianity, the temper it inspires, or the affections it promotes, but from the precepts of it? And doth it not insist upon the chearfulness and joy of its votaries, as most honourable and agreeable to itself? Hath it not abundantly provided for it in its very scheme, and proposed it as one of its distinguishing views, beyond that of every other dispensation? Shall it be said or thought, that the Christian is doomed to an heartless uncomfortable life, whilst he is required to cherish and exercise a joy? Or that he is to renounce all self-satisfaction, whilst the most reviving hopes are provided for his daily repast?

‘It is a very hard case, and what would be exploded as monstrous in every other, that religion must bear the blame of all the weaknesses and unhappiness of natural constitution. It may as justly be assigned the cause of every other bodily infirmity as that of melancholy. The darkness of the night may as well be ascribed to the sun, as the darkness and clouds of the mind to religion. No; it is the want of it, or gross ignorance or mistakes about it, to which such an event is owing. There is nothing in the nature of the thing, nothing in the gospel constitution, that I know of, to promote dejection; much less that requires it of those who embrace it. The contrary is very apparent: in that its very foundation is laid in hope, and abundant provision is made by the cheering and glorious objects it proposes, and the certainty that accompanies them, for its rising to a joy; intended for our comfortable walking, inspiring the most delightful affections of the mind, as most perfective of our natures, which is its great end; and as an earnest and preparation of the soul for a state of endless joy and satisfaction, which is its great reward. Christianity is so far from promoting melancholy, or being an enemy to chearfulness, and true self-enjoyment, that if there are any principles and doctrines taught as belonging thereto, that naturally inspire a gloomy and servile spirit in the true Christian, that distress him, fill him with doubts, fears, anxious suspicions, terrors, or any thing tending to despair, he may at once pronounce them to be false; that they belong not to his religion; since they are destructive of the affection



affliction of hope, which he is ever to maintain, and to do his best to raise to joy and triumph.'

Having paid this compliment to our author's abilities (for we can assure the reader, that the passages we have quoted, are some of the best in the whole book) we come, in the next place, to examine his language; and, in this respect, we must confess, he is extremely faulty. His style is, for the most part, inelegant, frequently incorrect, and sometimes perplexed and obscure. Out of a variety of instances that might be produced, we shall only mention the following.

Vol. 1. page 49. 'To obtain *that* light and influence *as* may preserve.' We apprehend the English idiom requires *such as*, or *that which*.

P. 84. '*Unpersuadableness*.' A harsh-sounding word, for which we don't recollect any good authority.

P. 184. '*Their* pursuit,' for the pursuit *of them*.

P. 223. 'The undecaying fountain flows in various streams, opening his *hand*.' 'Tis the first time we ever heard of a fountain's having *hands*. Is not this a mixture of metaphors?

Vol. 2. page 14. 'That habitual piety and virtue *as*,' for *which* again.

P. 49. 'If there should *be* any cloud arise upon the mind.' Is not the word *be* superfluous?

P. 71. 'I say, our Lord took this very season, when he was under the greatest temptation to imprecate a curse, to manifest he was the image of the invisible God, in those perfections, which he most delights to exercise, by becoming an intercessor for the abundant mercy which those transgressors needed, who had acted the most merciless and unrighteous part towards him.' Can any language be more involved and perplexed?

P. 103. 'The time of our Lord's death, and departure from his apostles, drawing on, and *knowing* what they would feel from their love, and experience for their fidelity, to him, from the world, when he left them; before he leaves them, he suggests to them a variety of supports and consolations, as he himself tells us, in the first verse of this chapter, to prevent their disconsolacy, and that their hope and trust in himself might not only survive his death, but gain strength and stability thereby.' To whom does the word *knowing* refer? to Christ? or to his apostles? we suppose to the former: the sense requires it; but, by the rules of grammar, it may be indifferently

rently applied to the one, or the other; or, indeed, to both or neither. 'Tis a manner of expression quite inconsistent with the principles of the English language; and, we imagine, of the Greek and Latin also: to which, however, it seems to be more a-kin.

P. 212. 'Their very senses.' *Whose* senses does the author mean?

P. 213. 'A *passant*, accidental thought.' The word *passant* is not yet, we apprehend, naturalized: 'tis only used in the cant phrase, "en passant," and then 'tis always distinguished as a French expression.

P. 247. 'Being visible to *itself*,' read *it*.

P. 294. 'And furnish the vicious with occasions of emboldening and hardening *them* in their wickedness,' read *themselves*.

P. 315. 'How can we promise ourselves the continuance of a circumstance, which depends upon a variety of *immediate* causes, and upon a variety too that is not in our hands, nor in our power to influence?' *Qu.* Is this a blunder of the author or the printer?

P. 323. 'If we are independent on *himself*,' read *him*.

P. 418. '*As* our time:' it should be, *than* our time.

P. 421. 'But *who* may we thank,' read *whom*.

P. 448. 'If there is something *principally themselves*, ought it not to be principal in life?' Is this a Grecism? or what is it? the author, probably, meant this as a very *emphatic* phrase; but in our opinion, it is a very *obscure* one.

P. 449. 'A greatness of mind, *as* will raise you,' read *which* or *that*.

These are a few of the many inaccuracies in our author's style, which the editor, we think, without affecting the sense, might have easily corrected.

We cannot conclude this article, without lamenting the hard fate of the English language, when even our public orators, and authors, who ought to be her guardians, improvers, and refiners, are, from their negligence (for we are ashamed to say ignorance) likely to prove her corrupters. Had a Xenophon and Demosthenes, had a Livy and Cicero, behaved in this manner, what would have become of the Greek and Latin languages? would they ever have acquired that elegance and purity, that stability and perfection, which have rendered them the

the wonder and admiration of all succeeding ages, and have made them survive the very states which gave them birth. Our more prudent, or, if that be too high a compliment, our more cunning neighbours, the French, have wisely adopted this maxim of the ancients: they have corrected, polished, and refined their tongue to such a degree, that it is now become the court and commercial language over almost the whole known world. And, to the best of our knowledge, few, if any, in that country, pretend to obtrude their works upon the public; but such as can write, if not an elegant, at least a correct style. But we, more intent, it should seem, upon sense than sound, more concerned about things than names, have, in a great measure, neglected this subject: we have not taken the same pains to improve our language; we are not so careful to preserve it pure and uncorrupted.—Mistake us not; it is not our intention to depreciate the English tongue, as if it were weak, inelegant, or inexpressive; nothing less: it is, in the hands of a masterly writer, susceptible of as much energy, elegance, and perspicuity, as any other language, whether dead or living. Nor do we mean to reflect upon our writers in general; far from it: we have authors, in all the various kinds of composition, who, for judgment, invention, fancy, and expression, will yield the palm to no ancient or modern whatever. But of these how small is the number! The greater part write in such a confused and perplexed style, that the reader may be said rather to guess at, than fully to comprehend their meaning.

We cannot suppose this to proceed from want of ability, because, in that case, the author's own modesty and good sense must have told him, that he ought not to have written at all. And, if it be owing to carelessness, we are still at a loss how to apologize for him. The public has a right to expect that every one, who pretends to visit them in the character of an author, should appear in a decent garb: if he does not, he may depend upon it, they will either despise him for his *poverty*, or condemn him for his *ill-manners*.

ART. II. *Critical Dissertations upon the Iliad of Homer.* By R. Kedington, D. D. *Rector of Kedington, Suffolk.* 8vo. Pr. 4s. 6d. Hawkins.

THIS dissertation is calculated to vindicate those passages of Homer, which have been given up by all former commentators as absurd or immoral. Our critic, or rather panegyrist, endeavours to obviate every imputation, which either Pope, Dacier,

Dacier, or Eustathius; thought unanswerable, works himself into a true critical rage against every opposer, and often uses reproaches for argument.

Homer is every where the divine Homer, the incomparable poet, the faultless writer, and the inimitable original for every good writer to draw after. He is a fountain, a treasure, a mine, an ocean; by him the present age may be improved both in sentiment and style, more than by all others; on the contrary, all Homer's opposers are not only frivolous empty wretches, but immoral also; every attack upon the old bard conduces to depreciate human nature, to arraign providence, minister to immorality, and indulge the unhappy sceptical turn of the age; every attack is not only vain, but almost impious, upon so divine a poem. In short, by the warmth of his defence, he seems almost as sanguine as that prince who sacrificed to the genius of Homer an unhappy critic, who objected to some exceptionable passages in the Iliad.

Common sense is perhaps one of the first requisites in a critic: to prefer Homer to other writers may indeed be allowable; but to talk of him as faultless, to say that his writings are more serviceable to an imitator than all other works put together; such assertions favour strongly of little judgment, or much pedantic affectation. The praise bestowed on a writer of established reputation, is perhaps more frequently designed as a compliment to ourselves than the author: we only shew the rectitude of our own taste by a standard allowed already to be just: what advantages the public are to gain by praising Homer at this time of day, we know not; Mr. Kedington may reap some, since all must allow he has taste enough to relish those beauties which most men of taste have either relished, or pretended to relish before.

And yet, it is very possible the beauties of Homer may be admired too much; it is possible a writer may be so dazzled at the excellencies of another, as to be unable to see nature wherever she presents. The critic before us seems to regard Homer as the storehouse from whence to collect numberless beauties in composition and style; and yet, if we regard his own style and composition, he seems to have profited little by his admission into this great repository: at least we can *espie* (to use his own phrase) no great excellence or elegance in either. An alchymist once appeared in a beggarly dress at the gates of a man of fortune, assuring the gentleman that he had discovered the mine, the sun, the philosopher's stone, from whence gold

gold might be extracted in a moment : first, friend, says the gentleman, reform your beggarly appearance, and make your own fortune, before you offer to advance mine.

To be as explicit as possible : the writer in view builds upon a wrong hypothesis from the beginning to the end of his work ; he fancies that objections to a work of genius diminish its value and render it contemptible ; and that Homer, to be great, must be irreprehensible. But the truth is, the merit of every work is determined, not from the number of its faults, but of its beauties : nay, we often find wherever the latter prevail, the former are generally seen in great abundance. To illustrate this thought from a sister art : The Italian schools of painting are by all allowed superior to those of France ; and yet, if we examine the works of each minutely, we shall find their merits pretty much in this proportion : Raphael, and a great number of the Italians, who were famous for design, wanted the art of colouring : the greatest number of those who understood colours, erred grossly in design, Michael Angelo, Paul Veronese, and the greater masters of the Italian school having committed frequently the most gross absurdities. The French painters, on the other hand, have, beyond comparison, been more judicious in their composition : we never see in the pictures of Le Sueur, Poussin, and Le Brun, those ridiculous mistakes, or anachronisms, which betray an ignorance of history ; they are always regular, just ; and, still more, this regularity never offends against beauty : yet, should we from hence infer the superiority of the latter to the former, we should be very much deceived. The striking and visible graces of a single piece of Veronese operate more strongly upon us, than the most finished pieces of the correct Le Brun. The great beauties of every work make it inestimable ; its defects are only arguments of humanity, not of weakness.

We shall not deny Homer many of the praises our critic has bestowed upon him ; we shall not examine whether he was indebted to himself alone, or to poets preceding him, for all his excellence. As Virgil has taken from Pisander and Apollonius the adventure of Sinon, of the destruction of Troy, and of the amours of Dido and Eneas, perhaps Homer might also have copied from some more ancient bard ; but we shall not waste time in such conjectures, but ascribe all his faults to the age in which he lived, and all his beauties to himself alone. After such a distinction, we may fairly say, that it would be as unjust to produce the oldest poem now known as a model for all others, as it would be to produce, for the future imitation

tion of watch-makers, the first machine that was attempted in their art. The first poet, and the first mechanist, had undoubtedly much merit; but the designs of both were probably very capable of improvement.

Aristotle, and twenty others, have prescribed a careful imitation of Homer, to every poet who would excel in epic poetry; yet never any of his imitators, Virgil only excepted, succeeded in their attempts. The reason, perhaps was, not that Homer was inimitable, but because his successors copied their master even to the describing of manners which had been long antiquated, and of which they were consequently incapable of giving adequate descriptions.

In the times when Homer wrote, barbarity, ignorance, lust, and cruelty, were still in fashion; and, we may justly say, that heroism was never worse known than in those ages which were called heroic. These barbarous manners tincture his whole poem, and certainly lessen our delight.

Description of these, it may be answered, is not the poet's fault, but that of his country, or the age he lived in. This reply may be just; and our objections are not to the author's genius, but to the poem he has written. The love which Briseis bears to Achilles, the little tenderness even heroes have to their conquered captives, their being sacrificed at a tomb to appease a dead warrior, speaking horses, and intriguing gods, all fill us with ideas of contempt or horror; *Humana ad Deos transtulit*, says Cicero, *Divina mallem ad nos*.

It is very probable we should have had more and better epic poems than we are at present possessed of, had it not been for a settled maxim among critics, that every attempt of this kind should be made in imitation of Homer. From the prevalence of this rule, all our works of this nature seem to be cast in the same mould: the muse is invoked, she tells the tale, the episodes are introduced, armour rings against armour, games are described, and sometimes a shield; while all the conduct of the passions, and all the mixture of well-conducted intrigue are entirely left out of the question.

We no longer imitate Sophocles or Euripides in tragedy; and, in all probability, we have improved upon them. Are there not the same opportunities of improving the epic? If, instead of taking Homer, or Virgil, or any other celebrated name for a model, a poet should boldly follow nature in the dress

dress she wears at present : if, in an age like this, when all the social duties are perfectly understood, an hero was drawn in every circumstance of real dignity, not that acquired by fighting battles, or commanding armies, but such as results from the just conduct of his passions ; who was great, not from adventitious dignity or titles, but a finely regulated understanding : such an hero would fill the scene of an epic poem with more dignity, and interest us more than all the swift-footed Achilles's, or pious Eneas's of antiquity. ' Un fils, says a fine modern writer, dont le père gemiroit dans le fers, et qui tenteroit, pour le delivrer, tout ce que la nature et la vertu, la valeur et la pieté peuvent entreprendre de courageux et de penible, ce fils de quelque condition qu'on le supposât seroit un héros digne de l'épopée.' A son whose father groaned in servitude and chains : a son who should try all that nature and virtue, that valour and piety, could suggest to set him free ; whose courage was equal to the fatigues he was obliged to encounter : two such characters, finely described, would be subjects for the epic, let their conditions be never so mean.

Our critic's first four sections are designed as complimentary ones : he here collects much of the panegyric lavished upon Homer by former critics, and blends the whole with no small quantity of his own, being an hearty friend and an angry enemy. Pope, one would have thought, had be-praised the Grecian sufficiently, saw more in Homer than Homer knew, and vigorously defended him almost through thick and thin : but this writer regards Pope as a faithless asserter of his master's cause, as having given up several posts that were tenable, and even of sometimes siding with the enemy. In short, the English translator is used, as we sometimes see men who attempt to keep in with both parties, rejected by both. But to come more immediately to Homer's defence, the fifth section of this work begins by considering the particular passages which Mr. Pope and his friends have left in obscurity, and that in the order which they hold in the poem.

' The first of this kind, which they and all preceding commentators have been unable to clear up satisfactorily, is that famous one, in the beginning of the second book, of Jupiter's sending a delusive dream to Agamemnon, after Achilles's secession, in order to persuade him to draw forth all his forces against the enemy, with a promise of certain victory, and the fall of Troy that very day : and this is the passage which Plato in particular so greatly finds fault with : and Aristotle (Poët. cap. 26.) tells us also that it was an impious thing in Homer, thus to make Jupiter the author of a lye.'

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This passage, says the critic, has been well explained by Dr. Clarke, who calls the whole a piece of machinery, and only "means that Agamemnon, after Achilles' secession, flattered himself with vain thoughts, dreamt, and rashly feigned, that, notwithstanding his withdrawing himself and forces, he could, with his other remaining confederate troops, take and sack Troy."

The author takes some pains to throw farther light upon this fiction: yet we see no reason why it should be thought that this piece of machinery is allegorical, or what the poet intended we should not believe to be actually transacted by Jupiter; but only passing in the vain imaginations of the deluded king: we can see no reason, we say, to believe all this, for Homer is as positive in this narration as in any other part of the poem. The same personage is never to be introduced personally in one part of an epic poem, and talked of allegorically in another; but must persist in the first character in which he appears. *Servetur ad imum qualis ab incepto præcesserit.* It would be absurd to regard the assembly of the gods in the first book as real, and the account of Jupiter in the second as fictitious; but what need had our critic to take all this pains to vindicate the character of Jupiter, as drawn by Homer, in the text, when in a note he fairly gives up the cause, and represents Homer's Jupiter as full of humour, passion, inequality, and imperfection: what need then was there to vindicate his character in one instance, where he has been impeached by antiquity, and given him up even where there was no opponent? The truth is, Homer drew a false god, (perhaps he knew no better) and his business was to address the imagination as a poet, not to correct the received systems of theology as a philosopher.

The next difficulty that occurs, is the following line:

Τοῖς δὲ ἐρχομένοις ὃ γέρον ἐπείναι' ὄνις.

This has been given up as inexplicable by Pope and Clarke. The truth is, the line does not admit of a grammatical construction, but the sense seems to be obvious enough; viz. *The old man perceived by dreams that they should never succeed.* Mr. Kedington thinks the line which follows should be construed with the difficult one, to make it sense, thus,

Τοῖς δ' ἐκ ἐρχομένοις ὃ γέρον ἐπείναι' ὄνις  
"Ἄλλα σφίς κρείττερος Διαιμένης ἐξενείξεν.

And then the meaning, according to him is, the old man did not foretel by dreams their bad success, but that they now fell by the



the hands of Diomed. The passage thus translated seems to us entirely forced and unnatural: joining the particle *en* with the verb *incubate*, rather than with the participle *incubation*, which it immediately stands before, is a transposition which we don't remember to have seen in Homer; but joining this verb again with the particle *alla* in the succeeding line, naturally requires the succeeding verb *ἐκτασσειν* to be of the infinitive mood, which is, however, the first aorist, &c.

The seventh section is employed in vindicating that description which Phoenix gives of Achilles, when an infant, vomiting up the wine he had drank upon his cloaths. This has been regarded as a nauseous image by Pope, Scaliger, and others. Dr. Clarke and Mr. Kedington, are of a different opinion, and think it contains something very pathetic, particularly as Phoenix is recounting what he underwent for his pupil, when in an infant and helpless state. Perhaps both sides are partly right; little or nothing can be indelicate among a rude uncivilized people, since it is custom, and sometimes caprice, which makes most things so: this might have carried no meanness with it to a people who were scarce emerged from barbarity. They who are acquainted with barbarous nations at this day, find delicacy of idea or language scarcely known among them, but that they express their pleasures or their wants without any circumlocutions. This familiar image, therefore, might have been no fault when it was written, however we must own it a very disagreeable one now. Homer may be vindicated; but his poem to a modern reader is erroneous in this particular.

The tenth section contains a vindication of Hector's promise to Dolon of the horses of Achilles. It has been objected to the poet, that the Trojan chief promised, and swore to it too, to give Dolon the horses and chariot, before he was in possession himself: Hector, they say, is consequently guilty of the utmost absurdity, in making an offer it was not in his power to perform. Mr. Kedington answers, that Dolon first made this absurd demand, and Hector granted it, with this tacit condition, *if Dolon could get them*. The whole objection, is in fact, a trifling one; such can no way lessen the beauty of a fine poem, even allowing them to be just; for when our imaginations are warm, and our passions raised, a reader of taste never stops at such minute imperfections. No, it is only the heavy critic who reads a poem with the same phlegm that he would a mathematical demonstration, that has leisure for such useless disquisitions: minute beauties are what raise his pleasure, and minute imperfections create his disgust.

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The next is an objection of more weight, because an offence rather against nature than an historical oversight: Achilles, overlooking the battle from his ship, sees the distress of his countrymen, and among the rest Machaon carried wounded from the fight in Nestor's chariot: he sends Patroclus to enquire the name of the wounded hero. Patroclus halting to Nestor's tent for information, Nestor, amidst all the hurry and confusion which such a scene of slaughter must necessarily inspire, and, though he saw Patroclus in haste, detains him with a long story of his own bravery when young, and twenty other digressions entirely from the purpose. So long a digression in so improper a place has been given up by Pope and others. Mr. Kedington's manner of vindicating his favourite, or rather his only poet, is singular enough. 'This digression, says he, is so very long and loaded with such impertinent circumstances, that so great a poet as Homer could not be guilty of such an impriety, without his reasons.'

The truth is (continues he) it became the wisdom of Nestor, after he found Achilles's sending Patroclus to enquire what the wounded hero was, that was brought to his tent, to detain and furnish him with the opportunity of seeing more and more instances of the distress of the Grecian army, that he might thereby be induced to move Achilles's compassion by the relation still further, and even persuade him to return and fight for his countrymen; or at least permit him to come in his stead, and clad in his armour.' But after all, to what purpose did Nestor detain Patroclus to observe the Grecian calamities, when Achilles saw them with his own eyes, from his ship.

The insulting jests that are made by heroes upon those they have killed, is next vindicated from the manners of the times. 'For (says this gentleman) the sarcasms and severe taunting jests on dying persons are certainly founded on the manners of the times, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty reigned throughout the world, when no mercy was shewn but for the sake of lucre; when the greatest princes were put to the sword; and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines.'

Nothing can be more true, than that the times our poet is describing were barbarous: all those instances of cruelty were perhaps no way offensive then, but they are certainly disagreeable now: a description of them might have given no displeasure when they were written, but at present such accounts must be read with horror and disgust: we have no objection, however, to Homer's genius; but certainly such barbarities

ties diminish our pleasure in reading his poem. To be more particular: In the last book of the Iliad, Achilles carries his vengeance to a barbarous excess: Priam comes and throws himself at his feet, and begs the body of his son Hector; Achilles suffers himself to be touched with pity; he invites Priam to repose himself. Son of Jupiter, replies Priam, desire me not to take repose while my dear Hector lies unburied and unlamented. Thus far all is sublime and truly pathetic; yet even here Achilles resumes his fury, and is again appeased. When the body is placed in Priam's chariot, Achilles once more addresses his dead friend Patroclus: *My dear Patroclus, be not offended if you hear in the shades below that I have restored the body of Hector; for* (here we expect that he is going to say, *for there is no resisting the tears of an aged royal suppliant, but quite otherwise*) *for*, says he, *he has brought me a large ransom, and worthy of me.* Could a broker in Change-alley act from more mercenary motives?

The manner of the death of Patroclus is the next material objection left unanswered by former critics: 'Achilles had enjoined him, after driving the Trojans from the fleet, to content himself and return; but he neglecting these instructions, pursues the enemy along the plain with great ardor and intrepidity, even to the walls of Troy; where Apollo disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him; and Hector, last of all, kills him.'

There was no necessity, as Pope observes, for all this parade to kill a subordinate hero, who might as decently have fallen by the force of Hector alone. The artful poet should have caught every opportunity of raising Hector's character, in order to lift that of his conqueror Achilles still higher. To this Mr. Kedington answers, that this whole story might have been a true historical fact, and Homer only described it just as it happened. This has only the appearance of argument, for all Homer's descriptions are historically true; or they are not: if they be historically true, then do we at once take from him all the merit of invention: if they are not, it was his business as a poet only to select such circumstances and descriptions as tended to strike the imagination, or promote the real design; but these unnecessary circumstances attending the death of Patroclus, neither do the one or the other.

In the eighteenth book, it was objected, that Polydamas, a Trojan, speaks of the armour of Achilles at a time when it was impossible for him to know that he should receive any from his mother Thetis. The truth is, as Mr. Kedington very justly observes,

observes, Polydamas only speaks of armour in general, not of any particular suit; and, we may add, Polydamas expressly mentioned Achilles returning in other armour, because he had been just deprived of that which he always wore, by the death of his friend.

But we have shewn sufficiently (perhaps more than sufficiently) that there is nothing so trifling which critics have not been found to object; nothing so absurd which they have not been known to defend. Those sallies which genius throws out for its own and our amusement, are thus made the toil of men, who endeavour by industry to seize the blessings of nature, and force themselves into sensibility by rule. Were Dacier or Bossu to prescribe to the poetical world, every heroic poem would be cast in the same mould: as Homer contains all excellence, every deviation from his example would be an excursion from nature. Every heroic poem must call in the assistance of machinery, because Homer has introduced gods and goddesses: the epic must have battles and episodes, because there are both in the *Iliad*: and yet it is possible, very possible, to describe human nature in the highest degree of exaltation, and to seize our passions in the strongest manner, without the assistance of either machinery or battle.

An excellence in combat, in Homer's days, constituted almost all the dignity of an hero; without battles therefore he could not exalt his characters: skill in war, or courage, make but a virtue of a very subordinate nature among us; fighting heroes therefore would argue but a narrow conception in the poet: to imitate Homer now, therefore, would be the most certain method of going astray, as, since his time, many of the virtues and vices have even changed their obligations. Why cannot we reason upon the epic in the same manner as we do upon tragic poetry? And why can't we take the same liberties with Homer and Virgil, that we have done with Euripides, Sophocles, and Seneca? We found them deficient in intrigue; and have consequently given a greater variety of passion and character, by improving the sterile plots they have left us. Cannot we suppose an epic poem, composed throughout with the same variety of affecting and delicate incident, as the sixth book of the *Iliad*, or the fourth of the *Æneid*. Is it not possible for human genius to carry us thro' a work, which may to the end amuse, surprize, affect, with that delicate mixture of narration, description, and sentiment; that exquisite alternation of terror, love and pity? In short, we could wish to excite men to leave those paths which have been already too much worn, and to strike out after nature, which is ever appearing in circumstances of variety.

ART. III. *The Modern Part of an Universal History, from the earliest Account of Time. Compiled from Original Writers. By the Authors of the Ancient Part. Vol. XIII.*

OUR last Number gave an abstract of the Turkish History to the reign of Soleyman the second, raised to the imperial diadem after his brother's deposition. We shall here continue the same method, in order to render the article more complete, and a regular epitome of all that has been written upon the Othman affairs; for besides the characters of the princes, few other particulars merit any great attention. The same spirit of despotism, the same fierceness of manners, blended with pride, avarice, and sensuality, forms the peculiar cast of this people in every age. From manners so barbarous, where the refinements consequent on erudition and the arts have taken no root, there is but little room for reflection. A sort of primitive barbarity distinguishes the whole; no variety of character appears, and to call a man a Turk is to say, that he is jealous, haughty, covetous, ignorant, and lascivious, at the same time that a certain dignity of gait, and magnificence of manners, gives him the appearance of generosity and true greatness of soul. A Soltan, for instance, will perform acts of true heroism whenever his pride is concerned; he will at the same instant appear the basest and the meanest of mankind, where interest is the object in view. Thus the same Emperor who treated the brave and unfortunate Charles the twelfth of Sweden with such unparalleled hospitality at Bender, acquired immense riches by strangling the most faithful of his servants.

Soltan Soleyman the second received the imperial diadem with the utmost reluctance. When the *Bostanji Bashi* brought him the news of his brother's being deposed, and of his own election, "why, says Soleyman, do you endeavour to disturb my tranquillity? Suffer me, I beseech you, to pass quietly in my cell the few days I have to live; and let my brother still rule the Othman empire: for he was born to govern, but I to the study of eternal life." At length he was rather compelled than prevailed upon to accept the crown, less from a dislike to grandeur than dread of his brother, whom he still beheld with a kind of awful reverence, having been long taught to worship him more as a deity than a man. Soleyman was no sooner invested with the sword of state, than he made several alterations at court, in order to appease the Janizaries, who became mutinous on account of long arrears due to them. He retrenched the expences of the civil list in almost every article; yet still this

was insufficient to satisfy those turbulent soldiers. They proceeded to extremities, put the brave Wazir *Siavus Pascha* to death, insult the Wazir, endanger Soleyman's life, cut off the nose, hands, and feet of the Wazir's wife, ravage the citizens, and commit the most inhuman excesses upon persons of both sexes. At length the tumult was composed by a circumstance extremely trivial in itself.

Four Janizaries having taken some embroidered handkerchiefs out of certain shops, the shopkeepers made a great clamour; and, by the encouragement of an Amir, all rose, fell upon the plunderers, and killed two of them. Hereupon the Amir, putting a piece of linnen on a stick, and holding it up, cried out, *Let all true Mussulmans repair to the Saray, and pray the Sultan to put forth the prophet's standard, and destroy these rebels.* Upon this, the injured citizens crowded thither, which so encouraged Soleyman, that at noon the standard was erected; and the people, by proclamation, ordered to come and fight under it.

This having brought an incredible number together under the walls of the palace, a Sheykh, or preacher, called to them thrice from thence; and asked, whether they were contented with the present emperor? they answered in the affirmative, with three great shouts; but said, they would have the Gyurhas, or ringleaders of the mutinous militia, destroyed. Thirteen of them were thereupon taken, and cut to pieces; and the rest fled. The Musti also was degraded for siding with them; and Tabak Effendi, who had been deposed by the mutineers, restored to that dignity. The Nisânji Bashi, an old man, was created Wazir; and a young man, fifth page of the royal chamber, made Aga of the Janizaries. Other vacant places were supplied, and the next day, all being quiet, as if no disturbances had happened, several Armenians and others, who, disguised like soldiers, mixed with the rioters to rob, were discovered and hanged. After this, the plunderers were, by proclamation, pardoned; who, within three days, should restore the goods or money to the injured citizens; which had a surprising effect. So that this day might be called the first of the Sultan's reign, who began with suppressing taverns and smoakings; in which he was so strict, that, one day walking incognito to see if his orders had any authority, he commanded two poor fellows to be executed for selling tobacco.

This seditious humour, though appeased in the capital, had spread itself into several of the provinces, and more than once

brought Soleyman into danger. At the same time, the army of the Empire was making great progress in reducing Hungary : nor was this all ; for so low was the treasury, and to such necessity was this opulent Empire reduced, that there were not horses, mules or camels in the Soltan's stables, sufficient to remove his court to Adrianople, nor money to hire them ; for which purpose the gold and silver vessels, with the jewels of the crown, were publicly sold.

Soleyman's removal to Adrianople had the desired effect on the minds of the people, The whole empire subsided of a sudden into a profound calm, except the uneasiness consequent on the great success of the Germans, who had taken Agria, Alba Regalis, Belgrade, and several other places, after twice defeating the Turkish army. The Venetians made several attacks on the Turkish Empire on the side of the Morea ; and the siege of Negropont, though but indifferently related by our authors, is one of the most memorable events in history. The Russians likewise besieged Or ; and this vast Empire was brought to the brink of destruction by domestic sedition and poverty, and foreign enemies, when the great *Ahmed Kyoerli* arose ; whose administration forms the most glorious epocha in the annals of this country. He began with publishing a mandate for levying forces, in a strain very different from that used by all preceding Wazirs. They required all persons, whose duty it was, to attend the wars ; but he published a ferman in another strain. He set forth, " That, as he found it necessary to trust the command of the Othman army, against the haughty Germans, to none but himself, so he would not employ, in this expedition, any soldiers forced into the service, as knowing the will was of more value with God than the deed : that he would only put the Mussulmans in mind, that, by the precepts of God and his prophet, every one is commanded neither to avoid martyrdom, nor despair of success, in defence of the law, and the extirpation of infidels : that every Mussulman therefore, who thought himself obliged by this law, and had resolution to suffer every thing for the faith, ought to come, and lift himself in his army : but that he who was doubtful, was afraid of being a martyr, or detained by affairs, which he believed would excuse him before God, from the service, should have the liberty of staying at home ; where, after purging himself from all criminal actions, he ought daily to intercede with God for the army's success. It was added, that even though such a person should be of the military order, yet he should not only be exempt from punishment, but also enjoy his pay during his absence."

This

This politic mandate had a wonderful effect, which the prudence of Kyoperli foresaw : religion and the fear of shame equally co-operated to stir up the people, and rouse them to a sense of the public danger, as well as of the indignities received at the hands of the Christians, by their late defeats. All flew to arms ; and, in a short time, a more powerful army was seen in the field, than had ever appeared before.

Kyoperli next applies his mind to the treasury, which he managed in a manner no less novel than honourable, ; and, after effecting a thorough reformation at home, leads his army into the field, where his success was perfectly answerable to his prudence and courage. The Christians were almost every where worsted ; all their former conquests wrested from them ; and the Venetians alone, of all the Christian powers, able to withstand the abilities of the great Kyoperli. In a word, the Wazir was victorious in all his battles. Three days were spent in public rejoicings at Adrianople, where the court then resided, accompanied with feasts and games, which the French ambassador gave, ' shewing thereby, says our authors, how acceptable the defeat of the Christians was to the most Christian King.'

It was not long after this glorious campaign, that Soleyman yielded up his last breath, having reigned three years and nine months. His person and character are thus described by our authors.

' Soleyman was from his infancy a valetudinarian, of a gross body, low stature, a pale and bloated face, with eyes like an ox, a black oblong beard, with a mixture of grey hairs ; of a heavy understanding ; easily moved by the whispers of his chamberlains, and the Koltuk Wazirleri : but none among the Ottoman Soltans was more eminent for sanctity, devotion, and observance of the law. Ricaut says, that as books were his entertainment in his confined life, so he seemed to have had an affection for them in the choice he made of Kupriogli for his favourite, who was esteemed a learned man in that country, and to have had the best library of any man in the whole empire : however Soleyman was no other than a dull, heavy, simple, and weak man, fitter to be a Derwish than an Emperor.'

Chapter 21, contains the reign of Ahmed the second, the younger brother of Soleyman, advanced to the throne in the year 1691, by the policy of Kyoperli. Here the character of this wise minister and great commander is more fully displayed. Plots are formed to destroy him ; he discovers and defeats them ;



he acquires the sole management of affairs ; raises an army of volunteers ; marches into the field against the Christians ; and, just as victory seemed ready to declare for him, was slain among the thickest of the enemy. His army was totally defeated ; the war carried on with very indifferent success after his death ; and every circumstance conspired to raise his reputation, and prove to what a pitch of power and glory the counsels of one man may exalt a nation, when Ahmed died, with the following character.

‘ In his temper and disposition he intirely resembled his brother Soleyman, to whom in devotion he was little inferior ; but was of a somewhat more lively, though not acute, genius. He listened to the calumnies-raised by his domestic officers ; and, on their suggestions, often, for slight causes, changed the most important affairs. He affected to be a lover of justice, though, by reason of his stupidity, he could not discharge the function of a judge ; and believed every thing which his friends, bribed by the contending parties, represented to him.

‘ Ricaut gives a more advantageous character of him ; as that he was a very good-natured prince, who feared no hurt himself, nor intended harm to any body : that he was of a lively, free, jocund, humour ; being both a poet and a musician, so that he made verses and sang them. He played well also on the Cittern and Kolosseo after the Persian manner. The same author says, that the cause of his death was a great defluxion on the lungs ; that, in his last agony, he desired to speak to his brother Mostafa ; and that, Mostafa not being to be persuaded to go to him, he ordered him to be told all his desire was, that he would permit his son to live.

‘ He had large black eyes, a pale complexion, a round sandy beard, with a mixture of black, a strait and long nose, a middle stature, with a prominent belly, occasioned rather by the dropsy than fat.’

The last Othman reign described by our authors, is that of Mostafa the second, eldest son of Mohammed the fourth. This prince ascended the throne in the year 1695, notwithstanding the intrigues of the new Wazir to disappoint him. He immediately put himself at the head of a powerful army, with which he crossed the Danube, near Belgrade, and took Lipa. It was soon after this, that the brave Veterani, with 7000 Germans, withstood the whole force of the Othman army, with such courage and conduct as can hardly be paralleled in history. Mostafa hearing that this brave General was eight hours march distant from the

the main body of the imperial army, sent Mahmud Beg Oglis with the light-armed forces to cut him off, and followed hastily with the rest of the army to support this detachment. Veterani, without any signs of fear, ordered his troops to halt, and in a manner challenged the Turks to battle, who were pouring upon him in prodigious numbers. His resolution disconcerted the Turkish General, and determined him not to engage till the Soltan's arrival, who immediately ordered his Janizaries on the attack.

On the other hand, the imperial general, leaving two regiments to guard the camp, had drawn-out but 5000 men into the field; who yet so bravely sustain the shock of the Othmans, that, after a short opposition, they are obliged to retire. The Soltan, perceiving from a distance so unexpected a slaughter of his men, in a rage advances; and, killing several of the run-aways with his own hand, urges the rest to renew the fight. The Turks, excited by the shame of their repulse, passing by the left wing of the Germans, attack their camp surrounded with carriages, and break into it, though with considerable loss. Veterani, seeing this, leads back his troops; and, falling on the plunderers, makes a greater slaughter than before.

Hereupon the Turks again fly without stopping, till met by the Soltan: who, seeing Shahin Mohammed Pasha, reproaches him in these terms; "He was guilty of a great error who called thee Shahin, that is, the falcon, since thou dost not, like a falcon with rapacious talons, strike at thy enemy's head; but, like a crane, draw after thee a company of fugitives." Shahin, stung with these expressions, rallies with Mohammed Beg the flying troops; and, resolving to conquer or die, makes a third attack upon the Germans. The Janizar-Aga, reprimanded by the Wazir, does the like by the dispersed Janizaries. Thus the fight, being renewed, continues for several hours with great ardor; and the Germans would probably have withstood all their efforts, if Veterani had not, in the heat of the battle, been obliged by a wound to quit his horse, and get into a waggon: for, on sight of this, the Imperialists destitute of a commander, retire.

However, this retreat was performed in so good order, that Soltan Mostafa, perceiving it dangerous by pursuit to drive such valiant hearts to despair, privately orders the Musti, by some means, to keep the Othman army in the camp. This that prelate effects by a Fetvah, declaring; *That it is contrary to the precepts of the Koran to pursue too closely a flying enemy; and that*  
he

*he would lose the crown of martyrdom, who should perish in such a case.* And indeed the Soltan had many important reasons for restraining his soldiers from any farther engagement; since the death of 1000 horse and 1500 foot, slain on the enemy's part, had been revenged by the slaughter of the chief officers of the army, with about 10,000 common soldiers. The Soltan therefore, leaving the Germans to make a secure retreat, leads back his forces towards the Danube.

The remainder of this reign is taken up with an account of the Venetian affairs in the Morea, where they are defeated; the battle of Olasch; the famous victory gained by Prince Eugene at Zenta; the peace of Carlowitz; the Soltan's deposition. As this was perhaps the most memorable battle that had ever been fought between the Germans and Turks, we shall relate it in the words of our authors, and sum up this article with the character of Mostafa.

Prince Eugene, on hearing the Tubulkhana, imagined it was the signal for battle, and drew up his troops to receive the Turks: but when he understood by his scouts that they were marching to Zenta, taking this to be a flight, he orders the Hungarian horse to haste before, and leaving behind the heavier and weaker part of his army, immediately follows, with less prudence than courage, at the head of only 16,000 men. The Hungarians that night coming to the lake, find the Turks sleeping, who expected nothing less than the enemy, and cut off the whole party, excepting the Pasha's chamberlain. This person, who escaped by means of the darkness, immediately flies to Zenta, and informs the Wazir of this disaster, and the approach of the Germans. That minister, to prevent the report from raising new commotions in the camp, immediately beheads the messenger of it; and informs the Soltan that the Hungarians had indeed surprised Jaffer Pasha, but were afterwards defeated by the Othman forces. He had scarce made this report, when some Tartar troops arrive, and inform the camp that the whole German army were pursuing the Othman forces with the utmost speed, and were now just at hand.

Hereupon the Soltan commands his men to halt, and a bridge to be run over the Teisse; which was performed in four hours. At noon the Soltan passes over first on horseback, and when the Wazir came to kiss his stirrup, puts him off with a stern countenance; at the same time bidding him take care to convey over safely whatever was in the camp, for that if the enemy should take but a single waggon he should suffer an in-

famous

famous death. The Wazir knowing it required at least two days to transport every thing, and that his ruin was inevitable if he should ever appear before the Soltan, at first sends over eight cannon with their ammunition, and allows the Spahi's, with the troops commanded by the Pasha's, to pass, but stops the rest; alledging, that the remainder of the cannon and army, which was the greater part, ought to be detained for defence of the camp, in case the enemy should attack it in the rear.

“ These forces were scarce gotten over next day at noon, when the Wazir being informed the Germans were within three hours march of the camp, that he might not die without his rivals, sends for all the Pasha's who had already passed over with their troops, under pretence of consulting them. They being obliged to obey his order, return on foot, as the wag-gons on the bridge would not allow horses to pass; and being all assembled, except the Kaymaykam, Bayukli Mostafa Pasha, the Wazir tells them, “ That the enemy being now in sight, they, who had refused to fight when they had a convenient place and opportunity, should now be forced to do it, without those advantages: that they had but one happiness left, to be Gazi, if they conquered, or Shehid, if they died valiantly; and as one of those inestimable privileges waited for him that day, he thought it unreasonable to defraud them, his brethren, of the right they had to be partakers with him. Behold, therefore, continued he, paradise open before you, which I command you by the divine injunction to enter, and enjoy the delights promised by our prophet: but if you refuse to obey the law, and my orders, my sword (which he shewed) shall deprive you both of the life which you desire, and the paradise which you despise.”

“ The Pasha's, not daring to oppose the Wazir in the midst of the camp, or knowing how to escape, pretend obedience, and retire to the trenches; which being too extensive for the forces which remained, they began to form a lesser trench within the greater. The soldiers indeed complained, and reproached the Wazir to his face with their imminent danger, yet obeyed his orders, as their own safety was concerned. Mean time the German army appears, and covers the whole plain; at which sight the Soltan, enraged, sends repeated Khatisharifs to the Wazir; commanding him to send over the Janizaries, cannon, and ammunition, let what would become of the other carriages. But Elmas Mohammed conceals these orders from the Pasha's, and answers the bearer, *that he had rather die fighting valiantly with his sword, than be put to death by the Soltan*; and stops the Janizaries from passing. In this he is assisted by the negligence of

of the herdsmen, who, seeing the Germans approach, drive all the cattle appointed for drawing so many thousand waggons into the river. The stream forcing them against the bridge, they endeavour to mount it, and thus sink three of the boats on which it was founded; so that no more than one man at a time could make a shift to pass upon planks laid across.

The imperial forces arrive about three hours before night; and imagining the Turkish camp to be only guarded by the carriages, fall on at once, but are repulsed with considerable loss. Therefore when they find, that besides two rows of waggons, chained together, the Turks were fortified by a double trench; and that the forces on this side the river were much superior in number to their own, they resolve to go another way to work. The channel of the Teisse, when swollen by the autumnal or winter rains, is full of water, which falling in summer, leaves a sandy space of thirty paces at the foot of the western banks of the river, which are high and scraggy. Here Prince Eugene orders a trench to be dug a little below the Turkish camp; and several regiments to fall on the enemy that way within, while he attacked them without. And lest the Sultan, to reinforce the Wazir, should repair the bridge, he plants two cannon near the head of it, which quickly demolish it. To prevent this, Mostafa had ordered Arnaud Abdi the Kychaya, with four cannon, to fire from the opposite bank; but having nothing to secure the engineers but a place covered with reeds, he was forced to remove them, after several of them had been killed.

Indeed every thing seemed to conspire the destruction of the Turks: for the Janizaries themselves having repulsed the Germans from the outer trench, retire into the inner, and declare their resolution to defend it. But the Wazir, with the rest of the Pasha's, endeavouring to divert them from their purpose, first by entreaties, and afterwards by force, they turn their despair into rage, and destroy not only the Wazir and Pasha's, but all their own officers, excepting their Aga Delli Balta Ogli. In the midst of this confusion part of the German forces seize the outer trench abandoned by the Turks, and feign to attack the inner; with a view to draw the enemy from that side of the camp next the river, and by disposing their own men along the bank, render the assault more easy. These appearing suddenly at the head of the bridge, the Ottomans, struck with terror, employ their whole strength at that part to hinder the Germans from entering. The inner trench being thus left negligently guarded, the Imperialists, who were on that side; seize

seize it, and fall in the rear upon the Turks fighting at the river; who, now inclosed, and pressed on all hands, fight bravely, though in confusion. But at length, having in vain attempted to force a passage, in the space of three hours are all slain to a man.

‘ The account Ricaut gives of this famous battle is as follows. The Imperialists, under Prince Eugene, having marched towards Titul and the Teisse, to meet the Turks, strongly entrenched themselves. Herenpon the Wazir assembles all his Pasha’s, 15 in number, and leaves the Soltan on the other side of the river, with part of the army: the Arnauds observing the Germans advance to attack them, endeavoured to pass the bridge, and fly. Their example the Janizaries intended to follow, saying, they were deserted by the Spahi’s: but the Wazir interposing with his Pasha’s, to prevent their flight, and killing a great number of the Arnauds, they mutinied, and killed him. However, some Spahi’s posting themselves at the farther end of the bridge, would let none pass over. By this time the Imperialists, having put themselves in order of battle, furiously assailed the Turks on all sides, who, at the second attack, began to give way; and being strangely terrified at the great slaughter which was made, threw themselves headlong into the river, where the major part of them were drowned. So considerable a number of men was never before known to have been destroyed in so short a space of time; for the whole action did not last above two or three hours.

‘ By the lists there appeared to have been killed 14,070 Janizaries, with their Aga; 73 Ojak and Bulak Agulari; 3700 Topchi and Jebeji; 7000 Arnauds. The Wazir Elmas Mohammed Pasha, fifteen Pasha’s of three horse-tails; 27 Pasha’s of two or one horse tail; besides a great number of the usual attendants on Turkish camps: so that the whole number of slain may be justly computed at above 30,000. The only person who escaped was Mahmud ebn Ogli, Pasha of the Arnauds; who, being twice wounded, was saved by the strength of his horse, who conveyed him over the river. However, the Ottomans did not fall unrevenged, for 6000 Germans are said to have perished in that expedition.

‘ Soltan Mostafa, who was a melancholy, as well as idle spectator of this misfortune, was seized with such a panic; that at midnight, without any guide or light, he abandons his camp, although there was nothing to be feared from the Germans; who, fatigued with toil, could not repair the bridge in sight of his.

his numerous army. He directs his course towards Temeswar, putting to death the Kapuji Bafhi, Shabin Mohammed, a Venetian by birth, as a dignified Christian, and bribed by the Germans to suggest pernicious counsels; only because he advised him not to leave his camp dishonourably, and by an unnecessary flight give the enemy, who had destroyed but a small part of his army, an entire victory. To add to the misfortune, the night was so dark that the Soltan's retinue, unable to discern the road, turning too much to the right, towards the Teisse, fell into marshy grounds, from which they were obliged to free themselves by leaving their horses and baggage behind. At length, about sun-rise, Soltan Mostafa comes to the place where a battle had been fought the year before with the Germans; and there changing his horse, as well as habit, unknown to all, flies with the utmost speed to the city whither he was bound.

‘ The army arriving at noon near the same place, and perceiving neither the Soltan, nor any of the great officers among them, are struck with great surprize; which being increased by a rumour that the Soltan was taken by the Hungarians, or betrayed by his followers to the enemy, the soldiers disperse themselves different ways, every one anxious how to escape the Germans, whom they every moment imagined to be at their heels. In the evening when they came to Temeswar, the governor, who had been ordered by the Soltan to conceal his arrival, left the Germans hearing of it should invest him there, shuts the gates again them; which increases the rumour of Mostafa's being taken, as well as their distress: for, having been too much in haste to bring provision with them, both men and beasts were ready to die with thirst; and if there were any stinking puddles to be found in the dried-up morafs, about Temeswar, those who were strongest seized them, and excluded the rest.

‘ At last, after the Othman army had, for three days, been like a ship in a stormy sea, without either rudder or pilot, Soltan Mostafa, finding there was no danger from the Germans, discovers himself to his soldiers. These testify their joy on sight of him, as if he had returned in triumph, and cry out, they regard not their misfortune, since they were assured of their emperor's safety, and would take a severe revenge upon the enemy. Next day Mostafa leads his troops towards Belgrade, and being met at Ali-bunar, by Amukje-ogli Husseyn Pasha, governor of that city, whom he had sent for, as there were present no other Pasha's honoured with three Tugs, he confers on him the

the Wazirship. After a short stay at Belgrade, he returns; in the end of Jomazio'lawel 1109, with his army to Adrianople.'

Our authors conclude the Turkish History with the following character of Mostafa, who resigned his throne to Ahmed in the year 1699.

'Soltan Mostafa was a prince of great expectations in the beginning of his reign; but fortune afterwards blasted them. He had greater advantages from nature than both his predecessors: for he was of a mature judgment, great application, and strict sobriety. Neither covetous in collecting, nor profuse in distributing, the public monies. He was a good archer, and expert horseman. A lover of justice, and very devout in his religion. He gained great reputation by the peace of Carlowitz; which, having been in vain attempted by his father and uncles, he settled, by wonderfully reconciling all parties.

'He was, as to his person, of a moderate size; his face round, and beautified with red and white: his beard red, thin, and not long: his nose short, and a little turned up: his eyes blue: and his brows thin and yellow. In the spring, he used to have spots break out in his face, which disappeared again in the winter. He left no son alive, although he had been father of several. He was particularly fond of Ibrahim, son of his uncle Ahmed, whom he always carried with him; and designed, as was thought, for his successor, in case he died without issue.'

Book 16th begins with the history of the dispersion of the Jews; which subject the authors resume, where the Ancient History broke off, viz. at the dreadful siege of their famed metropolis. Here we are entertained with a curious account of this infatuated and wretched people; their various settlements in every quarter of the globe; their sufferings; their learned men and writings; false messiah's and miracles; their academies and celebrated professors; their disputes with the Christians, Turks, and with each other: in a word, with every material circumstance which happened to them from the destruction of their city and temple, to the close of the last century.

It must be acknowledged that this narrative abounds with learning and entertainment; yet we could wish the style were less diffuse, and the reflections less forced and tedious. To conclude, this account of the dispersion of the Jews, may justly be deemed an elaborate dissertation, in which every point of their religion, learning,



32 *Observations on the Nature and Consequences of Wounds, &c.*

learning, politics, and manners, is amply discussed: but their history we should chuse to see wrote with more spirit and energy. The subject would admit of high colouring; whereas the learned authors have drawn together an assemblage of curious incidents, without regard to method, diction, or any other species of elegance.

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ART. IV. *Observations on the Nature and Consequences of Wounds and Contusions of the Head, Fractures of the Skull, Concussions of the Brain, &c.* By Percival Pott, Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. 8vo. Pr. 3s. 6d. Hitch and Hawes.

THIS treatise is dedicated to the president, treasurer, and governors of St. Bartholomew's hospital, and furnished with a long preface, containing many sage reflections. There we find that young surgeons are too apt to fix their attention on the operative part of surgery: (this is the case with too many old surgeons also;) that there is as much merit in preserving a limb, as there can possibly be in taking it away, even when the operation is performed with the utmost dexterity: that every part of the chirurgical art requires a hand accustomed to execute, as well as a head capable of directing: a remark equally applicable to a blacksmith, brazier, cabinet-maker, or any other mechanical mystery; that pain is a real evil to him that feels it; and lameness and deformity are sometimes the inevitable consequence of disease, but they are also sometimes produced by inattention and awkwardness: that judgment in distinguishing and ability in treating diseases, are not to be attained by a transient cursory view of them; that surgery is founded on observation, and supported by experience: — with many other aphorisms equally edifying and uncommon. The author's aim is to distinguish properly the symptoms attending fractures of the skull, extravasations of bloody disorders of the dura mater, and concussions of the brain, so far as they can be distinguished, in order to ascertain the true cause and seat of the distemper, that the most proper measures may be taken for its cure or removal. He likewise anticipates the charge of affectation, which may be derived upon him from the number of quotations in the notes. These he seems to think absolutely necessary, because the ancient methods of treating these disorders are not known to every practitioner, and consequently many of them are unacquainted with the real merit of modern improvement; beside which, many of the best old writers have particularly considered this subject; and have made very sensible animadversions upon it. As they attended very closely to the

the appearance of diseases, their pathological observations are in general very accurate, and the judgments formed from thence extremely just. The first of these arguments will hold equally good against a taylor who pretends to be master of his business, without knowing the true cut of trunk, hose, and slashed doublets worn in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and her successor. The second reason touching the sensible animadversions of the ancients, might be conclusive, if we had not much better opportunities of making observations from nature : observations much more frequent, from a greater variety of subjects, and much more just, as being founded upon a more perfect knowledge of anatomy and physiology, in which the ancients were very deficient. Were we so minded, we could give an hundred quotations from Hippocrates, Galen, Aretæus, and Celsus, implying ignorance, mistake and absurdity, over and above the numberless obscurities with which they abound. Scholars indeed may display their own erudition in learned conjectures and ingenious annotation. 'The destruction of both tables of the skull (says our author, p. 22.) is particularly remarked by Celsus. — *Vix unquam nigrities integrum, caries per totum os perumpit; maximeque ubi vitata calvaria est.*' The found part of the bone is scarce ever discoloured; and the caries very seldom pervades the whole bone, especially where the skull is damaged. This, we apprehend, is the interpretation of the Latin sentence, as it is quoted above, and proves the very reverse of what it was brought to support : for, instead of implying the destruction of both tables, it expressly affirms that the caries scarce ever pervades the whole bone. Indeed, if Mr. Pott had adopted the reading of Robertus Constantinus, it would have answered his purpose, *Caries persæpe totum, &c.* that is, the purpose of making a quotation that should not absolutely contradict his position, which it was seemingly intended to confirm. But after all, what would it prove ?—that Celsus happened to be right in this observation. But if Mr. Pott had found it otherwise in fact, would the testimony of Celsus, though backed by all the fathers of medicine, have weighed against the evidence of his own senses ?—Does any surgeon of these days avoid the operation of lithotomy, because Aretæus declares that a wound in the urinary bladder is mortal ? Of what consequence is it to us, to know that Beringarius Carpenfis declares the dura mater may be detached from the inside of the skull, though no considerable vein is ruptured ; or that Hippocrates remarked there were many kinds of contusions. Sometimes the bone may be contused without a separation or breach : sometimes the contusion may be superficial, and sometimes pervades the whole bone ? Such are the quotations we have in page 31. Now what occurs

sion is there for bringing in the evidence of Hippocrates, to prove what no man can possibly doubt? This being a practical treatise expressly written from experience and observation, by a gentleman of known candour and ability, we shall believe his assertions founded on ocular demonstration, sooner than give credit to Hippocrates, Galen, Celsus, Theodoric, Platner, Fallopius, or any Greek or Trojan of them all. So much for quotation.

In the first section of the performance, Mr. Pott classes wounds of the cranium, made by a piercing or pointed instrument, into three general heads, namely, those which penetrate the first table only: those which pass through both tables: and those which pierce the outer and break the inner table. In discussing these particulars, he observes that meer extravasation of blood, and inflammation of the dura mater, are very distinct causes of mischief, and accompanied by very different symptoms. But after all, how exactly soever we may distinguish the symptoms, the method of cure in both cases is the same: recourse must be had to the trepan, whether the fracture extends through both tables, or the symptoms are such as indicate a separation and inflammation of the dura mater, a concussion or pressure of the brain, either from splinters of the fractured skull, from a lodgment of extravasated blood or matter between the inside of the skull and the dura mater, or between this last and the pia mater, in which case the external membrane must be punctured. In treating of contusions of the head, he says the principal and most frequent mischief attending such bruises, arises from the intimate connection of the pericranium, cranium, and dura mater with each other.

‘The ills produced by blows, in consequence of this connection of parts, have most commonly been confounded with those arising from other immediate causes, under the general term Concussion; a term which strictly and properly signifies a cause of mischief, but conveys no idea of its particular effects.’

He observes, that the dura mater is as intimately attached to the inside of the cranium, as the pericranium is to the outside, namely, by small vessels; contrary to the opinion of many who imagined that the dura mater was attached to the skull at the sutures only; and that in all the spaces between them, it was loose and unconnected. He likewise rejects the opinion of an oscillatory motion in this membrane. When, in consequence of blows, the dura mater separates from the inside of the cranium, this membrane inflames and becomes sloughy; and here the disease

disease is quite different from extravasation or commotion, and attended with very different symptoms. Those of commotion, are stupidity, loss of speech, sense, and voluntary motion, &c. and these appear immediately as the effects of pressure on the brain: but the symptoms attending the separation of the dura mater from the skull, are all of the inflammatory kind, pain in the head, restlessness and want of sleep, frequent and hard pulse, hot and dry skin, flushed cheek, inflamed eye, nausea, vomiting, rigor, and towards the close convulsion and delirium. He afterwards affirms, that extravasated blood will never be changed into a pus, a maxim now universally received among the best surgeons. The progress of the symptoms attending a detached dura mater is generally slow and gradual. At the end of some days after the injury is received, the patient begins to feel pain in the place where the blow was struck, extending over great part of the head, accompanied with languor, failure of strength, quick pulse, and disturbed sleep: then the part swells and becomes puffy: if divided, the pericranium appears of a darkish hue, detached from the skull, with a small quantity of brown ichor between them.

The colour of that part of the cranium from which the pericranium is detached, is even at this time somewhat different from that of the rest of the bone. Of this alteration it is not easy to convey an idea by words, though it is a very visible one; some of the best writers have taken notice of it; and all who have attended to it, will know it when they see it.

From this time the symptoms advance more hastily, the fever increases, the skin is hotter, the pulse quicker and harder, the sleep less and more disturbed, and the patient is shook by irregular rigors, which are neither followed by a sweat, nor afford the least relief.

If the scalp has not been removed till the patient is in this state, the alteration of the colour of the bone is more apparent; it is whiter, and drier, and looks, as Fallopius has very justly observed, more like a dead bone; the sanies betwixt it and the pericranium is more in quantity, and the latter is more inclined to a livid hue. In this state of things, if the dura mater is denuded, it is found detached from the inner surface of the cranium, altered from its natural bright tendinous appearance, to a dull sloughy cast, and smeared over with something glutinous, but has as yet no matter on its surface.

Every hour after this period, all the symptoms are exasperated; the heat and thirst become intense, the strength decreases.

creates apæce, the rigors are more frequent, and at last convulsive motions, attended in some with coma, in others with delirium, finish the tragedy.'

A puffy tumour of the scalp, and the detachment of the pericranium from the skull, under this tumour, attended with quick pulse, restlessness and shiverings, he says, almost infallibly indicate an inflamed or sloughy state of the dura mater, and matter between it and the cranium. The indications of cure are confined to two points, an endeavour to prevent the inflammation and detachment of the dura mater, by copious bleeding; and the giving discharge to the matter collected under the skull, in consequence of such inflammation and detachment. The only method of procuring such a discharge, is by perforating the cranium with the trephine, and by puncturing the dura mater underneath, when it appears that the matter is lodged between this and the other membrane which immediately envelops the brain.

The third section turns upon fissures and simple fractures of the cranium. Here he makes a just distinction, which hath been but little attended to by the generality of surgeons.

'A fracture of the cranium, says he, considered abstractedly, is not so dangerous a thing as it is commonly supposed to be: it is not the breach made in the bone, which produces either the symptoms or the hazard; these are owing to injury done to other parts. The many instances of fractures which have been undiscovered a great length of time, and of those which, though known, have caused no ill effects, are sufficient to evince this.

'Sudden loss of sense and motion, vertigo, coma, convulsion, vomiting, flux of blood from the nose, or ears, &c. are called the symptoms of a fractured skull: and true it is, that some of them do very frequently attend large wounds, or severe blows on the head; but it is as true, that they are so far from being the certain, authentic, univocal signs of a breach in a bone, that even where there is a fracture, if there is no depression, these symptoms arise from injury done to other parts, and not from the division of the cranium.

'Commotion of the brain, or extravasation of fluid, either upon, or between the membranes, or in the ventricles, will produce all these symptoms, when the cranium has suffered no kind of harm; and therefore, though they are frequently found in cases where the skull is broke, yet do they by no means indicate a fracture.'

In this section our author takes occasion to describe the methods of cure and the instruments used by the ancients in fractures of the cranium; such as the *scalper excisorius*, the *modiolus*, the *cycliscos*, the *terebra* and *terebellæ*, figures of which are to be seen in *Albucasis*, *Andreas a Cruce*, *Fabritius ab Aquapendente*, *Guido*, *Lanfranc*, *Scultetus*, *Hildanus*, *Berengarius*, and *Peter Paaw's* comment upon *Hippocrates de vulneribus capitis*. These, however, like the Spanish arms in the Tower, are exhibited rather for ornament than for use: for *Mr. Pott*, like all his brethren of a modern date, rejects them as ill contrived, unmanageable, and ineffectual. In simple fissures or fractures of the skull without depression, he recommends trepanning immediately, even though no bad symptoms appear; and this in order to discharge either such blood or matter as may be gradually collected under the cranium.

In section four, he proceeds to fractures with depression, in which cases the intention is to raise the depressed parts, and remove those that are so separated as to be incapable of re-union. Here he observes, that notwithstanding the cautions laid down in all books of surgery, the trephine, in case of necessity, may be safely applied even on the sutures, the occiput, and the temples: nay, he has seen the longitudinal sinus pricked by a splinter of the cranium, without giving much trouble to the operator from the effusion of blood.

The fifth section contains his observations on wounds of the meninges and brain, in which we meet with nothing extraordinary. The next, with which the volume concludes, treats of extravasation and commotion, and is a kind of supplement to what he has already said on these subjects. In this we find two remarkable instances of lymph extravasated in the ventricles of the brain : one was a child about four years old who fell from the bed upon a soft carpet : the other an adult who slipped from an height not exceeding five feet, and fell upon her breech. In both, the extravasations were of the lymphoid kind in the ventricles of the brain : they were both well several days after the accident, and their first complaint was a drowsiness : after which, the symptoms of pressure hourly encreased, until they became insensible, and died paralytic.

\* An intimate friend of mine, says he, by a fall on his breech, became immediately wild and inconsistent, talked idly, or rather raved, for several days, and never slept for as many nights: by means of a low diet, and very free evacuation by bleeding, he at last got well, but with the loss of one of his sensations.

sensations. In this case, I always observed, though it was necessary to give him cathartic medicines, he being of a costive habit, that they always quickened his pulse, and added to his inquietude for some hours ; but bleeding always sensibly relieved him.

The last sheet or two contain chiefly a repetition of what has been said before, and were in all probability written at the desire of the printer or publisher, in order to fill up the volume. It is great pity that their place had not been supplied by some cases by way of illustration, which generally interest the reader, make a deep impression on his memory, and are much more easily recollected than dry rules, or any other species of instruction.

On the whole, we would say of this performance what we once heard a gentleman declare of a book, intituled, *An Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer*. "The author writes agreeably, displays a considerable share of erudition, and amuses the fancy : but after having perused this book, I did not find that I had acquired one new idea, or retained one circumstance of information."

**ART. V.** *An Introduction to Physiology, being a course of lectures upon the most important parts of the animal oeconomy : in which the nature and seat of many diseases is pointed out, and explained ; their curative indications settled ; and the necessary connexion between regular practice, and a knowledge of the structure and uses of the parts is evinced, and illustrated.* By Malcolm Fleming, M. D. Octavo. Pr. 5 s. Nourse.

**P**hysiology is the most pleasing and interesting, though perhaps the most uncertain branch of natural philosophy. How many wild hypotheses have been erected to explain the simplest animal functions ! Notwithstanding the numberless discoveries made in anatomy by the moderns, yet still we are at a loss to explain a variety of phenomena that daily occur in the human body. The naked, or armed eye, the knife, and injections, can, for instance, afford but little assistance in the explication of muscular motion, as they neither reach the last divisions and terminations of the fibres, the nerves, or blood-vessels. Even the greatest magnifiers discover nothing but small bundles or twigs similar to the larger ones which they compose, without touching upon the ultimate structure. This is the more to be lamented, as on the human organization depends the doctrine

doctrine of temperaments, a most curious part of natural philosophy, and possibly the very basis of ethics. A more perfect knowledge of the internal structure would reflect great light on the origin of the passions; and any progress in this curious investigation might be converted to the most important purposes in physick; but, alas! our faculties are inadequate to this research. Experiment is defective, and we have recourse to fancy and conjecture; we first demolish systems built with great labour by our predecessors, and then erect others in their stead, which are soon to undergo the same fate from the pride and sufficiency of some succeeding philosopher. It cannot therefore be expected that any system of physiology shall in every particular meet with universal assent; it is enough that the most simple and easy solutions be given in a course of lectures calculated for tyro's in anatomy and this branch of natural philosophy. Dr. Flemyng, we are of opinion, has abundantly fulfilled his professions. He writes for the ignorant, but in a way that merits the attention of the learned. He not only explains with great perspicuity the principal animal functions, but connects in each lecture the theoretic with the practical parts of physic; whence, as he justly observes, the nature and seat of diseases are rendered more clear and comprehensive, and the rational indications of cure more deeply impressed on the minds of beginners. However frequently the subject may have been treated by former writers, the doctor's good sense has given it the air of novelty, by his disposition and a variety of judicious reflections which he has interspersed. These we shall endeavour to point out in the course of our review.

Doctor Flemyng begins his first lecture with a short description of the principal constituent and elementary parts of the human body: after which he recites the substance of what Haller, Schobinger, and other modern physiologists have written upon that curious membrane which envelops every part of the body, called the *tela cellulosa*.

Lecture second treats of the heart, and the circulation of the blood. Here the doctor presents us with a view of the dispute between the celebrated Boerhaave and his scholar the ingenious Haller, concerning the manner in which the blood flows into the coronary arteries. The former gave it as his opinion, that they were filled by the reflux of the blood caused by the systole of the aorta, and therefore that the pulse of these arteries is opposite in time to that of the aorta and its other branches. This opinion he founds on consideration, that the coronaries take their rise beyond the valves of the aorta, and return to the heart



by a retrograde angle. Haller maintains the contrary, and supports his opinion by an experiment. On opening the thorax of a live animal, and cutting one of the coronary arteries, he finds that the blood rushes out with more violence when the heart is in its systole, than when in its diastole; and hence he infers, that the blood is propelled through the coronaries when the aorta is in its diastole. The controversy is of little importance to physick; Dr. Flemyng however compromises it, by admitting, that blood gets into the coronary arteries both by the systole of the ventricle and of the arteries, the latter completing what the former began; whence he thinks that circulation is rendered more expeditious through the substance of the heart.

In lecture third our author describes the diseases of the heart, arteries, and veins, without advancing any thing new, or peculiar to himself. In the fourth lecture, he gives a history of the circulation of the blood, proofs of its reality, and arguments to evince its utility in the practice of physick. Lecture fifth contains the doctrine of the pulse, and the curious observations on it, made by Francis Solano, a physician of Antequera, established by Dr. Nihell. As the remarks of Solano are curious in themselves, and not universally known, we shall extract them for the benefit of our readers. This ingenious Spaniard observed, 'that the pulse the ancients distinguished by the term *dierotus* frequently presaged critical hemorrhages by the nose in acute distempers; and that these hemorrhages are the nearer at hand, the more frequently the double stroke recurs amidst the other regular pulsations; and the quantity of the effusion of blood will be the greater, the more the second beat exceeds the first (in the double pulse) with respect to strength and vigour.

' 2dly, That the intermitting pulse in like manner portends critical diarrheas, which will be the more copious, either as to the number or quantity of the stools, the greater the intermission or stop is.

' 3dly, That a particular kind of pulse, which he is I believe the first observer of, and calls by an out of the way name, *pulsus inciduus*, (Dr. Nihell terms it the unequally rising pulse) portends critical sweats. In this kind of pulse there are sometimes two strokes, sometimes three, and sometimes four joined together. Its peculiarity is, that every preceding stroke rises above that immediately preceding in strength and fulness; so that if there are four such joined together, the second rises above the first, the third above the second, and the fourth above the third. Solano never observed above four such beats joined together.

gether. This kind of pulse, as I have said, Solano discovered to foretel critical sweats; which always come on the more plentifully, the greater number of such strokes is joined together, and the more each following stroke exceeds that immediately preceding in strength and fulness.

On these prognostics, our author reasons in the following manner. 'When any acrid or rough particle falls into the eye, nature immediately exerts herself to throw off this noxious matter, by diluting it with tears. The same happens with respect to the olfactory nerves. Whatever is offensive to the stomach in a certain degree is thrown up by vomiting; what is troublesome to the intestines is discharged by stool. When the mass of blood and the juices derived from thence are changed in such a manner, as not to flow freely enough through the capillary vessels, so as that the functions of health may go on aright, a fever is raised; by means whereof the noxious matter is concocted and rendered fluxile, and fit to be expelled out of the habit by sweat, urine, stool, or otherwise. In short, we may with Sydenham pronounce disease in general to be nothing else but an effort of nature attempting every thing in its power, in order to expel the morbid matter out of the body, for the safety and recovery of the diseased person.

'This maxim being laid down, let us apply it to the accounting for Solano's observations from the laws of the animal economy. And let us first consider the *pulsus diastolicus*, or double pulse.

'In this kind of pulse, the second beat follows the first so rapidly and quickly, that the least imaginable interval can be perceived between the two strokes. Now I contend, that a pulse of this kind is the most commodious and effectual way of bursting vessels that can be brought about by causes acting within the body; and therefore when we perceive that nature hath excited that effort, it as rationally portends an hemorrhage, as any other cause beginning and persevering portends its effects.

'For, by this kind of pulse, the arteries being dilated by the first stroke, are again urged so quickly by the second, as not to have time to recover their cohesion, by repeating the close contacts of their particles between the two strokes. The second stroke takes its cohesion at a disadvantage, when it is giving way, and nearer being broke, than it is in the common regular way of beating, in which the artery is left at its freedom to restore itself to its narrowest dimensions, before it is again dilated.

'Let

‘ Let us illustrate the thing by an easy example. Suppose a wall was to be beaten down by a battering ram, after the manner of the ancients. If one stroke of the machine should be so quickly repeated after another, as that the least perceivable interval of time intervened between them, would not the wall be demolished by much fewer strokes so redoubled, than if they were made at such a distance of time from each other, as that the wall, which gave some way by the first shock, might recover its perpendicular posture, and the stones and mortar in some measure regain their cohesion ?

‘ In like manner it is plain, that a few double strokes of the *pulsus dicrotus* will have a greater effect to burst small arteries, than a great number of regular strokes of equal strength.

‘ And it is no less evident, that the more frequently the double beat recurs amongst the other regular pulses, the hemorrhage will be the sooner brought on ; because thereby the chances of bursting the vessels will be multiplied.

‘ Further, as it is the second stroke that finishes the rupture, it follows, that the more the second stroke exceeds the first in strength, the more plentiful the hemorrhage must be ; as more numerous vessels must be broke thereby, and the rupture and laceration made wider ; which perfectly tallies with Solano’s observations.

‘ If it should be asked, why this double pulse should prognosticate an hemorrhage by the nose, rather than any other, my answer is ready. The small arteries spread upon the *membrana Schneideriana* in the cavity of the nose, are propagated pretty directly from the heart, springing from the external carotids ; and therefore sustain a pretty strong impulse from the heart ; and besides, are exposed to the open air, and therefore want a support which other arteries have, that are buried amidst contiguous solid parts. Add to this, that when these arteries are strained and molested, as sneezing sometimes is brought on, through irritation of the nerves, which strongly co-operates with the original cause, to bring about a rupture of them. Upon which account hemorrhages by the nose, (if we except the menstrual discharges of the sex, which are brought on not by a rupture, but a dilatation of vessels) are both the most frequent, and the most copious of any in the human body.

‘ So that the whole amounts to this, that when the animal machine is out of order, and when the most effectual relief, that could be administered to it, would be a breach of the vessels in the nose, nature makes use of the most proper means of accom-

accomplishing that breach, to wit, by exciting the double pulse; which is the most effectual way, the *modus unicus* of producing that effect.

‘ Nor is this to be more wondered at, than that the eye waters when any sharp or rough particle gets into it; or that sneezing is excited by any irritating powders being drawn up the nostrils; these are neither less ingenious contrivances, nor less intricate in their natures, than that which we have now explained, though they are more usual, and therefore less astonishing.

‘ We come next to consider the second article of Solano’s discoveries, to wit, the presages to be drawn from the intermitting pulse. This kind of pulse, as we have already mentioned, he found to portend critical diarrheas in acute distempers; and to denote that they will be the more copious, the longer the intermission or stop is perceived between one beat and the next.

‘ We hope to shew, that this prognostic is no less rational and agreeable to the laws of the animal œconomy, than what we have just now been treating of.

‘ But let us previously take into consideration the nature and causes of the intermitting pulse.

‘ If, immediately upon the back of one contraction or systole of the arterial system, the venous blood is not sent quickly enough, and in sufficient quantity, into the right sinus and auricle of the heart, so as to fill and distend them enough; and effectually irritate them into contraction, and make them throw their blood into the right ventricle in the usual time and rithmus, then the pulse must stop for a space, and become intermittent: for if the right ventricle is longer than usual in filling, the passage of the blood through the lungs must be delayed, and consequently the supply of the blood to the left ventricle must be put off, and so the next diastole of the arterial system must be so much the longer in returning.

‘ This being duly considered, let us apply it to Solano’s prognostic drawn from the intermitting pulse.

‘ While nature is bringing about critical diarrheas in distempers, if the pulse is upon that account any wise remarkably changed, it must be into the intermitting kind; upon the account of the secession of serous matter, of which loose stools consists, from sanguiferous vessels into the lateral canals, which convey it into the ample cavity of the intestinal tube.

‘ By

from these follicles; that nature makes use of this apparatus chiefly, if not solely, for the thicker secretions; that in the more compounded glands, whether conglobate or conglomerate, there is no good reason for admitting, with Malpighius, secretion to be performed by the intervention of follicles, as in the simple kind; on the contrary, our author asserts, that the whole secretory structures in both these consists of a vascular series or convolution, as Rhuyfch concludes from his injections. Lastly, he rejects the idle notion of fermentation in secretion.

The author proceeds, in the tenth lecture, to give a general description of the brain. In the eleventh, he explains the function of the brain and nerves. Here we find the following opinion broached from a Latin poem entitled *Neuropathia*, which Dr. Flemyng published in the year 1740, "That as the animal spirits are the finest and most subtle of all the fluids in the body, the nerves must be nourished solely by these; it being impossible for a canal to be nourished and repaired by a fluid which is too gross to enter into it." That therefore, as nerves must grow and be nourished, and kept in repair as well as the other solids, the animal spirits must contain such principles as animal solids consist of; to wit, as chemistry teaches, earth, which is as it were the basis; oil and water, which serve as a gluten; and a certain salt peculiar to animals, mild and neutral in its own nature, but which is rendered alkaline and volatile by distillation in a retort; all extremely attenuated, and intimately mixed together. I am of opinion, says the Doctor, that not any one thing, even in the elements of geometry, more truly follows from data, than this proposition from the existence of animal spirits being granted."

This opinion the doctor applies to pathology, and builds on it several indications of cure. From the three last lectures, the following conclusions are drawn; that the encephalon, without its membranes and vessels, is composed of two different and distinct substances, called cortical and medullary; that the *famina* of these is the glandular or secretory part by which the animal spirits are separated from the arterial blood; that the latter is composed of the excretory ducts of the former, through which this fine fluid moves and is conveyed to different parts of the body, to influence different functions; that nerves are the medullary tubes continued and distributed in distinct chords, which transmit the same subtle fluid; that, by the various motions of the fluid through the encephalon the operations and passions of the mind are influenced; that by the reflux of the nervous juice towards the origin of the cranium, sensation is produced;

produced ; that voluntary muscular motion is performed by the influx of this subtle juice into the organs of the muscles, urged on by the determination of the will. Lastly, that muscles exercise a natural involuntary contracted motion, when irritated, which motion is independent on the encephalon and the continuity of nerves that belong to it. Such are the doctor's general conclusions from what he has advanced on the brain, nerves, and muscular motion. It is true that nothing new appears in this doctrine : but there is some merit in the distinct view in which our author has presented it.

As our limits will not admit of a thorough review of this sensible work, we shall only add, that the rest of the volume is taken up with the usual subjects which compose systems of physiology. Many judicious remarks and new opinions are interspersed ; the language is generally copious, without redundancy, though sometimes it bears the marks of haste and inattention. In a word, we have not seen a system of the same nature and bulk, so replete with true science and well digested reading, or which we would so soon recommend to the medical student.

It was our intention to give an abstract of the whole ; but we found it extend to such a length, that we were forced to break off in the middle of our design.

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ART. VI. *The Natural and Civil History of the French Dominions in North and South America. Giving a particular Account of the Climate, Soil, Minerals, Animals, Vegetables, Manufactures, Trade, Commerce, and Languages. Together with the Religion, Government, Genius, Character, Manners and Customs of the Indians and other Inhabitants. Illustrated by Maps and Plans of the principal Places, collected from the best Authorities, and engraved by T. Jefferys, Geographer to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Folio. Pr. 1 l. 10 s. Jefferys.*

THIS folio is dedicated to General Townshend, and is chiefly valuable on account of the accurate maps and charts with which it is illustrated. Maps are commonly made for the book, but here the book is made for the maps ; and as these are copied from the French, so is the written part of the work compiled intirely from French authors, particularly from the *Histoire et Description generale de la nouvelle France*, of Charlevoix, the *History of Louisiana*, by Mr. Le Page du Pratz, and that of the Antilles, or West-India Islands, by L'Abat, and others. The book before us is a hasty compilation from these

these writers, and is attended with this disadvantage, that every thing relating to differences between the English and French, is represented in the most uncandid and fallacious light, to the disadvantage of our own country. Charlevoix is notorious for all the insinuating craft and misrepresentation of a meddling Jesuit; and sometimes his prejudices appear gross enough. In all American contests between the two nations, the English are described as fools, knaves, brutes, and cowards, because they happened to disagree with his countrymen. Nay, the poor Iroquois or Indians of the Five Nations, because they have generally continued attached to the English, are represented by this honest priest, as the most cruel, cowardly and perfidious of all the American savages; a character diametrically opposite to that which in reality they deserve. What credit is to be given to the Civil History of Canada as he has handed it down, may be determined at first sight by any unprejudiced reader, who peruses the account of portents and miracles wrought by the missionaries, as they are recounted by this zealous penman.

Besides these objections to the writings of father Charlevoix, and other French authors, there is another which cannot fail to embarrass an English reader; and that is the arbitrary manner in which they have bestowed names upon the different nations of Indians, quite different from those by which the English have distinguished them, according to their own languages and pronunciation. Thus, for example, the Owenagungas, are called by the French, Abenagules; the Adirondacks, Algonquins; the Dionondadies, Amihous; the Mohawks, Aniez; the Quatoghies, Hurons, &c. The names of places they have perverted in the same manner. Schenectady they call Corlaer; Enitagiche, Baye de Puans; New-York city, Manhattan; Albany, Orange, &c.

At the same time it must be owned, in favour of this compilation, that the best, and almost the only materials we have for a natural history of North-America, are those published by French writers. There are indeed some voyages written by English adventurers, who have traded to this coast, in which divers curious particulars are recorded. We are likewise obliged to Catesby for his natural history of Carolina, to Dr. William Douglas, the author of a summary historical and political of the first planting, progressive improvements, and present state of the British settlements in North America; a book which has served as a ground-work to a later performance, intitled, "An Account of the European Settlements in America." Nor ought we to forget Colden's History of the Five Nations; a piece  
abounding

abounding with many curious particulars : but, still there is a great scarcity of materials among the English writers touching the natural history of the inland parts of this vast continent.

Prefixed to this folio, is a map of Canada and the north part of Louisiana, with the adjacent countries ; and the book begins with a description of Canada, translated from the French of Charlevoix, though the translator differs from this writer in some particulars ; as for instance, in the length of the island Anticosti, situated in the mouth of the river St. Laurence, which the Frenchman extends to about forty leagues ; whereas Mr. Jefferys makes it but twenty seven : he likewise affirms it is destitute of wood ; but, Charlevoix says no more but that it is ill supplied with wood. There are also some small mistakes in the translation ; such as, *earldom* for *comté*, when speaking of a French district ; *place* for *place*, which is in fact a square market place or open area ; *Wolfs* for *Loups*, a proper name given to a nation of Indians : besides, wolf in the plural makes wolves, not wolves ; *rift* for *rapide*, which signifies an impetuous stream, whereas rift comes from rive, and is applied to a rock, or a tree rent asunder ; and quack for *jongleur*, which signifies juggler.

In the midst of this description we find an elegant plan of the city of Quebec, the capital of Canada, its public edifices and fortifications. We are likewise favoured with another plan of Montreal, which, though situated on an island, our author tells us, stands on the banks of the river St. Laurence. After having described the River of Meadows, which in our humble opinion ought to be left untranslated, as *la Riviere des Prairies*, the channel of the thousand isles, those of Bizard and Perrot, the lakes of the two mountains, and St. Louis, Indian villages, the river Cadaraqui, with all its particularities, the forts of la Gallette, Presentation, Frontenac, &c. the river Saguenay and Outawawas, he makes a skip to the Lake Superior, at the western extremity of Canada, beyond the Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan, of which he says not a word in this section.

Then he proceeds to the natural history, including the fishes, the cod, the sword fish, the stetan, the seal, which our author translates *sea-wolf*, the sea-cow, which in fact is the animal called morse, whereas the true sea-cow is the manatee, porpoises, whales, oysters, lencornet, haddock, plaice, lobsters, salmon, sturgeon, and a fish called chaousarou, thus described.

‘ Amongst the fishes that abound in Lake Champlain, and the rivers that fall into it, Champlain mentions one of a very  
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singular sort which he calls chaoufarou, probably the name given it by the Indians. It is a particular kind of armed fish, found in several other parts, pretty much of the form of a spit, and covered with a scale impenetrable to a dagger. Its colour is a silver grey; and there projects from under the throat a bony substance, flat, indented, hollow, and perforated at the end; whence it is reasonable to think, that it breathes this way. This bone is covered with a tender skin, and its length is in proportion to the fish, of which this makes one third part. The Indians assured Champlain, that they had seen of those fishes from eight to ten feet long; but the largest he saw did not exceed five, and were about as thick as a man's thigh.

'This animal is a true pirate amongst other fishes, but, what is very surprizing, he is also an enemy to the birds, which, like an expert fowler, he catches in this manner: he conceals himself among the reeds, so that nothing can be discovered but his weapon, rising perpendicularly above the surface of the water. The birds that light near him take it for a flick, or withered reed, and perch upon it without the least apprehension of what is concealed beneath. That moment the foe in ambush opens his mouth, and seizes his prey with all the rapidity imaginable. The teeth on both sides of this bone are pretty long, and very sharp, and, as the Indians pretend, are a sovereign remedy for the head-ach, and that by pricking the part most affected, the pain is immediately dissipated.'

'Among the quadrupeds he describes the beaver, or castor, with all its qualities and peculiarities, too well known to require a recapitulation, the musk rat, a small animal weighing about four pounds, shaped like the beaver, whose testicles contain a rich perfume, the bear, the elk, the carcajou, the stag, the caribou, buffalo, roebuck, wild-cat, pole-cat, fox, stoat, wood-rat, squirrel, porcupine, hare, and rabbit. Among the birds of this country, he enumerates eagles, hawks, partridges, snipes, woodcocks, the raven, owl, bat, swallow, lark, sparrow, ducks, pies, woodpeckers, humming birds, cardinals, and a great variety of land and water fowls. The forests are composed of pines, firs, cedars, oak, maple, ash, walnut tree, beech, cherry tree, elms, and poplar. It likewise produces a great number of shrubs and plants, of which Charlevoix has given a catalogue, which our editor has not retained.

In the next division we find the origin, languages, religion, government, genius, character, manners, and customs of the different Indian nations inhabiting Canada. Here are a great many

many entertaining particulars, which we cannot pretend to transcribe. Every body knows in what manner the Indians sacrifice some one of their captives, by torturing him to death; that he is generally tied to a stake, and tormented in a shocking manner, while he sings his death song, and sets his executioners at defiance.

‘ The tormentors are generally as many as there are spectators or inhabitants in the village, men, women, and children, who seem to vie with each other who shall exceed in all manner of cruelty. The inhabitants of the hut, in which the prisoner has been kept, are the only persons who have no hand in these acts of brutality; at least this is the practice amongst some nations. They generally begin with burning the feet, then the limbs, ascending by degrees to the head; and sometimes they protract those sufferings for a whole week, as it happened to a Canadian gentleman who had fallen into the hands of the Iroquois. Those who are the least spared, are such who, after having been adopted, or set at liberty, have made their escape, and have been taken a second time: These are looked upon as unnatural children, and as ungrateful persons, who have made war upon their relations and benefactors, and to such no sort of favour is shewn. Sometimes the sufferer is left loose, even when the execution is not in a cabin, and he is also allowed to stand upon his own defence, which he does not so much from any hope or prospect of saving his life, as to avenge his death before hand, and to have the glory of dying like a man of courage. There have been many instances to prove what a prodigious degree of strength and fortitude such a resolution is capable of inspiring, of which the following, attested by persons worthy of credit, who were eye witnesses, is one very remarkable.

‘ An Iroquois, captain of the canton called Onneyouth, chose rather to expose himself to the worst that could happen, than to dishonour himself by flying, which he looked upon as still the more unworthy of a hero, from the ill example he must thereby give the youth under his command. He fought a long time like one resolved to die with his arms in his hands, but the Hurons his enemies, were resolved on taking him, if possible, alive. He was conducted together with those who were taken prisoners, at the same time, into a canton where they were converted and baptized by some French missionaries, and all burnt a few days after, giving marks of an astonishing constancy. The Iroquois commander believed he might lawfully do his enemies all the mischief in his power, and retard the hour

of his death as much as possible. They had caused him to ascend a stage or theatre, where they began by burning his body in every member, without the least mercy, himself appearing as much insensible as if he were not in the least suffering. But on perceiving one of his companions, who was tortured just by him, discover some sign of weakness, he testified much uneasiness at it, omitted nothing that might encourage him to bear up under his calamities, from the hopes of a happy immortality in heaven, and shewed vast satisfaction to see him die at last not only like a brave man but a Christian.

Those who had thus put his companion to death fell upon him with such rage, as if they would tear him to pieces. He appeared not at all moved at it, and they were now at a loss to find any part of his body that was sensible to pain, when one of his executioners, after making an incision in the skin quite round the head, tore it entirely off, by mere force and violence. The pain made him fall into a swoon, when the tormentors, believing him dead, left him. A moment after he recovered from his swoon, and seeing nothing near him, but the corps of his friend, he took up a fire-brand with both hands, scorched and fled as they were, defying his executioners to come nigh him. This uncommon resolution struck terror into them, they made hideous shouts, ran to arms, some laying hold of burning coals, and others seizing red-hot irons, and all at once poured upon him. He stood the brunt of their fury with the courage of despair, and even made them retire. The fire that surrounded him served him for an intrenchment, which he completed with ladders they had used to ascend the scaffold, and thus fortifying himself, and making a sort of citadel of his funeral pile, which was now become the theatre of his bravery, and armed with the instruments of his torture, he was for a considerable time the terror of a whole canton, and not one had the heart to approach him, tho' he was more than half burnt to death, and the blood trickled from all parts of his body. A slip of the foot in shunning a fire-brand darted at him, delivered him once more into the hands of his enemies, who, as you may well imagine, made him pay extremely dear for the fears he had occasioned them. After wearying themselves with tormenting him, they threw him into the middle of a great coal-fire, in full confidence that he would never rise from it. But they were deceived; for, when they least thought of it, they beheld him again, armed with fire-brands running towards the village, as if he was going to set it on fire. All hearts were frozen with fear, and no person dared to face him; when, just as he had almost reached the first cabbins, a stick thrown

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at him, and falling between his legs, brought him to the ground, and they laid hold of him before he could recover himself. Here, first they cut off his hands and feet, and rolled him upon burning embers, and then threw him below the burning trunk of a tree, the whole village gathering round him to enjoy the spectacle. He lost such a quantity of blood as almost to extinguish the fire; so that they had now no manner of apprehension remaining of any future attempt. He made, however, another, which struck terror into the most undaunted. He crept on his knees and elbows with so much vigour, and with such a threatening countenance, as astonished, if not affrighted them. In this state, the missionaries approaching him, in order to dispose him to bethink himself of the state of his soul, at that dreadful moment which was at hand, he seemed to listen to attention, and to have his thoughts occupied solely with such meditations, when one of his executioners, taking this opportunity, struck off his head.

After the natural history comes the history of the discovery and settlement of Canada, which, in our opinion, ought to have preceded the former, according to the plan of Charlevoix, from whence it is literally taken. The most curious particular in this detail, is the description of an earthquake which happened in this country, with very astonishing circumstances; among these, however, we do not expect the reader has faith enough to number those that are called supernatural warnings.

‘During the autumn in 1663, a number of bodies of fire, of different figures, but all of them extraordinary, were seen in the air. Over Quebec and Montreal appeared in the night a globe of fire, extremely shining; only at Montreal it seemed as if it proceeded from the moon, and was accompanied with a noise, like the discharge of a cannon, and after gliding thro’ the air for about three leagues, it vanished behind the mountain whence the island takes its name.

‘On January 7, the following year, there arose an almost imperceptible vapour from the great river, which, after it was struck with the sun’s rays, became transparent, but with body sufficient to support two parahelions, which appeared by the side of this meteor. Thus appeared at the same time, three suns, in a line parallel to the horizon, some fathoms distant from each other, each of them with a rainbow, the colours of which varied every instant, now appearing like an ordinary rainbow, then of a bright whiteness, as if there had been a great fire behind it. This sight lasted two full hours, and was repeated on the 14th, though less perceptible.

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‘ In the beginning of February, a rumour went, that an earthquake would very soon happen, such as had never happened in the memory of man, taking its rise from the admonitions of certain persons eminent for piety, warning every soul to make their peace with God, and try to appease the divine wrath, justly kindled against New France.

‘ On the night of the 13th of the same month, an Algonkin woman, a very fervent Christian, being awake, and sitting on her bed, heard a voice, saying, that within two days wonderful things should happen. Next day, as she was in the forest with her sister, making her provision of wood, she heard the same voice, predicting that on the morrow, between four and five in the evening, the earth would quake in a terrible manner.

‘ A young maiden of the same nation, whose piety had obtained the miraculous cure of a disease, dreamt on the night between the 4th and 5th instant, that the Virgin Mary appeared to her, and told her the hour, and all the circumstances of this earthquake. On the evening of the 5th, immediately before the earthquake began, she appeared as if she were besides herself, crying out, with all her force, *Now it is just coming*, to the great astonishment of all who heard her.

‘ Lastly, on the same day, mother Mary of the Incarnation, the illustrious foundress of the Ursuline nuns of New France, who was far from being a weak person, after several warnings from heaven of the impending event, which she communicated to F. Lallemontré her director, about half an hour after five in the evening, as she was in prayer, thought she saw our Lord wroth with Canada, and that she was moved by some supernatural power to demand justice of him for all the crimes committed in this province; and that all she could do to obtain some mitigation of this punishment, was, to put up fervent prayers that the souls might not perish with the bodies. Immediately afterwards, she felt an inward assurance that the divine wrath was on the point of breaking out, and that the contempt of the ordinances of the church was the chief cause why it was kindled. She perceived almost, in the same instant, four devils at the four corners of Quebec, agitating the earth with great violence, and a person of a majestic presence, who from time to time let loose the reins to their fury, and then withheld them.

‘ At the same moment, the heavens being perfectly serene, a noise was heard all over the city, like that of a great fire, which frightened all the people out of their dwellings. Then all the houses were shaken and rocked to such a degree, that they almost

most touched the ground, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, the doors opening and shutting of themselves with a mighty noise, all the bells ringing without hands, and the timber of the palisades bounding to and fro; the walls were split, the beams fell out and were bent, and the domestic animals made the most frightful howlings; the surface of the earth had a motion like that of the sea, the trees were twisted together, and many of them torn out by the roots, and tossed to a great distance. With these sights were heard all sorts of noises; sometimes of a raging sea breaking its dykes, sometimes of a great number of chariots and carriages rolling over the pavement, and sometimes of mountains of rock or marble opening and splitting. A thick dust arose like smoke, so that an universal conflagration was apprehended; some imagined they heard the cries of Indians, and apprehended the Iroquois were falling upon all parts of the colony.

The fright was so great and general, that both men and animals appeared as if struck with thunder; nothing was to be heard but shrieking lamentations; people fled every where, without knowing whither they went; and on which side soever they passed, met what they strove to shun. The fields presented every where precipices and gulphs, and people expected the earth to open under them every moment, whole mountains were plucked up by the roots, and thrown to a distance and placed in new situations; some were carried into the midst of rivers, and stopped their course, and others were sunk so deep that the tops of the trees on their summits were not to be seen. Trees were tossed upright into the air, as if a mine had sprung under them, and some re-planted with their branches in the ground and their roots aloft. There was no more safety on water than on land. Several springs and rivulets were dried up, the waters of others were impregnated with sulphur, and the beds where some had flowed could no longer be seen. Here the waters were turned red, there yellow, and those of the great river from Quebec to Tadoussac, that is, for the space of thirty leagues, were grown perfectly white. Nothing was to be heard but a continual din, and people imagined they saw goblins and phantoms of fire with lighted torches in their hands. Flames arose which took all sorts of shapes, as of pikes, lances, and burning brands, and fell upon the tops of houses without setting them on fire. Cries of wailing and lamentation augmented the horror from time to time. Porpoises and sea-cows were heard to howl near the Three Rivers, where never any such fishes had been seen; and these howlings had no resemblance to the cries of any known animal. To conclude, for a tract of

three hundred leagues from East to West, the earth, the rivers, and the sea-coasts were long, but at different intervals, in the vast motion mentioned by the prophet, speaking of the wonders which accompanied the coming up out of Egypt.

‘ The effects of the earthquake were various to an infinite degree, and never was there more reason to fear that nature was destroying her works, and that the end of the world was at hand. The first shock lasted half an hour almost without interruption, but began to abate after a quarter of an hour. Towards eight in the evening of the same day, there was another shock, equally violent with the first, and in half an hour two more. Some reckoned to the number of thirty-two the night following, some of which were very violent. It is possible that the horror of the night and the general confusion might increase their number, and cause them to appear more considerable than they really were. Even in the intervals of the shocks people were in the same condition as in, a vessel at anchor; which might also be the effect of a disordered imagination. What is certain, is, that many persons felt the same squeamishness and giddiness which are usual at sea with such as are not accustomed to this element. On the morning of the 6th, about three of the clock, was a very rude and long shock. At Tadoussac it rained ashes for three hours together; in another place the Indians, who had left their cabins at the beginning of these agitations, on their return, found a large pool of water in their places. Half way between Québec and Tadoussac, two mountains were laid level with the ground, and the earth that fell from them formed a cape, projecting half a quarter of a league into the great river. Two Frenchmen coming from Gaspé felt nothing of it till they came over against the Saguenay, when, tho’ there was not a breath of wind, their shallop was tossed as if on a stormy sea. Not being able to conjecture whence this could proceed, they cast their eyes towards the shore, when they perceived a mountain skipping, in the language of the prophet, like a ram, and which, after some time, whirling round like a whirlwind, sunk down, and at last entirely disappeared. A ship, which followed the shallop, was no less agitated, and the oldest sailors could not stand but by a hold, as it happens when a ship rolls greatly; and the captain ordering to cast anchor, the cable broke.

‘ Within a small distance of Quebec, a fire, a full league in length, appeared in broad day-light, which coming from the North, afterwards crossed the river, and disappeared over the Isle of Orleans. Opposite Cape Tourmente floods of subterra-

neous waters rushed from the tops of the mountains, and carried all before them. Above Quebec a river left its channel, part of which became dry, its highest banks in some parts sinking to a level with the water, which continued mixed with mud of the colour of sulphur above three months. New England and New Holland (now New York) suffered in the general confusion, and, as did all this vast extent of country, with this particularity, that in the time of the greatest shocks they perceived a kind of pulsation like that of an intermitting pulse, with unequal beatings, but beginning every where precisely at the same instant. Sometimes the shocks were a sort of elevating, at other times a sort of balancing motion, more or less violent; sometimes very brisk, and at others increasing by degrees, and none of them ending without some sensible effect. In places where the great river had rapid falls it became perfectly still water, and in others the reverse. Rocks arose in the midst of rivers, and a man walking in the fields, perceived all of a sudden the earth opening behind him, and as he fled, the yawnings seemed to run after him. The agitation was generally less on the tops of mountains, but an incessant rumbling was heard in those places.

In this division we have an elegant map of Nova-Scotia, Cape-Breton, and the adjacent parts of New England and Canada; and, in the course of the history, a short imperfect detail of the two last sieges of Louisbourg, copied from news-papers; with a plan of that city and its harbour, exhibiting the landing of the English in 1758, and the manner of the attack. This is naturally followed by last year's transactions in the river of St. Laurence, the battle at the falls of Montmorency, the defeat of the French army before Quebec, and the conquest of that capital, illustrated with excellent plans.

The next part opens with a description of Louisiana, taken from du Pratz: to which is prefixed, a map of North America, from the French of Monsieur D'Anville, improved with the back settlements of Virginia, and course of the Ohio; illustrated with geographical and historical remarks. This part is likewise adorned with a fine plan of New Orleans, on the river Mississippi, the capital of Louisiana. The geographical description is succeeded by the natural history, which is equally curious and minute: then follows an account of the origin, manners, customs, laws, and religion of the ancient inhabitants of Louisiana; including a particular detail of the Natches, an Indian nation, remarkably different from all the rest, which the French have extinguished.

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The second part, dedicated to Major-general Barrington, contains an account of the islands of St. Domingo, St. Martin, St. Bartholomew, Guadaloupe, Martinique, la Grenade, with the island and colony of Cayenne; furnished with several maps; such as, one of the West Indies in general; a second, of Hispaniola, or St. Domingo, with an authentic plan of the town and harbour of Cape Francois; a third, of Guadaloupe, with a plan of Basse Terre, the capital; a fourth, of Martinique, with a plan of its capital, Fort Royal, and another of Grenada. This division is chiefly compiled from L'Abat; containing the history of these islands; their discovery, settlement, transactions of buccaneers, the events of which they were the scene in this and the last war; the reduction of Fort Louis on Hispaniola, by admiral Knowles, in the last war; the action between Capt. Forrest and a French squadron off that island, during the present war; the conquest of Guadaloupe, &c. by General Barrington: these particulars transcribed from gazettes. This detail introduces the natural history of the Antilles, and an account of the Indians by which they were originally inhabited; abounding with many entertaining remarks, which we cannot particularize.

In the last part of this work, the author describes the island and French colony of Cayenne, with a map of the island, and plan of the town. He relates the revolutions which have happened in the colony; the state of it since the year 1726: then descends to a more particular description of Cayenne, and the neighbouring continent of Gujana, taken from the memoirs of Milhau. This includes the plan of a settlement on the river Oyapok, in the neighbourhood of Fort Louis, established in the year 1726; an account of the ecclesiastical, military, and civil governments, the King's demesnes, the trade and manufacture, the quadrupeds, birds, and fishes, the inhabitants and planters, the Indians of that country, their manners, customs, and dispositions.

On the whole, though we cannot pronounce this a perfect or elegant work, we shall not hesitate to declare it a very useful performance; containing a great variety of matter, much entertainment, abundance of useful instruction; illustrated with a great number of accurate maps and plans, which of themselves would recommend it as a valuable book to the curious and judicious reader.

A17.

**ART. VII.** *The Construction and Principal Uses of Mathematical Instruments. Translated from the French of M. Bion, chief instrument-maker to the French king. To which are added, the construction and uses of such instruments as are omitted by M. Bion, particularly of those invented or improved by the English. By Edmund Stone. The whole illustrated with thirty folio copper-plates, containing the figures, &c. of the several instruments. The second Edition. To which is added, A supplement: containing a further account of some of the most useful mathematical instruments as now improved. Folio, Pr. 1l. 4s. Richardson.*

**S**INCE the commencement of our periodical labours, none of Mr. Stone's works have passed through our hands. It is with pleasure we now behold this ingenious gentleman breaking a silence, for the service of the publick, which we were ready to attribute to his sense of its ingratitude. There is hardly a person the least tinctured with letters in the British dominions who is unacquainted with the extraordinary merit of our author. Untutored and self-taught, he ascended from the grossest ignorance, by mere dint of genius, to the sublimest paths of geometry. His abilities are universally acknowledged, his reputation unblemished, his services to the publick uncontested, and yet he lives to an advanced age unrewarded, except by a mean employment that reflects dishonour on the donors. What shall we say to this, in a country famed for generosity and a taste for science, but that the great ought to blush for their neglect of talents, which will live and be respected when their titles and pageantry shall be no more. We need make no apology to our readers for this warmth in favour of a person intirely unknown to us, except by character. His situation and ours will exempt us from the imputation of flattery; nor can we be supposed to plead for ourselves while we are recommending him to the publick favour, since we frankly acknowledge, that after all the labour and expence of education, our progress in science falls infinitely short of Mr. Stone's.

It would be unnecessary to enlarge upon the utility of the work before us. An experience of near forty years, and the rapid sale of the first impression, evince it. Geometry, as a science, has been diligently cultivated for near two centuries; the most sublime discoveries have resulted from this application; but its defects are still apparent, when considered as an art. *Instruments* are the means to remove these defects. By their assistance pure geometry is rendered useful in common life, and subtle useless speculation reduced to practice. It was this which

which first induced our author to undertake a translation of M. Bion's work; and now the desire of rendering it complete has drawn forth a second impression, and large supplement. We shall give the contents of the whole.

M. Bion, in the first and second books, describes the construction and chief purposes of the most simple instruments, as compasses, square, protractor, rules, drawing pen, porte crayon, sector, and a variety of gauging rods; to which the translator has added two sorts of sliding rules, a different and improved protractor, the joint rule, the four foot gauging rod, the plotting, plain, and Gunter's scales, and the English sector.

In the third book the author treats of the construction and uses of a variety of compasses, spring, hair, and proportional; parallel rulers, pentagraphs, with several other curious and useful instruments; also the method of arming magnets, the composition of microscopes; to which Mr. Stone has annexed the description and use of the turn-up and proportional compasses, with the sector-lines, and the method of projecting them.

Book four contains the description and use of instruments used in measuring lands, taking heights and distances, accessible or inaccessible; such as toises, staffs, recipient angles, semicircles, theodolites, &c. to which Mr. Stone has subjoined a concise and accurate description of the circumferentor, surveying wheel, plain table, and English theodolite.

In the fifth book, we have the construction of several kinds of water levels, with the manner of rectifying and using them for the conveyance of water. Here likewise are described a variety of instruments used in gunnery, together with the use and construction of the English callipers, annexed by the translator.

The sixth book is the most entertaining and curious of the whole; and treats of several astronomical instruments, as the astronomical quadrant and micrometer, M. Huygen's second pendulum clock, De La Hire's instrument for shewing eclipses of the sun and moon, &c. Here also is shewn the manner of making celestial observations, according to Cassini and De La Hire; to which the translator has annexed the description and uses of the Ptolemaic and Copernican spheres, the orrery, a micrometer of a different sort from the former, and of Gunter's quadrant.

Lastly, in the seventh and eighth books, M. Bion describes the construction and use of the sea-compass and quadrant, the azimuth

azimuth compass, fore-staff, and other instruments for taking altitudes at sea; likewise of the sinical quadrant, Mercator's sun-dials fixed and portable, moon-dials, nocturnal, the instruments used in drawing them in particular, and the tools used by mathematical instrument makers in general.

This is the whole of M. Bion's performance, and indeed a considerable deal more; for his translator has made very material and useful amendments and alterations. He has besides annexed to this second edition a supplement, containing the description and some of the uses of several instruments omitted in the body of the work, or improved since the time that M. Bion's work was first translated.

The first instrument described in the appendix by Mr. Stone is a parallelogram for drawing or copying draughts. Next we find an account of several modern instruments used at sea, in taking the degrees of the altitude of the sun or stars, or the degrees of their distances. Among these we find the construction and use of Sir Isaac Newton's sea-quadrant; of Mr. Hadley's instrument for taking latitudes or altitudes at sea; of Elton's modern quadrant for taking altitudes either by sea or land, without an horizon; of the curious mural quadrant in the royal observatory in Greenwich; of perspective glasses and refracting telescopes; of the reflecting telescopes of Dr. James Gregory, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Hadley, M. Cassegraine, &c. Here it appears that Dr. Gregory was the real inventor of the telescope usually ascribed to Sir Isaac Newton, the former having published his description of it, in the year 1663; whereas the latter contrived his three years after, and did not execute it before the year 1670 or 1671. It is true they differ in some particulars; but in nothing that affects the principle of construction.

In Chapter ten of the supplement, Mr. Stone gives a short account of meridian and equatorial telescopes; of microscopes, micrometers, Graham's astronomical sector, Sisson's theodolite, Barston's universal astronomical quadrant; the method used in making artificial magnets, with several other curious particulars. It were to be wished our author had more fully explained the scientific principles of telescopes, in which he is extremely general and deficient. He has besides omitted the description and use of a great variety of perspective glasses and telescopes constructed on different principles from any in his performance; for instance, the solar and aerial telescopes. We should likewise have been pleased with a short history of the origin and improvements both of dioptric and cata-dioptric telescopes, through  
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the successive hands and ages through which they passed; but our author was probably confined within certain limits.

We next find a new invented mariner's compass described. This ingenious instrument was presented to the Royal Society about nine years ago, by Dr. Knight, and differs from the common compass, in having its needle in the shape of a parallelepipedon, its cord of thin unstiffened paper, a thin brass circle, divided into degrees, &c. an ivory case so fashioned as to receive a small bit of agate at the top. The point, which supports the cord, is a common sewing needle, and these are all the circumstances by which it is distinguished from the instrument commonly used. Mr. Stone has touched his remarks on this contrivance in a strange metaphor, less intelligible to us than the instrument, even with this short description. "The plants and trees of the gardens of the arts and sciences, says he, cultivated by the *dung* of ambition, and nourished with the *waters* of interest, are very subject to be blasted by the *winds* of error, and sometimes stunted by the *woods* of imposition."

Afterwards we meet with a short account of Capt. Middleton's azimuth compass; an account of several improvements on celestial globes; concise descriptions of a variety of clocks and instruments for dividing and regulating time; and lastly, we meet with a short description of concave mirrors or speculums, and a comparison of the English, French, Rhynland, and Roman feet, extremely useful to those who read the philosophical works of various nations, where different measures are practised. This is the substance of M. Bion and his translator's performance, which we were forced to treat in a general way, on account of the difficulty of conveying clear ideas of instruments without copper-plates. However, as the following section is curious and intelligible by itself, we shall quote it as a specimen of the whole of Mr. Stone's supplement.

#### *Of concave Mirrors or Speculums.*

1. The focus of parallel-rays is contained between the 4th and 5th part of the diameter of the great circle of the sphere of which the speculum is a segment; and so,
2. The focus of one of these spherical speculums is not a point, but a small round solid of such a breadth.
3. The diameter of the aperture of one of these concave spherical speculums, should not be a chord of more than 18 degrees of the arch of the great circle whose segment that speculum is.
4. Metalline speculums are not so easy to polish as glass once quicksilvered over on the back-side, nor do they reflect so much light.
5. These instruments burn best

best when they are cold. 6. So that when they are exposed to the meridian sun in clear frosty weather their effects are greatest. 7. In the focus of any of them directed to the sun at noon-day there is not the least appearance of a lucid image, unless it falls upon an opake body, and yet there is in that place, and in some of the best of them, a fire so intensely hot, that stones are instantly melted by it and turned into glass. 8. If the back of a concave glass speculum be covered over with a very white composition of tin and mercury, the reflection of the image of the sun from the focus will be so strong, that the eye will not be able to bear its brightness. 9. If a piece of white paper be put in the focus of a large concave of this kind, so as to receive the contracted image of the moon, when shining at full on the meridian in a clear winter's night; you will have so refulgent a light that the strongest eyes will not be able to bear it; and yet in the focus there will be no heat at all, instead thereof there will be found a very piercing cold. 10. The heat of the focus of a concave-speculum will be lessened, when acting upon any thing laid upon a black body in that focus. 11. Whether, if the concave surface of a speculum were covered with some black polished substance, the effects of it's focal heat would be lessened. 12. The rays reflected from the yellow colour of gold are vastly refulgent, as has been found by a wooden concave polished, and nicely covered over with leaf gold, which burned with an incredible power; as did another covered over with pieces of yellow straw very accurately fitted together. Hence the different colours of a speculum causes different focal heat.

\* The most eminent burning concaves that we are certain have ever as yet been made, are those of Manfred Septala at Milan; who is said by Scottus, to have made a parabolical speculum, that would burn almost at the distance of 15 or 16 paces; those of the Villets at Lyons, whereof one is of metal, weighing about 400 pounds; the concave and convex sides are spherical, the diameter of the aperture 43 inches; that of the sphere whereof it is the segment 14 feet, the focal distance  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet, and the focal depth is half an inch. By the focal heat of this instrument, metals, stone, bricks, ashes, &c. are melted and turned into glass. (See our Philosophical Transactions, Numb. 6, and the Paris Diary of the Learned for the month of December, Anno 1675.) And, lastly, those of Mr. Tschirnhaus, whose burning effects are described in the *Acta Eruditorum*, published at Leipfick for Jan. 1687. The diameter of the aperture of this speculum was almost three Leipsic yards; it was made of copper plates not much exceeding the back of a common knife

#### 4 *The Construction and Uses of Mathematical Instruments.*

knife in thickness, and the focus was two yards distance from the speculum. In imitation of these speculums of Mr. Tschirnhaus, a certain celebrated artist at Dresden made larger burning concaves of wood, which produced effects no less wonderful. Even some have made large concaves of this sort, by properly placing 30, 40, or more square pieces of concave or plain speculums, on the under surface of a wooden concave, whose effects were not much less than if the surface had been covered all over with them; and after this manner may polyhedrous burning concaves, either spherical or parabolical, of a vast size be made.

In the Philosophical Transactions, at number 483. in the year 1747, there is an account of a mirror of one Mr. Buffon, a Frenchman, consisting of a great number of small plain mirrors, each of about 4 by 3 inches square fixed at about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch from one another, upon a large wooden frame about six feet square, strengthened with many cross bars of wood for the mounting these mirrors; each of them has three moveable screws, which the operator commands from behind, so contrived that the mirror can be inclined to any angle in any direction that meets the sun; and by this means the solar image of each mirror is made to coincide with all the rest. Twenty-four of these mirrors thus placed, in a few seconds of time set fire to a composition of pitch and tow at the distance of 66 French feet. Also a sort of polyhedron, consisting of 168 small mirrors, or flat pieces of glass of six inches square each, set fire to some beech boards at the distance of 150 feet. This was done by the Marquis Nicolani. And in another transaction of the Royal Society, number 489, for the year 1748, the same Mr. Buffon says, he has made a polyhedron speculum six feet broad, and as many high, which burns wood at the distance of 200 feet; melts tin and lead at the distance of about 120 feet, and silver at 50 feet; and besides, says that heat is not proportional to light, nor do the rays come from the sun in parallel right lines.

‘Whether the burning speculums of Archimedes and Proclus, by which they are said to have burned the enemy’s ships at a distance, (see Zonara’s Annal. Tzetza’s *variærum Historiarum*, Chiliad. 2. Galen’s book *de temperamentis*; and others of the ancients) were contrived after some such manner, or whether they be not rather fabulous, I leave others to judge. As to myself, I cannot assert, whether it be true or false, that Archimedes and Proclus could have made speculums to produce such great effects.

‘If

‘If a light be set in the focus of a concave spherical speculum, the rays are parallel after reflection; so that the light of a candle placed in the focus, will be strongly projected to a considerable distance, whereby one may be enabled even to see and read at the distance of 30 or 40 yards.’

We must observe, that there can be no doubt about the powers of the burning speculums of Archimedes and Proclus, if there is any faith in history, and credit to be given to facts, which imply nothing improbable, and are only wonderful because we cannot now effect them. Whoever will read Pancirollus *de rebus perditis* will see to what perfection the ancients brought many arts, lost during the barbarous ages, and never since recovered. Buffon’s invention exceeds what Villette, Tschirnhaus, Boyle, and even Newton thought practicable; and we know a gentleman who has so much improved the Frenchman’s instrument as to melt copper, the only metal on which he made the experiment, at the distance of near one hundred and eighty feet. The contrivance was then rude and imperfect: it by no means came up to his own ideas, nor would the situation of his affairs admit pursuing it; but he is in expectation it may one day appear in a form worthy of the publick attention.

To conclude, Mr. Bion’s work is full of entertainment and instruction. Mr. Stone has done it ample justice as a translator, editor, and annotator; we therefore recommend it heartily to such of our readers as have a turn for philosophical and mechanical amusements.

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ART. VIII. *A series of discourses on the principles and evidences of natural religion, &c.* by Sam. Bourn, 2 vols. 8vo, 10s. 6d. Griffiths.

**B**EFORE a writer publishes his labours, he ought to consider whether he has advanced any point of learning that is new, or stated facts in such a view as to reflect more light upon his subject than has been done by his predecessors. Without this, we only multiply books, but add nothing to the common stock of science. Gentlemen of the sacred function should especially reflect on the great difference there is between pronouncing any composition from the pulpit, and submitting it to the cool judgment of the closet. The minds of the hearers are warmed by the solemnity of the occasion; the voice, the figure and manner of the speaker encrease their favourable prepossessions; all which advantages are removed as soon as the discourse appears in print. Sermons have lately, like every other species



of writing, showered so thick from the press, that were not the principles of the reviewers well established, it were enough to give them a distaste of religion. Does the phlegmatic alderman of some petty borough express his approbation of a discourse, immediately the curate swells with the thoughts of commencing author, and the printer is employed. A couple of volumes are made out with scraps torn from the Practice of Piety, the Whole Duty of Man, some old sermons, and each discourse tipped with a text, divided into heads, and garnished with a variety of scripture passages selected from the elaborate performance of the learned Crudenus. Such now is the method of scribbling sermons, and such, we fear, is the manner in which the Rev. Mr. Bourn has composed his defence of natural and revealed religion. In three of the discourses we have perused, we meet not with a single argument that has not been hackneyed even by twenty different writers. Derham, May, Addison, and all the preachers of Mr. Boyle's lectures, besides a multitude of others, seem to be the materials which he has ransacked, without addition or amendment; nay, if we mistake not, without alteration. However, as the work may be useful to some of our readers who are unacquainted with the above writers, we shall here give the contents of each sermon in the summary prefixed by the reverend author.

Discourse I. II. and III. The apparent intentions of divine wisdom in the constitution of the world and of human nature. IV. The consistency and connexion of the divine intentions. V. VI. The order and beauty of the visible creation. VII. The marks of a moral and judicial government. VIII. Moral appearances in the present state, afford an evidence of a future state, and lead to a belief of the Gospel. IX. The credibility of a future state further argued from natural and revealed evidences. X. The Gospel-discovery of a future state. XI. The Resurrection of our Saviour, the fullest proof of a future state. XII. The doctrine of our Saviour's exaltation, dominion, and judicial power, shewn to be consistent with the order and intentions of divine wisdom apparent in nature. XIII. Philosophical and christian views of the universe, and of the future state of mankind. XIV. The principal objection to the Gospel answered. XV. The Gospel-doctrine of future punishment.

The second volume contains :

Discourse I. On the Providence of God in the preservation of his living creatures. II. and III. On the justice of Divine Providence. IV. On public calamities. V. On the right use of the

the understanding in Religion. VI. On the office and dignity of Christ. VII. Objections against the Gospel and the evidence of it answered. VIII. Salvation derived, not from human merit, but divine mercy. IX. On the nature of the Christian Religion. X. On religious joy. XI. On religious gratitude. XII. On religious fear. XIII. On religious obedience. XIV. On religious industry. XV. On religious liberty.

Upon the whole, we would venture to advise this reverend author to consider, that all his readers are not confined to his parish; and to think for himself before he hazards ushering on the public stage another collection of sermons, well enough adapted to instruct a country audience, but by no means calculated either to raise his fame as a scholar, an orator, or a philosopher.

ART. IX. *The Historical and Political Mercury, Number I. and II. for the Months of September and October 1759, by M. Maubert de Gouvert. 1s. 6d. each. Townsend.*

THE most extraordinary part of this performance, is the translator's dedication of it to Mr P—tt; the very person whom the author has chiefly abused: indeed, the whole piece is an abuse of this nation, founded upon misrepresentation, falsehood and calumny; and we should be glad to know what purpose the translation and publication of it in London can serve, but that of misleading the ignorant, and arousing the indignation of every intelligent Briton by whom it may be perused. The author *Maubert* has been long stigmatized as an infamous tool, without probity or principle, whom the enemies of this nation retain in their pay, on purpose to misrepresent, prevaricate, and falsify, for their interest, and calumniate with his virulent pen the king of Prussia, and character of the British nation. Accordingly he treats his Pr—n majesty as an usurper, assassin, and incendiary; and taxes England with the most perfidious dealing. Talking of Mr. P—tt, he says his popularity was founded on prejudices.—The court complied too much in capitulating with him to make him reassume his post.—He countenanced the infraction of the convention made at Closterseven—the court has gained him over—he is become a courtier.—It will make a temperate man laugh to read the gasconades of this writer about the glorious conquest of Minorca, the reduction of fort Oswego, the destruction of general Braddock, and the defeat of general Abercrombie, and the conquest of Carhate by Lally in the East-Indies, but

not a word of the defeat and capture of the French general Diefkau by Sir William Johnson; nor of Kersaint's repulse from Cape-Coast castle on the coast of Guinea, nor his subsequent defeat by an inferior squadron of English ships under the command of capt. Forrest in the West-Indies. It is as diverting to hear him magnify the great victory obtained at St. Cas over the rear-guard of the English troops, whose number was more than twice trebled by the French forces that attacked them; and to observe how he flurs over the descent of the English at St. Malo, their conquest of Cherbourg, the capture of the French ships of war, and their chef d'escadre Du Quesne by admiral Osborne, the reduction of Louisbourg and the whole island of Cape-Breton; the conquest of Senegal, Goree, Guadaloupe, and other French islands in the West-Indies; together with the taking the forts Frontenac, Crown-Point, Niagara, and Du Quesne. The remainder of the first number contains a detail of the military transactions between the belligerent powers on the Continent of Europe; with the same regard to truth and candour. In the second number this author favours us with political conjectures touching the consequences which the events of the war may produce; and then prosecutes the history of the war in Germany as far down as the month of September in last year. He afterwards proceeds to give an account of the civil state of Europe; beginning with Russia and ending with Italy. The reader may easily conceive what sort of a performance this must be, which in the compass of fifty pages, describes the constitution, laws, and judicatures, of almost all the states in Europe. In the article of England, he says the English derive their best laws from the reign of Gothic barbarism,—an absolute falshood: our best laws are either transcribed from the Justinian code, or the result of consummate wisdom and policy. He can perceive nothing in England but the mere shadow of true civil and political liberty:—spoke like the wretched tool of arbitrary power. He is so ignorant of our history as to say, that Stephen of Anjou, who succeeded Henry I. married Mathilda; that he contested the crown with the bastard of Robert, eldest son of the late king; and that he left the kingdom as he found it, to his son Henry II. This is such a string of blunders as would disgrace a politic cobler. Mathilda, far from being the wife, was the great rival of Stephen: there was no bastard of Robert that ever made the least pretension to the throne; and Henry II. instead of being the son of Stephen, was his competitor and deposer, and in fact the offspring of Mathilda, daughter to Henry I. He says, that Richard Cœur de Lion left his kingdom to his brother John; whereas, it naturally devolved to his

## FOREIGN ARTICLE.

**F 3**

quelquefois à ma mémoire, c'est comme le souvenir d'un songe pénible, que le réveil a dissipé, & dont il ne reste qu'une idée triste & confuse. Il m'importe peu de connoître les raisons qui vous engagerent à me rendre à moi-même; il me suffit que vous l'avez fait. Je ne crois point sortir de mon caractère, en refusant de vous voir, en le refusant absolument. Je ne vous regarderai jamais comme un ami, auquel je doive respecter des fautes qu'on ne peut pardonner ni à l'ami, ni à l'amant. Celui qui put m'abandonner si long-tems aux soupçons vagues de mon esprit agité, à ceux que je devois former sur ses sentimens, même sur sa probité, doit-il s'étonner de mon indifférence? a-t-il droit de me la reprocher? Eh! pourquoi chercherois-je à m'instruire des circonstances, quand les faits n'ont rien de douteux? J'en ai su assez pour négliger toujours d'apprendre ce que j'ignore; j'attends de la complaisance où je me force en vous écrivant, une faveur à laquelle je puis prétendre. Rendez-moi ces lettres; Milord, dont le style vous rappelle ce que je rougis d'avoir pensé; & ne vous plaignez point d'un cœur qui fut assez noble pour ne pas se plaindre du vôtre.'

Some other characters occasionally introduced, are happily marked with diverting touches of humour and satire.

#### ART. XI. PAINTING and ENGRAVING.

**I**N our Review of February last, we had an opportunity of recommending Mr. Paton, an ingenious sea-piece painter, to the public, on his publishing two prints from his own paintings of the remarkable sea-engagements off Cape Francois in the West Indies, October 1757; and taking the Foudroyant in the Mediterranean, February 1758. We are pleased to find, by the favourable reception they have met with, that our expectations have not been disappointed, as we have now seen a new specimen of his genius on another brave action, in the engagement between the Buckingham of 66 guns, commanded by the gallant Capt. Tyrrel, and the Florissant, a French ship of 74 guns, assisted by two large frigates, off Montserrat, the third of November 1758; when Capt. Tyrrell obliged the Florissant to strike, but was so disabled that he could not take possession of her; and by the favour of the night the enemy got away.

If transmitting to posterity the valiant achievements of our brave sea-officers and gallant seamen, in so masterly a stile, and by the finest prints of that kind ever yet attempted in any nation, entitles an artist to public favour, we think Mr. Paton deserves it.

Our wishes in the Review of March 1757, that some of our admirals would furnish an artist with such subjects, have been fully answered by the late glorious actions of Admiral Boscawen off Cape Lagos, and Admiral Hawke off Bellisle; and we are pleased that Mr. Paton, as we find by his proposals, is employed from the best authority to paint them, and proposes, as soon as possible, to get them engraved and published, in which our best wishes attend him.

## Monthly CATALOGUE.

Art. 12. *Remarks on the Letter addressed to Two Great Men. In a letter to the author of that piece.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Doddsley.

THE design of this address, which is written with uncommon elegance, and couched in the most polite terms, is to demonstrate that the letter-writer is unreasonable in his proposal of insisting upon the demolition of Dunkirk as the preliminary to a negotiation for peace, as well as upon reannexing Canada to the crown of Great Britain; and that the island of Guadalupe, which the letter-writer proposes to restore, is of more consequence to these kingdoms, than all North America put together. Though we applaud the spirit of moderation which this author recommends, we have the misfortune to differ in sentiments from him, on all these subjects; and we believe it would be no difficult task to prove, that though his premises be generally true, many of his deductions are erroneous. With respect to the demolition of Dunkirk, though, in our opinion, it is of very little consequence to England, we look upon it as a just mortification which ought to be insisted on France for the insolence with which she demanded our noblemen as hostages at the treaty of Aix la Chapelle. Louis XIV. a greater prince than his great grandson, underwent much more mortifying humiliations from the allies, in 1709 and the succeeding year. His secretary of state the Marquis de Torcy posted in disguise to Holland, on the faith of a blank passport; soothed, solicited, supplicated, and made concessions in the name of his master. Louis even withdrew his troops from Spain, where they helped to support his grandson, and promised to renounce him; as a preliminary. The allies, not satisfied with this, demanded that he should join them with his forces, in order to drive Philip from the throne of Spain, should he be found refractory; nay, they reserved to themselves the power of making ulterior demands after the preliminaries should be adjusted. The French are not to be treat-

ed like other nations, but as a people of boundless ambition, exorbitant power, and the common disturbers of mankind. If we give up Canada, we not only restore to our enemies a considerable branch of traffick, of which they are now entirely deprived, but we leave our colonies in North America as much as ever exposed to their encroachment and barbarity, unless we put the nation to an intolerable expence of maintaining a fortified frontier, extending above a thousand miles. Even this would be a poor and ineffectual security to our back-settlements against the incursions of the Indians, who being excited by the French missionaries, travel through the woods in skulking parties, and lie in wait until they find an opportunity to massacre our people and rob their plantations. What condescension or indulgence is due to those who encourage such infamously inhuman practices? The fur trade of Canada, when there is no longer a competition, may be considerably extended and improved; and as for the want of spirits to supply the Indians, this is an idle objection, considering the vast quantity that may be distilled from corn and molasses; besides, the fishery in and about the gulph of St. Laurence, is a very important object of commerce, which has not only enabled France to supply many parts of Europe with dried cod, but served her as an excellent nursery for seamen. The country of Canada is remarkably salubrious, and the soil fruitful. It is already covered with cities, towns, villages, villas, and plantations, and peopled with a hardy race, which may prove serviceable subjects under the mild government of Great Britain. Guadalupe, as our author observes, is certainly a valuable acquisition, and therefore we ought to keep it also; though we cannot think it of such consequence as it is described. In the first place, the climate is very unhealthy, and has already been fatal to a vast number of our officers and soldiers: the retention of it will not remove the annoyance of having an enemy's rendezvous in the midst of our sugar colonies, while the French keep possession of Martinico, which is naturally stronger, better fortified, and much more populous than the other. Neither will the loss of Guadalupe to the French continue long to be a diminution of their sugar trade, after the conclusion of the war, while they occupy their other islands, and especially the western end of Hispaniola or St. Domingo, in which they may greatly extend their settlements: nor, were we in want of land proper for the cultivation of sugar, when we made a conquest of Guadalupe. Great part of Jamaica lies still uncultivated for want of hands; and all the neutral islands invited us to possess them; but the truth is, in our opinion, this: considering the expence of lives in those climates, we cannot well extend our  
sugar

sugar colonies without running the risk of depopulating our mother country ; nor have our planters been tempted to make more sugar than is consumed in Great Britain and her dependencies, because they were, and would have been, under-sold by the French at foreign markets. These objections, however, will vanish, if we can conquer the French islands, and reduce the subjects of that kingdom under the obedience of the British government, so that their labour and industry shall contribute to the advantage of our nation.

Art. 13. *A short Exposition of a sure and easy Method, for preventing the Communication of the Venereal Distemper. Grounded upon the true Nature of that Poison, and verified by a Series of New Experiments and Observations; containing some plain Instructions for Men, and proper Advices in particular to Women, which are necessary to secure the Health of both, whenever liable to be infected; and sufficient to eradicate, in a few Years, that fatal Distemper.* By O. G. M. D. 12mo. Price 1s. 6d. Stevens.

We need not trouble the reader with quotations from this learned piece, which might only serve to puzzle and perplex him ; but, observe in general, that for women he recommends diurnal injection of salt water, as a preservative ; “ and for men, an antivenereal pomatum, which containing some of the most efficacious preparations of mercury, with a certain number of antiputrid ingredients, makes it sure to check and destroy any taint of the venereal poison in its source, whenever it is used to that purpose, according to the direction you shall have with it.” We are afraid this great discovery will interfere with the interest of those medical worthies, Drs. Rock, Franks, and Walker, not to mention the magnificent empiric of Whitehall, that colossus of medicine and chemistry, of whom Paracelsus Bombast was no more than a type and forerunner. Gentle reader, pasted on the inside of the paper-covering to this piece, thou wilt find a printed advertisement, signifying, that the antivenereal preservatives may be had at Lagrange’s medicinal warehouse, the acorn, in New-street, Covent-garden.—Men must ask for number *one* ; and women for number *two*. But, the author has not thought fit to tell us, whether there is an handsome apartment up stairs, for the convenience of customers.

Art. 14. *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman.* Two Volumes. 12mo. Pr. 5s. Dodsley.

This is a humorous performance, of which we are unable to convey any distinct ideas to our readers. The whole is composed of digressions, divertingly enough introduced, and characters



acters which we think well supported. For instance, uncle *Toby*, corporal *Trim*, and Dr. *Slop*, are excellent imitations of certain characters in a modern truly Cervantic performance, which we avoid naming, out of regard to the author's delicacy. Nothing can be more ridiculous than uncle *Toby's* embarrassment in describing the siege of Namur, *Trim's* attitude reading aloud a sermon, and Dr. *Slop's* overthrow in the rencounter with Obadiah the coachman. To those, however, who have perused this performance, specifying particulars will be unnecessary, and to those readers who have not, it would be unentertaining. We therefore refer them to the work itself, desiring they will suspend their judgment till they have dipt into the second volume.

Art. 15. *A Scheme for the Employment of all Persons sent as disorderly to the House of Correction in Clerkenwell: Showing, I. That the profits of their labour will find them in a sufficiency of food. II. Pay the keeper an annual salary. And, III. Defray the other expences and necessary repairs of the said Gaol. The whole proving, that the County by the execution of this Scheme will save several hundred pounds a-year.* 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. Scott.

It is one great presumption in favour of a scheme, that the projector is undoubtedly master of the subject. A great many idle persons, for want of better employment, have recourse to the chimeras of their own imagination, presume to exhibit such scenes as never were acted; and propose plans, which are in themselves impracticable. This is not the case with the author whose piece now lies before us. He has resided many months both in Newgate and Bridewell, and is perfectly and feelingly acquainted with all the grievances incident to the tenants of these dreary mansions. 'I then (says he, p. 32, in the notes) received in the court of King's Bench at Westminster, the following sentence: To be imprisoned one month in his Majesty's gaol of Newgate, and during that time to stand three times in the pillory; that is to say, once at Charing-cross in the county of Middlesex; the second time at the Royal Exchange; and the third at the corner of Chancery-lane in Fleet-street, both in the city of London; and at the end of that month to be removed from his Majesty's gaol of Newgate, to the house of correction in Clerkenwell; and therein to be imprisoned from that time for three years, and there kept to hard labour; and farther, at the expiration of the said term of three years, to pay to our sovereign Lord the King a fine of six shillings and eightpence; and to find sureties for his good behaviour for the remainder of life; and, in case such sureties cannot be found as this court shall approve of, then to be brought back again to his

his Majesty's gaol of Newgate, and therein to be confined for the remainder of life, or till such surety shall be found.' This severe sentence was inflicted upon him for having written, printed, and published a most b—sph—m—s book, libel, or pamphlet, intituled, *Modest Remarks on the Bishop of London's several Discourses preached at the Temple Church, and lately published in two Volumes Octavo*.—Surely chastisement never produced more salutary effects than in the case of this criminal, who, amidst the society of whores, vagabonds, and felons, is, from an impious blasphemer, become a polite, moral, and religious reformer. The greater part of this treatise is filled with a description of the enormities committed by the gaol-keepers of this metropolis upon their unhappy prisoners, who, it seems, are subjected to the greatest misery that can flow from the most brutal oppression. The latter part contains a scheme for employing them in such a manner, as will provide for them a comfortable subsistence; and, at the same time, defray all the necessary expence incurred by the county in maintaining this prison. The scheme is very feasible, and may be extended to all the parish-work-houses in the kingdom. To the pamphlet is added a list of many other lucubrations, which our author has finished for the benefit of a commonwealth by which he seems to have been but scurvily treated.

Art. 16. *An Apology for the Clergy, in which the reasoning and utility of the bishop of London's late charges, are impartially considered. To which is added, a proposal to make residents more general than by the enforcement of popish canons or statutes. In a letter to lord———* By R. Johnson, D. D. sometime fellow of St. John's college, Oxford. *Quarta, Price 1 s. Payne.*

When two writers of character, learning, and the sacred function, enter into a controversy about the duties of their profession, it would be the highest presumption in us to decide upon the merits of their arguments. Dr. Sherlock has long filled the high station he enjoys in the church with such purity of manners, exemplary piety, admirable eloquence, and profound erudition, that he has stamped a reverence for his character superior to what his dignities and venerable old age can inspire. On the other hand, our author appears to be a man of sense, a well-bred and candid writer, who opposes his lordship's sentiments with a due respect for his character, and a proper regard to his own and that of the inferior clergy. He thinks his lordship too rigorous in enjoining residence to the very parish to which a clergyman is instituted. It would be wrong, he affirms, for a clergyman to tie himself down to a small inconsiderable cure,

cure, when his abilities are equal perhaps to the largest and most respectable.

• I was surprized, says he, to find his lordship illustrating his sentiments of the duty of personal residence, resulting from the 'nature of the pastoral office,' with the Metaphor of 'a pilot, agreed with to conduct a ship to the East-Indies, who must necessarily reside in the ship during the voyage.' Your lordship, I dare say, will allow with me, that it is a matter of surprize indeed, to find the bishop of London either weak in his arguments, or in the manner in which he applies them; and I believe he is never thus to be caught, but when, for some reason or other, he has taken the wrong side of the question.

• You, my lord, and other laymen, perhaps will not grant, that a priest is so necessary, at this time of the world, to conduct a parish to heaven, as a pilot is to conduct a ship to the East-Indies; and so from thence may conclude, that the metaphor will not hold. But if your lordship should not incline to deny this, and should allow the metaphor to be well chosen, yet I hope the bishop will forgive me if I presume to deny the application of it. If we agree with a pilot, 'that he shall conduct a ship to the East-Indies,' we agree that it shall be conducted by that very pilot himself; and then it is most certain he must reside in the ship. But supposing that the agreement with a pilot, is, that the ship shall be conducted safely to the East-Indies, and he should substitute another person as well skilled in navigation as himself, or at least as able to conduct the ship to port, would not, 'the essential part of the contract,' as his lordship owns it is, be just as well performed by him, as if he himself had resided in her? Therefore if we should allow the bishop his metaphor, it will signify nothing at all. Because when a clergyman accepts a benefice, there is no stipulation generally by the patron who presents, that he shall himself reside there; and he is left at his liberty, either to serve the parish himself, or to appoint a curate in his stead. Indeed if there is a contract for his serving it in his own person, he is bound as much to reside among the people committed to his care, as the pilot is to abide in the ship which he has undertaken to conduct: but then the obligation to residence, your lordship sees, is by virtue of this particular agreement between the patron and the clerk; and not, as the bishop says the canonists hold, 'a duty deducible by the divine law.'

Dr. Johnson then endeavours to prove, that the general good of the church is the point to be regarded with respect to residence, and gives a variety of instances where this intention is best answered by non-residence. Next he enters upon a critical enquiry

enquiry into the *spirit* and *intention* of the constitutions of the Church; and undertakes to prove, that a non-resident clergyman is neither criminal in the eye of the laws of the realm nor of the church. Our author concludes with some arguments *ad hominem*, and explains the nature of his lordship's conduct while a private clergyman, in a manner which he thinks contradictory to his present charge to the clergy. But whatever might be the conduct of Dr. Sherlock, we are apt to believe, that more is meant in our author's defence of his brethren, than meets the eye; and that, while he vindicates the practice of the clergy, he is really sticking for pluralities.—A subject of too delicate a nature for us to touch upon.

Art. 17. *Memoirs of the Chevalier de \*\*\*\*. A Novel. Translated from the French.* 12mo. Pr. 3s. Cooke.

More than half this volume is taken up by an episode; and the whole consists of an insipid love-tale, void of all invention, character, and incident. The author strains hard for delicacy, and has so far succeeded as to render this performance an innocent amusement to school-girls of fourteen; whose heads are wholly occupied with extravagant notions of the tender passions.

Art. 18. *Sacra Concerto: or the Voice of Melody. Containing an introduction to the grounds of music; also forty-one psalm-tunes and ten anthems; some of them being suited to various occasions. The whole is composed in three and four parts; being set forth in those keys that are most agreeable to the sense of the words; and brought within the compass of the voice: being chiefly intended for the use of country choirs. The whole being entirely new, and never before in print. By Benjamin West, of Northampton.* 8vo. Pr. 3s. Davey and Law.

Though we profess to have made music some part of our study, we acknowledge ourselves no competent judges of this production of Mr. West's. To discover the full effects of harmony, it is necessary we should hear the different parts performed; for every one the least acquainted with music is sensible, that it is not sufficient the composition be mechanically just; fancy and genius must unite to render it pleasing. We shall therefore only observe, that such a performance was greatly wanted; that the author's instructions are concise and distinct, and his lessons well adapted to the capacity of beginners.

Art.

Art. 19. *A short but true History of the Rise, Progress, and happy Suppression, of several late Insurrections commonly called rebellions in Ireland. In a Letter to his Grace the D. of N——. By a Freeman.* 8vo. Pr. 6d. Burd.

This inflated pamphlet, big with nothing but a title-page, seems to be written with a view to extenuate the guilt of those persons concerned in the late tumult in Dublin, where the members of the high council were insulted, in open defiance of the known laws of the country, in a manner that admits of no excuse. We respect the bold freedom of the Irish and their love of liberty; but we are sorry when we see this laudable spirit degenerate into licentiousness. We feel their grievances and sympathize with them for misfortunes arising perhaps from unavoidable circumstances. These however are knotty points, which we chuse not to discuss; they are the province of a higher tribunal than ours or our sage author's.

Art. 20. *Liberty and Common-Sense to the People of Ireland, greeting.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Williams.

We chuse not to oppose any thing advanced by an author, who assumes so formidable a title. To fight against liberty is what, as Britons, we never can; and to war with common sense is what, as reviewers, we shall study to avoid. The intention of the pamphlet is the same with the former, the execution somewhat better; yet we must acknowledge, that neither add greatly to the harvest of politics, already so abundant.

Art. 21. *A genuine account of the Life and Trial of William Andrew Horne, Esq; of Butterly-Hall, in the county of Derby; who was convicted at Nottingham assizes, August 10, 1759, for the murder of a child in the year 1724, and executed there on the 11th of December, 1759. To which is prefixed, A particular detail of all the circumstances tending to the discovery of this long-concealed murder.* 8vo. Pr. 6d. Bristow.

This 'Squire Horne appears to have been a brutal wretch stained with incest and murder, grown old in the exercise of iniquity and oppression. The child which he exposed under a hay-stack, where it was found dead next morning, he had by his own sister: his younger brother Charles, whom he always treated with the most brutal indifference, allowing him to wrestle with extreme indigence under his own eye, was privy to this transaction, which indeed he had communicated to divers persons, professedly from checks of conscience, but more probably from motives of revenge. At length an information was laid,

laid, a warrant granted, and William Andrew Horne being brought to trial, was convicted on the evidence of his own brother, corroborated by the convincing testimonies of several other persons, and executed at Nottingham on the 11th day of last December. After having received sentence, he declared that he had no intention to kill the child; that, in order to preserve it's life, he had put it into a bag among wool, and made a hole in the bag to give it air; that the child was well dressed, and designed as a present for the late Mr. Chaworth, of Annesley, and intended to be laid at his door; but, on taking it from his brother, and approaching the house, the dogs made such a constant barking, that he durst not go up to the door for fear of a discovery, there being light in one of the windows: that upon this disappointment he went back to some distance, and at last determined to lay it under a warm haystack, in hopes of it's being discovered early next morning by the people who came to fodder the cattle; but it proving a frosty night, with some snow, the child perished with cold, and was unfortunately found dead the next morning.

Art. 22. *Observations on the present State of the English Universities. Occasioned by Dr. Davies's Account of the General Education in them.* See. Pr. 6d. Cooper.

The learned Dr. Davis published some time since a very erudite performance, apprising the world of some notable discoveries that would soon appear in a wonderful production, ycleped *Essays on the Blood*, and pointing out certain defects, which, by the help of a very penetrating wit, he discovered in the constitution of our learned seminaries. We then gave it as our opinion, that the doctor's principal object in this publication, was the increasing his own importance, and annexing to the reputation of a skilful physician, that of a very profound author. The writer of these observations seems to concur with our sentiments, though he treats the learned doctor with an ironical respect and deference, which will probably be received as real by the said gentleman. Indeed it must be owned, that neither argument nor humour are the remarker's fort; that the doctor has the advantage in point of pretty writing; and that his objections to the present state of education in the universities, are, at least, as strong as this gentleman's answers. Both, perhaps, shew a very superficial knowledge of the internal constitution of those learned bodies, which are not to be tampered with by every officious empiric that chuses to offer his assistance. It is an easy matter to discover defects in the best modelled human institution; but an extremely difficult undertaking to apply the proper

proper remedies. Politicians lay it down as a rule, that governments ought frequently to be brought back to their first principles; but this rule, applied to our universities, would introduce the utmost confusion, and raise, perhaps, a dangerous ferment in the breasts of those men, with whom long habit stands in the place of reason. To new-model seminaries, whose antiquity has rendered even their blemishes venerable; whose institutions are so blended with our constitution, and where even necessary reformation would be regarded as dangerous innovation, requires great delicacy, prudence, and circumspection. There is no reproach a man of letters can bear with so little temper, as that of ignorance; and to assert that the manner of his education, and the course of his studies in which he is governed, require a fundamental change, strongly implies the most irksome of all reflections. Such, in our opinion, would be the consequence of a *royal visitation*; and in this manner would it be received by those respectable bodies, however necessary both Dr. Davies and his remarker may imagine such a proceeding! It is the lenient hand of time alone that can remedy those abuses of education which the most sensible persons in both universities see and lament. Every day produces alterations for the better; and we doubt not but we shall, in the space of a few years, without any extraordinary applications, see education brought to that degree of perfection which the most hearty wellwishers to Oxford and Cambridge, and the strongest friends of liberty and learning can wish or expect. We shall conclude, however, with observing that *alma mater* has as little reason to thank her son for his officious defence, as she has to resent the feeble attack of his adversary, who ought to be a better judge of filial duty, than thus to expose the hoary nakedness of his venerable and aged parent.

Art. 23. *Phil and Harriet: A true Tale. With Instructions to a Rose: An Ode. In Paraphrase on Waller and Crudeli.* 4to. Price 6d. Morley.

The tale is well executed. The versification is easy, and the whole is an agreeable composition of delicacy, tenderness, and simplicity. The ode is so much in the spirit of Waller, that it might very well pass for one of that poet's original pieces.

Art. 24. *Reasons why the approaching Treaty of Peace should be debated in Parliament: As a Method most expedient, and constitutional. In a Letter addressed to a Great Man. And occasioned by the Perusal of a Letter addressed to Two Great Men.* 8vo. 1s. Griffiths.

The reasons here urged are very just, judicious, and expedient; and will, we hope, have proper weight with the administration.

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# THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

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For the Month of February 1760.

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## ARTICLE I.

*The Modern Part of an Universal History, from the earliest Account of Time. Compiled from Original Writers. By the Authors of the Antient Part. Vol. XIV.*

**A**FRICA, the subject of the volume before us, is inferior to no other quarter of the globe, in fertility, wealth, number, and variety of inhabitants. It affords mountains, lakes, rivers, plains, forests, deserts, corn fields, fruit plantations, mines of gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, and every article of pleasure, luxury, and commerce. The great diversity of seasons, of soils, animals, and primitive barbarous nations, render it the school of natural philosophy, as well as the theatre of industry and trade. The very complexion of the natives, the infinity of distinct kingdoms, all differing in customs, laws, language, and government, together with that wild and native simplicity, untinctured with arts and science, which distinguishes the whole, afford a large field for curious speculation, and render the history of this country perhaps more entertaining and useful to a philosophic mind, than that of more civilized and polished nations. In the one, we see virtue and vice flow genuine from the heart, unrestrained by authority or shame, unenforced by ambition or reward, the simple scene which ancient poets sung. In the other, all is varnished with artifice; the dictates of the heart come polluted with intrigue and deep design, our virtues and our vices are such as custom and education have impressed; and laws are not modelled to our nature, but we are bent and fitted to the laws, as Chinese ladies accommodate their feet to shoes of a certain dimension. But this is a subject we

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shall



shall have frequent occasion to treat upon, in our review of the succeeding volumes; and it would be anticipating the reader's own reflections to enlarge upon it here. We shall therefore proceed to lay before him the contents of the volume now in our hands.

The authors begin with a general description of Africa, and an account of the writers, ancient and modern, who have treated this subject either as geographers or historians. Speaking of the complexion of the natives, we meet with the following sensible and curious remarks.

\* We have taken notice, say they, of another distinction made by African writers; viz. between the white and black natives; a difference which hath exercised the greatest wits of this and past ages, to account for in a natural way, but concerning which we shall refer our readers to what we have said of it in our Ancient History, and only offer some farther remarks on the curious subject, which will not, we hope, be displeasing to our readers, and will at once explode the two celebrated hypotheses of Riolan, and of the French academy; the first of whom affirmed the blackness of the Negroes to be not in the skin, but in the epidermis; and the latter, that it lieth neither in the skin nor in the epidermis, but in a certain reticulum, consisting of particles extremely soft and fine, which surrounds the whole body between the skin and epidermis.

‘ Here, then, it must be observed, in the first place, that the children of the Negroes come out white from their mother's womb, like ours, and have no blackness at all, except about their privities, and a small black circle about their nails, next to the flesh; that of the rest of their bodies being contracted gradually after the birth, in twenty-four hours by some, and by others in a week, more or less.

‘ 2. That the Negroes how black soever whilst in health, are no sooner attacked with any sickness, but they grow gradually more pale and whitish, according to the nature and degree of the disorder, even to the total discharge of their blackness, and, in some cases, acquiring wanness, like that of a maid who languishes under the green sickness.

‘ 3. That if their disease reduce them to ever so great a paleness, yet they reassume their full original blackness, as soon as they are dead.

‘ 4. If any of them chance to receive some hurt in their sugar manufactures, such as a burn or scald, whatever part happens

pens to be so hurt, becomes white, notwithstanding their being thoroughly cured of it; and both the skin and the epidermis totally restored.

‘To this let us add, 5. That all the Negroes in general, both those of Africa, and those who have lived ever so long a time in America, have the soles of their feet of a different colour from the rest of their body, that is, of an almost white; so that neither the epidermis nor the reticulum, if any such things be, do extend to that part. These observations, which are very obvious to every one that is conversant among that black generation, and require neither depth of thought nor skill in anatomy to make, are yet sufficient to convince one of the vanity of those two systems above-mentioned; and that the true cause of this peculiar blackness of their bodies is still as much unknown to us, as that of the swarthiness of their minds we have lately been describing; and will be still more evidently shewn under the next article.’

Under the general description of the country, we meet with a variety of etymologies of the term Africa; various divisions of this prodigious peninsula, according to the different notions geographers entertained of its figure and extent, the general character of the natives, which we think highly injurious to them, as like all other general reflections of this kind, it is drawn from the partial relations of certain prejudiced writers, particularly from the Jesuits, who were themselves the corruptors of the simple manners of the natives, or from particular instances of vice and barbarity. ‘A son, say our authors, will sell his father for a gallon of brandy, a few glass beads, or some other trinket.’ Thus they make the action criminal in proportion to the inducement, without considering that the European who should commit a similar action for a million of money, trespasses equally against the laws of nature. A gallon of brandy, or a bit of looking-glass, is more to a Negroe than a pound of gold; but we need not palliate an action committed so seldom as to afford no room for founding a general character upon it. We will only observe, that an African has perhaps more reason to characterize the Europeans the most inhuman, perfidious, artful, sottish, and brutal set of men under the heavens, were they to deduce a general character from the infinite number of particulars they must have collected from the conduct of our sailors and traders; and possibly the custom of purchasing, stealing, and kidnapping slaves, and our barbarous usage of them, reflects more dishonour on the human species, than any law or custom to be met with among the most uncivilized

uncivilized nations of Africa. We are blessed with the lights of christianity, of morality, and science; consequently less excusable in permitting violence so opposite to nature and religion, however consistent with the laws of policy and interest.

As the authors promise to describe, in the course of their labours, the religion, laws, customs, and governments of the several kingdoms of Africa, as far as they are known to Europeans, it would be unnecessary to dwell in this place on what we shall have occasion to specify more minutely in our review of the ensuing volumes. We proceed then to the modern history of Africa, and of the various nations who have established themselves in this country, since the expulsion of the Romans. The first were the Vandals, who, not satisfied with the destruction of the Roman empire in Europe, passed into Africa to attack them in those inhospitable regions.

Genferic, or as Jornandes and the later historians write his name Gizericus, a warlike prince of that nation, led the way, and formed the Vandal monarchy in Africa, in the destruction of the Roman, about the year 430 of Christ. This prince, after innumerable victories gained, and cruelties committed, died in the year 477, and was succeeded by Huneric, a prince inferior in ability, but yielding to none in the savage barbarity of his temper. He continued, with unrelenting fury, the persecutions begun in the preceding reign against the orthodox Christians, in support of Arianism, and died in the year 494; or as others imagine 496.

Although Huneric left male issue, the throne was adjudged to Guntamund, grandson of Genferic, who, following the paths marked out by his predecessors, zealously espoused Arianism, and persecuted the orthodox. This conduct he altered before his death, restored the African church, and obtained the honour of being transmitted to posterity as a pious and good prince, who repaired all his former errors, by the exceeding indulgence he shewed to the orthodox.

Thrasamund, his brother, succeeded Guntamund, and soon took measures very opposite to those adopted in the last years of the former reign. He recalled the Arians, and cruelly persecuted the African church. Finding death approaching, he appointed Hilderic, grandson of Genferic, his successor, on condition that he took a solemn oath never to be reconciled to the African church.

Hilderic, the 5th king of the Vandals, mounted the throne anno 524, renounced the oath he unwillingly took to serve his ambition, expressed great zeal for the orthodox church, and published precipitate manifestos in favour of it, that drew upon him the resentment of the Arians, and excited a rebellion, headed by Gilimer, who defeats and kills Hilderic in battle.

Gilimer mounted the throne, and soon suffered the just punishment of the many barbarities committed against the orthodox Christians. The emperor Justinian sent the renowned general Belisarius into Africa, who defeats Gilimer in several battles, and at last forced him to take shelter on the inaccessible Pappuan mountain. Belisarius ordered Pharas, an officer of experience and ability, to block him up here, while with the rest of the army he reduced all the rest of the Vandal dominions. Pharas executed his commission with great fidelity, and reduced Gilimer to such extremity of misery, that he began to compassionate his distress, and wrote a most pathetic letter to the unhappy monarch, exhorting him to extricate himself and faithful attendants from their present misery, by a submissive surrender of himself to the noble and generous Belisarius. He was, however, highly surprized at the strangeness of the answer he received from him; in which, on the one hand, he utterly declined his friendly advice, and on the other, conclude, with the most submissive request, that he would so far pity his great distress as to send him A LOAF OF BREAD, A SPONGE, AND A LUTE. Pharas was not a little grieved at his resolution, but was still more puzzled at the oddness of his request, till explained by the messenger in words to this effect; "That the king had not tasted any baked bread since his arrival on that mountain, and earnestly longed to eat a morsel of it before he died: the sponge he wanted to allay a tumour that was fallen upon one of his eyes: and the lute, on which he had learned to play, was to assist him in setting some elegiac verses he had composed on the subject of his misfortunes to a suitable tune." The good Herulean, who could not refrain from tears at this mournful report, did not make him wait long, but immediately dispatched the messenger with the things requested.

Gilimer had spent near three winter months on that inhospitable mountain, his misery still hardening him the more against the thoughts of surrendering, when a melancholy scene in his own family presented itself to his view, which at once reconciled him to it. It was a bloody struggle between two boys,

the one his sister's son, about a flat bit of dough laid on the coals; which the one seized on, burning hot as it was, and clapped it into his mouth, and the other, by dint of blows, forced it out, and ate it from him; which might have ended fatally for both, had he not interposed. The sight of this made so deep an impression on him, that he immediately dispatched a messenger to Pharas, acquainting him that he was now ready to surrender himself, his men, and all his effects, on the conditions he had offered him; as soon as he was assured that they were embraced by Belisarius. Pharas lost no time to get them ratified, and sent back to him; and gladly conducted him and his retinue to Belisarius's head-quarters; where, upon his approaching that general, he broke out into a loud fit of laughter, which was variously interpreted; but was most probably owing to a delirium, occasioned by so long a series of misfortunes. Belisarius, however, gave him a reception suitable to his dignity; and, having settled his Carthaginian affairs, set sail with him for Constantinople with the first fair wind; and at his arrival presented him to the emperor Justinian, with all the immense riches he had brought away from Africa. The unhappy Gelimor was introduced to him, laden with golden chains, his crown upon his head, his eyes gushing out floods of tears; and his heart breaking out into the deepest groans, which utterly choked up his words; so that he could only repeat, in broken accents, the words of the wise man, *vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas*. Having, at length, recovered himself, he begged of the emperor, in the most submissive terms, that his life might be spared; which was readily granted him, together with an handsome yearly pension for him to live as a private gentleman. But his mind and heart were too unsettled and broken to enjoy long, much less relish, the sweets of a private state. So that growing daily more and more unable to bear the grievous weight of his disgrace, guilt, and shame, he died there of grief, in the fifth year of his unhappy reign, and the first after his captivity.

Thus ended the Vandal government, after Africa had groaned for the space of 117 years under its tyranny. It now came under the obedience of the Greek emperors, and was governed by their generals and prefects, till the irruptions of the Arabs and Saracens, who came pouring in like a torrent, put an end to their government, and reduced this country under the dominion of the Khalif Omar anno 547. The whole history of the Fatemite Khalifs, and what precedes it, of the Vandal monarchy, is no more than a recapitulation of part of the Ancient History in the 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th volumes, in order  
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to connect it with the Modern, and introduce the history of Egypt, which immediately follows.

In the history of Egypt, the reader will find many curious and entertaining particulars, with respect to its present state, laws, religion, policy, trade, ancient monuments, soil, climate, animals, &c. But what will most engage his attention, is the curious thread of history through the various dynasties that succeeded each other, from *Abu Temim Alabud*, the first Egyptian Khalif, anno 953, to *Al Malek Al Ahraf*, the last prince of the *Ayubine* dynasty. 'Tis pity the history should break off at so interesting a part as the foundation of the *Mamluk* dynasty; but this we are told was unavoidable, an account of the difficulty of procuring materials, which can only be extracted from the Arabic writers. It is therefore proposed to fill up the chasm in a supplemental part, 'where, say the authors, we shall endeavour to recite the history of the *Mamluk* Sultans, so famed for their power, opulence, and conquests, and give a more explicit and satisfactory account of the origin, extract, rise, and discipline of this military government, than has ever yet appeared.'

The remainder of this volume contains the history of all the African islands, except *Malta*, which, on account of its length and contiguity to Europe, will be treated apart, and immediately preceding the history of the European kingdoms. This account of the islands is replete with entertainment, except some parts of *Madagascar*, which, by too minute an attention to the topography, is dry and sterile as the deserts of *Barca*, or any the most unhospitable region in all Africa. As a specimen of the style and manner of this volume, we shall extract the following description of the inhabitants of *Funchal*, the capital of *Madeira*, and of the general manners of the island.

'The Portuguese, say our authors, though numerous, do not constitute the bulk of the inhabitants; the English and French Roman Catholics, who live in the Portuguese manner, are justly supposed to exceed the others in number and wealth. Besides these, there is an infinity of *Mulatto* and *Negro* freemen, who are treated with more respect than the most considerable English Protestant merchants, who are, as we shall have occasion to relate, hardly and impolitically dealt with, from bigotted and ignorant superstition. The streets of *Funchal* are drawn by a line, all the houses neat, and the windows lashed with lath-work, but with openings wide enough for those within to see and be seen. Through these windows many amorous dialogues are held between virgins and their gallants, in a species of dumb language,

unintelligible to all besides the votaries of the little god of love. In this method of communicating the sentiments of lovers by the fingers, the Spaniards and Portuguese of Madeira are particularly expert. Even in this religiously bigotted country, churches are made the rendezvous of persons inspired with the tender passion, of men of business, and of those who are either immersed in pleasure, or strongly attached to interest. After divine service, the house of God is converted into an exchange, or prostituted to the purposes of lust and profligacy; for here all sorts of assignations are made; yet can nothing exceed the decency and gravity of their exterior deportment. The women, who have no domestic chapels, never attend divine service but on Sundays and holidays; and if there be several females in a family, they walk in pairs before the mother, their faces covered with a long veil, but their neck and shoulders exposed, as if they invited the notice of their gallants. On the one side walks an old man, armed with a sword, dagger, and chaplet, or long string of beads, intimating thereby his being the guardian of virgin honour; however, the young gentlemen are not deterred by this formidable escorte from approaching, ogling, and expressing their passion in a manner very witty and ingenious.

‘ All the vices, and particularly lust and incontinence, reign in an absolute manner in Madeira over all conditions of men; and the example of the males has encouraged the females to satisfy their desires in a very impure and lascivious way. The women never lose an opportunity of gratifying their passions, and especially with strangers, without regard to his rank. Ovington attributes the prevalence of this evil to that extraordinary manner they have of marrying their children, without permitting them to see each other before, all matches being made here with an intire disregard to every other purpose, but interest. He relates, that when he was at Madeira, a marriage was on the point of being concluded between two persons of fashion, who had never set eyes on each other, and both parties were come to the place appointed for the celebration of their nuptials, before they had even an opportunity of expressing their inclinations. However, an accident led the bridegroom to a room separated by a thin partition from that in which his mistress and another young lady entertained each other. Thro’ a chink he had a full view of them, and their conversation easily distinguished his intended bride; but the other young lady pleasing his inclinations better, he broke off the match, and entailed a perpetual quarrel by the affront between the two families. As parents make up all family-connections without ever consulting their children, it is highly probable that this may be one

one reason for the looseness of unmarried women. The old folks regard nothing besides the birth, quality, fortune, and religion, of the parties; all alliances with Jews, Infidels, and Protestants, being rigidly prohibited; but love is too obstinate a passion to be bent to the purposes of avarice and pride. The birth, indeed, of the woman is not so much regarded; but it is deemed infamous to marry a husband of a different religion; and this severe restriction extends to all the English, with this difference, however, that, upon embracing the popish religion, they are looked upon as worthy; whereas no change of principles can wash off the stain of Judaism and infidelity. Yet there have been instances, where the power of wealth has overcome this objection, and set casuists upon explaining away that shame which would ever be attached to persons less rich and considerable. Ovington declares, that parents pay no regard to the chastity of the young persons whom they intend to connect by marriage; sobriety of morals and continency are, especially in a husband, the worst of all recommendations to the favour of a lady. He relates a pleasant instance of this, which happened during his residence on the island. A widow of fortune at Funchal had proposed a match between her daughter and a young gentleman of a neighbouring family, and matters were pretty far advanced; but the old lady hearing, that the intended bridegroom had ever enjoyed perfect health, that he was never infected with the venereal disease, and that he always avoided all communication with loose women, immediately broke off the treaty; affirming that the gentleman's conduct was the result of some constitutional defect, and not of a prudence scarce compatible with his time of life.

With respect to the general manners of the inhabitants of Madeira, the authors describe them 'as grave, sober, and temperate, but haughty and ostentatious. Even the richest Portuguese lay themselves under severe restrictions of sobriety, which they hardly ever break through; and drunkenness is a vice entirely unknown among the poorer sort. During the vintage, bread and dried raisins are the whole sustenance of the labourer, together with a little wine diluted with water; and, without this temperance, it would be impossible for them to escape fevers in hot weather: but long use and custom have now rendered their sobriety constitutional. It is certain, that the excesses of venery, into which they launch, render their moderation in drinking the more necessary, and co-operates with the climate to keep the inhabitants of Madeira the most decent people of Africa in this particular. It is true, that servants, provided with bottles in their hands, always attend the tables of the rich; but they



they pretend so exactly to judge of the sobriety of their masters, that they must be repeatedly desired to fill a glass before they present it. So far do the Portuguese carry their affection, that none of them are ever seen to make water in public, not for the sake of decency, but to avoid the scandalous imputation of drunkenness. Nothing can be more absurd and ridiculous than the important and proud carriage of the meanest slave, equipped with his sword and poinard, and walking with the gravity and stiffness of a person attending a solemn procession. The very servants employed at table, or in the most servile occupation, never lay aside that long bar of cold iron, with which their thighs are decorated; as if they would compensate, by this mark of vain distinction, the real oppression and slavery under which they groan. Perhaps it is to this custom we may attribute the frequency of murder in Madeira. This horrid crime of duelling is become a badge of honour here: for to gain the least token of a brave man, it is indispensably necessary that you have dypt your hands in the blood of your fellow-creature. What indeed confirms the Portuguese in this barbarous practice, is the protection afforded by the church to criminals; a detestable privilege, that reflects disgrace on the whole body of their clergy, and intimates their doctrine to be inconsistent with the laws of justice and humanity. Here the smallest chapel, and taking refuge in a consecrated place, will screen the most notorious criminal from the law; and these are so numerous all over the island, that no one need ever undergo the punishment, which law, reason, and the good of society, require should be inflicted on murderers. Nay, we are told, that touching the altar, the corner of a church, or any thing that has been consecrated, will sufficiently protect a man in the practice on the worst of crimes; yet are the clergy no less strenuous in defence of this prerogative, than if the fundamental principle of their faith, the good of the church, and the interests of religion, depended upon it. The most rigorous punishment, therefore, is banishment or imprisonment; both which the parties may buy off by presents to the clergy, who enjoy a sort of despotic power, which they have acquired in consequence of their number, wealth, and influence, over the minds of the ignorant people. It is amazing that so large a body of idle clergy can be maintained in such affluence by so small a number of laborious laics; but so it is, the poverty of the latter exactly tallies with the riches of the former; and as wealth ever implies power, the clergy have engrossed almost the whole prerogative of the island, the governor himself being little more than a cypher. The Jesuits hold the first rank in the church, having acquired a high degree of reputation from the facility with

with which they grant absolution to penitents, and from an external severity of manners, and an appearance of superior sanctity; perhaps we may add, from their superior cunning, sagacity, learning, and attachment to their common interest. Hence it is that they carefully conceal from the public the slightest misdemeanour of any of their fraternity, and assume to themselves the sole right of punishing the crimes of their brethren, even though they should be of the most pernicious consequence to the state and to society. Should any of them be accused, they vigorously defend his cause, conceal his fault, or explain it by a species of religious casuistry, in which they excel all the rest of mankind; and if they happen to be interrogated, why they should screen a criminal? they answer, that mercy is one of the noblest attributes of the Almighty.

The inhabitants of Madeira always bury their Catholic dead in their churches and consecrated grounds. The corpse is dressed out with great magnificence, but seldom inclosed in a coffin; on the contrary, they mix lime with the dust, the sooner to consume it; so different are their manners in this particular from those of the Guanches in the neighbouring islands. This mixture of burnt lime, and the warmth of the climate, have so sudden an effect, that we are told a grave may be opened in the space of fifteen days, by which time the body is wholly reduced to dust.

As the inquisition is violently set against all heretics, the bodies of such are forbid all Christian burial, and regarded as the carcases of brutes. Even the most considerable English Protestant merchants are treated with the most ignominious contempt, and forced to throw their dead bodies, as if they were on ship-board, into the sea, unless they pay an extravagant price to the clergy for the liberty of breaking ground. Ovington relates a very barbarous instance of this, of which he was an eye-witness. An English merchant dying, all the other merchants of the same nation, willing to inter the body decently, and yet to avoid the rigorous imposition of the inquisition, determined to have it carried in the night over the rocks into the mountains: however, their design was discovered by that jealous tribunal, and they were watched to the place of interment. Scarce had the corpse been laid in the dust, when they were surrounded by the corregidors and officers of justice, assisted by a large body of armed men, who immediately dug up the body, exposed it to public insults, and then threw it into the sea, with all the possible marks of infamy and disgrace. Hence it is, that however pleasant and delightful the island of Madeira may, in other respects,

spects, be thought, yet the oppression of this damnable inquisition renders it no very desirable residence for such as refuse to resign their consciences and understandings to the arbitrary directions of the Jesuits. The volcanos of the Canary Islands are not more terrible to the natives, than the clergy of Madeira, armed with the authority of the inquisition, to the Protestants who live under their jurisdiction. It is certain, that English merchants meet with better quarter among Turks and Pagans, than where the Roman Catholic clergy have the least authority in their hands; and it is remarkable, that the further those zealots are removed from the head of their church, the more despotic, cruel, and bigotted they become. In Rome; and all the great towns of Italy, Protestants converse familiarly, nay, enter into intimate friendship, with the Popish clergy; but when the Jesuits find themselves remote from the seat of government, and in a manner out of the eye of the world, there their authority, their oppression, and tyranny, are altogether insupportable.

Upon the whole, we may venture to say, that the volume before us contains at least as much erudition and entertainment, as any of the preceding; and that if the authors persevere with the same assiduity, the whole will form a most valuable and complete body of Universal History.

**ART. II.** *Elements of Plane Trigonometry. In which is introduced, a Dissertation on the Nature and Use of Logarithms. By Francis Maseres, M. A. of Clare-hall, Cambridge. 8vo. Price 7 s. Payne, &c.*

**I**N the last Volume of the Critical Review, we gave a full account of a judicious performance by this gentleman, on the negative sign in algebra, a work which we recommended to all beginners, as a plain and easy introduction to that difficult branch of the mathematics. The work before us is written with the same intention, and seems very well calculated to smooth the paths to this most useful part of geometry: however, as we do not perceive that Mr. Maseres has attempted any thing new, it will be sufficient that we give a general view of the work, without entering upon a critical examen. The first part is nothing more than a comment, as the author acknowledges, on Dr. Keil's *Elements of Trigonometry*, the neatest and best compendium ever written on the doctrine of triangles. Here Mr. Maseres gives a variety of examples of the calculations of sines and tangents, with the operations presented

at

at full length, the more to facilitate and familiarize the subject. The author has likewise taken care, that no more previous knowledge be requisite than the first six books of Euclid's Elements, and the vulgar operations of arithmetic, to comprehend his meaning and design; except the scholium for computing the sine, when the arc is given, which may very well be done without infinite series, tho' our author thinks otherwise.

In the second part, which requires as little geometrical knowledge as the former, we have a variety of the most remarkable and useful properties of sines, tangents, and other lines belonging to a circle. We will not call the operations tedious, because the author intended they should be distinct, and apologizes for his prolixity in the following manner, 'In the 26th proposition, says he, I have endeavoured to give a clear account of the doctrine of sines of multiple arcs, and to explain what is meant by such a sign's becoming negative, or, as the algebraists express it, passing from affirmation through nothing into negation, which being an obscure and mysterious expression, required a copious explanation.' The length indeed of calculation in this proposition and its corollaries is truly formidable; it takes up the space of fourscore pages, and is crowded with algebraic expressions; but the author assures us, that the proposition and corollaries are rendered much more easy and intelligible by this unfavourable aspect. Neatness in stating and working problems is not the talent of our author; and this we had particular reason to remark in his last work, where he laid down a method of trisecting a circular arc, which we imagined we should never get through.

Mr. Maseres ascends higher in the third part; and the learner who would follow him must be previously acquainted, as he informs us, with the elements of Euclid, the common principles and operations of algebra, the doctrine of asymptotes, and the preceding parts of this treatise; at least this will be requisite to understand the dissertation on logarithms which he has introduced. In this part our author treats in the same copious manner of the fluxions of sines and tangents, with the relations of the several lines belonging to a circle, and the circular arc itself. But the dissertation on logarithms we think the most valuable and masterly performance of the whole. The reader may have a view of it in the author's own words.

'We have now gone through all those properties of the logarithmic curve that have any relation to the present subject, or may tend to give a clear notion of its figure and description; which

which (as for the sake of avoiding all kind of obscurity and confusion on this not very easy subject, we have demonstrated them at great length) it may not be amiss to recapitulate in a few words as follows. After giving a definition of this curve, we have shewn, in the first place, that its axis is an asymptote to it; 2dly, that the curve is convex towards its axis, or asymptote; 3dly, that the abscisses of the axis are logarithms of the ratios of the ordinates that bound them; 4thly, that the subtangent of this curve is every where of the same magnitude, and is therefore every where the logarithm of the same given ratio, to wit (as is found by calculation) the ratio of 2.718,281,828,459, &c. to 1; 5thly, that when the subtangent is given, the curve may be described in two different manners; the one by erecting perpendicularly to the axis at proper distances from each other a variety of mean and continual proportionals between, and to, the ordinates drawn thro' the extremities of the subtangent; which ordinates must be taken to each in the foresaid proportion of 2.718, &c. to 1; the other by a continued motion, to wit, by moving a right line upon the axis, with any velocity whatsoever, and supposing it to increase during its motion at such a rate that the velocity of its increase shall always be to the velocity of its parallel motion, or the nascent increment of the ordinate to the contemporary increment of the absciss, at every instant of time during its generation, as the magnitude of the ordinate at the same instant of time to the given line which is equal to the subtangent of the curve to be described; 6thly, that the logarithms of equal ratios in different logarithmic curves are proportional to the subtangents of those curves; and we have shewn that the same thing holds in hyperbolas, or that the logarithms of equal ratios in different hyperbolas are proportional to the parallelograms of those hyperbolas; 7thly, that all logarithmic curves are similar, and the correspondent lines in them proportional to their subtangents, and consequently the correspondent areas proportional to the squares of their subtangents; 8thly, that the ratio whereof the parallelogram of any hyperbola is the logarithm in that hyperbola is equal to the ratio whereof the subtangent of any logarithmic curve is the logarithm in that curve; and therefore 9thly, that the parallelogram and areas of any hyperbola are equal to a set of rectangles whose bases are the subtangent and correspondent abscisses of the axis of a logarithmic curve, and height the altitude of a rectangle whose base is the subtangent of the logarithmic curve, and area equal to the parallelogram of the hyperbola; 10thly, that the subtangent of a logarithmic curve is a fourth proportional to the infinitely small difference of any two contiguous ordi-

ordinates, the greater, or either, of those ordinates, and the correspondent infinitely small logarithm, or the absciss of the axis intercepted between those ordinates; or, to speak more accurately, the subtangent of a logarithmic curve is the limit of the magnitude of a fourth proportional to the small, but finite, difference of any two contiguous ordinates, the greater, or either, of those ordinates, and the correspondent logarithm, or the small absciss of the axis intercepted between those ordinates: and we have shewn likewise that the same thing holds in hyperboles, or that the parallelogram of an hyperbola is a fourth proportional to the infinitely small difference of any two portions of the asymptote taken from the center of the hyperbola, the greater, or either, of those lines, and the correspondent infinitely small logarithm, or the asymptotic area whose base is the foresaid difference; or, to speak more accurately, that the parallelogram of an hyperbola is the limit of the magnitude of a fourth proportional to the small, but finite, difference of any two portions of the asymptote taken from the center of the hyperbola, the greater, or either, of those portions, and the correspondent small logarithm, or the asymptotic area whose base is the foresaid small difference.'

Besides what is said of the logarithmic curve, Mr. Mascher treats of proportion in general, and of the proportion of ratios in particular; of the asymptotic areas of hyperboles; of hyperbolic sectors; of the logarithmic spiral; of the analogy between circles and hyperboles; of the quantity called by Mr. Cotes the *modulus* of a system of logarithms, a term which he takes a great deal of unnecessary trouble to explain; with many other particulars, which we have neither room or leisure to enumerate. But the reader may form an idea of the whole from this short recapitulation, extracted from the author.

But of all those different methods of conceiving logarithms that which was given above at the beginning of this dissertation seems to be the simplest and the clearest, to wit, that they are any quantities that are proportional to, or measures of, ratios; or, when they are to be considered as numbers, that they are the names, or numeral expressions of such quantities: this is the most general, clear, and useful idea that can, as I apprehend, be formed of logarithms, and the only one that need be remembered. As to what further is most material to be remembered concerning them, it may, I think, be reduced to this, to wit, that there are two geometrical figures more particularly fitted to exhibit these quantities than any other figures whatsoever, to wit, the hyperbola and logarithmic curve; and therefore that, when areas are considered as logarithms, or measures

figures of ratios, we ought to have recourse to the former of those figures, and particularly to that simplest species of it, the rectangular, or equilateral, hyperbola; and, when we make use of lines for that purpose, we ought in general to refer them to the latter figure, or the logarithmic curve; that the parallelogram of an hyperbola is every where of the same magnitude in the same hyperbola, and the subtangent of a logarithmic curve is every where of the same magnitude in the same logarithmic curve; that the parallelogram of an hyperbola measures the same ratio in that hyperbola as the subtangent of a logarithmic curve measures in that curve, or that the ratio of the ordinates in an hyperbola that bound any asymptotic area that is equal to the parallelogram of the hyperbola is equal to the ratio of any two ordinates to the axis of a logarithmic curve that intercept a portion of the axis equal to the subtangent; that the parallelogram of an hyperbola and the subtangent of a logarithmic curve are, each of them in its particular system of measures or logarithms, equal to the fourth proportional which Mr. Cotes has called the modulus of the system; and that the system of numeral logarithms, (or names, or numeral expressions of the measures of ratios) known by the name of Napier's logarithms, and sometimes also by those of natural and hyperbolic logarithms, is that which results from supposing the parallelogram of an hyperbola, or the subtangent of a logarithmic curve, or, in general, the modulus of any system of logarithms, to be called 1, or some number wherein 1 is the only significant figure, and the system of numeral logarithms usually known by the name of Briggs's logarithms is that which results from supposing the asymptotic area of an hyperbola intercepted between two ordinates that are to each other in the proportion of 10 to 1, or the absciss of the axis of a logarithmic curve that is intercepted between two ordinates that are to each other in the proportion of 10 to 1, or, in general, the measure of the ratio of 10 to 1, in any system of logarithms to be called 1, or some number wherein 1 is the only significant figure.

‘ Note, Though natural and hyperbolic logarithms are often understood to mean the same system of numeral logarithms, to wit, Napier's, yet some authors I find distinguish them one from another, giving only the name of hyperbolic to Napier's logarithm, and calling those logarithms natural which arise by dividing all Napier's, or the hyperbolic, logarithms by 2; thus, according to these writers,  $2.302,585$ , &c. is the hyperbolic, or Napier's logarithm of 10, and  $\frac{2.302,585}{2}$ , &c. or  $1.151,292$ , &c. is the natural logarithm of 10. But this distinction I believe is not a common one. + I

\* I have now gone through all I proposed to say concerning logarithms, great part of which has been added, not so much to explain the nature of these quantities (which, I hope, has been done with tolerable perspicuity in the former part of this discourse) as to satisfy the curiosity of those who might be desirous of knowing in what manner the first inventors, and several other writers who have considered this subject, had conceived of them, and of seeing the connection of those several different conceptions of them one with another. With this view all the articles from Art. 243, to the present article have been composed, and they will, it is hoped, contribute to facilitate to young beginners the perusal of some of the most curious treatises upon this subject, particularly Lord Napier's *canon mirificus logarithmorum*, Mr. Maclaurin's account of logarithms in the 6th chapter of the first book of his fluxions, and Dr. Keill's, Dr. Wallis's, and Dr. Halley's treatises of logarithms. Those therefore who are not desirous of knowing all these particulars concerning logarithms, which, it must be confessed, are not necessary to the understanding them, would do well to give these last-mentioned articles, to wit, from Art. 243, to the present article, but a slight and transitory reading.

To dismiss the article, it must be owned the treatise before us, in general, is clear and explicit; but charged with numberless particulars to be found in other authors more concisely, and equally perspicuous. We would, however, by no means discourage Mr. Maseres from proceeding to render easy the other parts of geometry, of which he is certainly master; we only mean to caution him against giving a distaste of the science by excessive and unnecessary prolixity. Our ideas are not best conveyed by a multitude of words; for by endeavouring at too much facility, we tire and perplex with length and repetition.

N. B. We need not trouble our readers with the different methods here given of squaring the circle, as they are all unsatisfactory. This is a problem never to be solved by the doctrine of series's, and in our opinion only by the rectification of the circular arc. The former can never amount to more than paralogism; but the direct proportion between a right line and a circle must be obtained from the latter, and the hint perhaps deduced from the principles of mechanics.



ATR. III. *The Life of Henry Prince of Wales, eldest Son of King James I. Compiled chiefly from his own Papers, and other Manuscripts, never before published. By Thomas Birch, D. D. Secretary of the Royal Society. 8vo. Pr. 6s. Millar.*

WHEN a writer of Dr. Birch's reputation takes up the pen, we are led to expect something deserving of the public attention, and the more perhaps, as the subject promises us an extensive field of amusement and erudition. On reading the advertisement of this work, we doubted not but the learned author had fallen upon some valuable original papers, which might reflect light on the history of James's reign. We imagined he would at least have cleared up the suspicious circumstances of the young prince's death, unfolded the train of intrigues and negotiations respecting the intended marriage of Henry with the second daughter of France, explained the causes of the coldness between James and his queen, and that eye of jealousy with which he beheld the young prince as he advanced in the public esteem, together with a variety of other particulars, extracted from papers to which former writers had no access. We are sorry to say that we find ourselves disappointed, and no better acquainted with the character of James, Henry, or of the times, than we were before; that all that is new in the performance consists of letters and dedications addressed to the prince, in a stile of gross adulation peculiar to that pedantic reign; and that the other characters and facts introduced are too inconsiderable, admitting they were novel, to be deemed any acquisition to the republick of letters. Of what value to us are the ceremonies of the royal infant's baptism; of his investiture in the principality of Wales; of his tilts, challenges, and tournaments, and other matters equally important with which half the volume is made out? What care we whether his royal highness wrote his first Latin letter at the age of seven or seventeen, when we know that his tutor had the greatest share in it? Is it of such consequence that he was made free of the company of merchant-taylors, as to merit a tedious description of the solemnity? Why should we at this distance of time be pestered with the insipid dedications of Thomas Farnaby, a school master, and an hundred other pedagogues, whose vanity led them to address their works to the heir apparent? What should we say to a history of his late royal highness, equal in goodness of heart, in generosity, and public spirit, to Henry or any other prince, drawn from such materials as compose the volume before us; from addresses, petitions, letters of compliment, and dedications; in every one of which the writer regarded

garded his own interest more than truth? To speak our minds freely, and without prejudice or bias for or against the learned writer, we think this performance might very well be spared, as it contains few particulars but what have already appeared in print. Some however there are, and those we shall point out to the reader, that he may form his own judgment.

The first of any consequence that occurs (for we speak not of the letters, addresses, and petitions above-mentioned) is a proposal offered to his royal highness, by William Burrel, for building ships in Ireland. The proposal was in the following terms.

"A project of saving henceforward well nigh half the charge his majesty hath of late been at in the new-building of his ships, and that without danger either of an ill mould, or of unsound materials, or of an unsubstantial frame, and without more sparing payments out of the Exchequer, than since this Lord-Treasurer's time hath been accustomed in works of the same nature: together with an offer of serving into the office plank and timber of extraordinary good condition, whereby his Majesty's woods may be preserved.

"First, that he will undertake to build any ship from 100 tun to 600 tun, with two decks and a half, according to the usual service of his Majesty's ships of war, after the rate of five pounds per tun for every tun the said ship shall contain.

"Secondly, that he will build any ship from 600 tun to 1000 tun, with three whole decks fore and aft (if it shall be thought fit) after the rate of seven pounds per tun for every tun she contains.

"Thirdly, touching the substantialness of the work, and soundness of the materials to be employed upon it, he is contented to perform it according to such covenants, as shall be agreed upon between him and the officers of the navy, with the advice of his Majesty's shipwrights, and that agreement to be referred to the consideration of your Highness before any proceeding therein.

"Fourthly, for the mould of the ship, in respect of his art, he will deliver your Highness a mould of his own draught, and build the same, according thereunto, or any alteration that your Highness shall think fit, by what advisement you please to take.

"Fifthly, if it be required, that he shall perform the painting, carving, and joiners work belonging unto her (which is yet no part of her hull) he will undertake that also at the rate of 10s. per tun more.

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"Sixthly,

"Sixthly, for all manner of masts, yards, boats, anchors, cables, rigging, powder, shot, and ordnance, &c. which belong not to the building of the said ship, he will also transport the same at his own charge from the place, where they shall be delivered unto him, and dispose of them, and rigg her at his own charge also.

"Seventhly, he will bring into Chatham in the said ship such quantity of four inch and three inch plank square, without shells, of 30 feet and upwards in length, and of special knees and timber for riders, stems, fashion pieces, &c. hewed and squared both ends to a bigness, and fit for the present service they are assigned unto, the plank at the rate of 46 s. per load; and the knees and timber at 42 s. per load; by which service all sorts of timber in this kingdom may be preserved, till his Majesty please to forbear to make use of this offer, to be performed out of his realm of Ireland.

"Eighthly, to the end the frame may be built according to the mould agreed upon, your Highness shall appoint any master-shipwright to be there, to oversee his works, so it be at his Majesty's charge.

"Ninthly, that he will bring the said ship to her moorings at Chatham at his own charge, allowing 80 men wages and victuals to transport a ship of 600 tuns, and 130 men to a ship of 1000 tuns; and so proportionably to every ship of any other burthen.

"Lastly, he will undertake to build a ship of 600 tuns, and to launch her ready to be transported by Midsummer come twelve months, if he be agreed withall before Christmas next, to the end he may presently make his provision."

"The undertaker's demands.

"First, to the end that the rules to know that the burthen of the ship may be certain, he desires the tunnage may be measured and allowed, according to the usual rate of the length, breadth, and draught in water (which is accounted half the ship's breadth) and according to which his Majesty's master-shipwrights do rate all the ships, for which his Majesty pays tunnage-money.

"Secondly, that his Majesty shall appoint a Captain, Master-Gunner, and Boatswain all at his own charge, to take care of the ship and of all her provisions committed to their charge: and that though he be at the sole charge of the transporting the said ship; yet his Majesty to bear the adventure of her at sea, after she is manned and victualled by him as aforesaid.

"Thirdly,

\* Thirdly, that in respect he is at the sole charge of transporting the said ship, and that he means to bring in her such special timber and planks, as his Majesty cannot be furnished withail elsewhere, he will be pleased to grant him the bringing of that stuff in her, without paying any freight, and nothing to be abated of his price in that respect:

“ Fourthly, that he may have his Majesty's commission to press all sorts of men for that purpose, at his Majesty's usual rates, paying their transportation thither and back : as also to take up all sorts of timber out of any woods, where it is most convenient, paying ready money, according to the appraisement of four indifferent men, two for the King, and two for the subject : as also to make any river navigable for barges at his own charge to transport the timber, and for land-carriage through any man's grounds (leaving it as he found it) without interruption.

“ Fifthly, that his Majesty, for every such ship of 600 tuns, will be pleased to grant him five hundred pounds imprest at the conclusion of the bargain : and from time to time five hundred pounds a quarter, till the whole sum be paid, with licence to transport the same, as he hath occasion to use it.”

The Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral, gave a favourable opinion of this scheme to the Prince in writing ; and even his Majesty's shipwrights were candid enough to acknowledge, that it would be a great saving to the nation, if executed. Accordingly Mr. Pett, the Prince's ship carpenter, was sent to Ireland to superintend Mr. Burrell's performance of his contract ; but we know not the issue of his project.

The following estimate of the expence of ten of his Majesty's ships, and ten tenders, for the space of a year, containing thirteen months and a day, is a curious addition to the naval history of the last age.

		Men.
“ Repulse	— —	350
“ Guardland	— —	300
“ Wastefpight	— —	300
“ Assurance	— —	250
“ Mary Rose	— —	250
“ Red Lion	— —	250
“ Dreadnought	— —	200
“ Speedwell	— —	200
“ Antelope	— —	160
“ Adventure	— —	120
“ Ten Transporters	— —	400

2780

"For the sea-wages of 2780 men to serve in the said ten ships above-written, and in the ten transporters, to help to carry their victuals and ammunition, &c. by the space of one whole year, containing thirteen months and a day, at the rate of 14 s. each man *per mensem*, the sum of

L.   s.   d.  
25298   0   0

"For the prest, conduct, and pressing charges of 1000 men in the remote shires of England, of 900 men in the shires adjoining, and of 600 men about London, at the rate of 6 s. 4 d. one with another

796   13   4

"For grounding, graving, and putting into serviceable order the said ten ships, by estimation

400   0   0

"For sail, canvas, flags, ensigns, and all manner of sea-stores, by the like estimation

4355   0   0

"For great anchors, masts, yards, pinnaces, long-boats, &c. by like estimation

1000   0   0

Treasurer of the navy. { For conduct in discharge to 1900 of the said prest men at 5 s. *per man*, one with another

475   0   0

For bulk-heads, ballast, &c. for the ten transporters, at 15 l. one with another

150   0   0

For tunnage of the said ten transporters, being, by estimation, 200 tun a-piece, in all 2000 tun, at 2 s. each tun *per mensem*, the sum of

2600   0   0

"For travelling charges to pay the said ships at their return, and for divers other charges incident thereunto, the sum of

80   0   0

ViQualler. { More for the victuals of the abovesaid 2780 men, serving in the said ships and transporters, with all other charges incident; the sum of

29714   6   8

"And more for all manner of powder, shot, matches, &c. belonging to the whole fleet, with like charges incident, by estimation, the sum of

3633   6   8

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68502   6   8

In the appendix we are favoured with a curious copy of the regulations, orders, and expences established in the Prince's household; but too long for us to insert. The parchment-roll containing these orders, was bought by Dr. Birch, at the sale of Sir Julius Cæsar's manuscripts, which is perhaps the only genuine copy extant.

The third and last original piece which we think deserves notice, is an account of the negociations carried on at London and Madrid, for a treaty of marriage between Prince Henry and the Infanta of Spain. This relation is usually ascribed to Sir Charles Cornwallis; but we agree with the editor, that this opinion is disproved by many circumstances in the relation itself. Be that as it will, the paper is curious, and a clear proof that Spain never sincerely intended such an alliance, set on foot merely to amuse King James, at that time demanding reparation of certain injuries done to his subjects, the traders of Great-Britain.

Let our readers judge, whether a few such original papers, as we have here mentioned, be sufficient foundation for a large octavo volume.

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ART. IV. *A practical Treatise on Fevers, by Dr. Stevens. Price 6s. bound. Baldwin.*

WHenever any superlative genius arises to enlighten the age, like some blazing meteor, he blasts and withers the reputation of all preceding writers, effects a total revolution in the circle of science, sets up for the professed champion of neglected *common sense*, wonders that discoveries so notable and so obvious should have lain so long concealed; and yet perchance, like the critic in Horace---*Quod tecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri.*

Men of real diffidence and modesty are often thought presumptuous for want of knowing the world, and sometimes they acquire great reputation in an illiterate neighbourhood, from very little merit. Upon the credit of report, we once rode 50 miles to visit a celebrated mathematician, who disappointed our hopes, by unfortunately boasting, that he had the honour of proposing and resolving questions in a certain *Magazine*. All his discoveries amounted to no more than every pedagogue, acquainted with modern improvements, can perform; and this is the situation of every inhabitant of deserted cells and garrets. To divert thought and banish care, they project schemes for the public

public good, and usher into the world this joint issue of idleness and ignorance, to rescue mankind out of darkness and obscurity. After all, this new knight-errant is vapouring away with discoveries as ancient as his grandfire, and incurring the ridicule of the public, who sneer at his simplicity, while he is labouring for their emolument.

Full of the notion that he is born to save the lives of thousands of his majesty's liege subjects, Dr. Stevens, who, by the way, appears to be a man of some sense and learning, has wrote a treatise, shewing how the general laws of matter and motion are applicable to the human body, and useful to the physician in resolving the cause of diseases, as if nothing in this way had ever before been attempted. He inveighs with great acrimony against empirics, and is particularly angry with the term *malignant*, which *regular quacks* have substituted to express they know not what. Every phenomenon in nature may, according to him, be resolved by the laws of matter and motion; yet we imagine there are some even in the human body which would puzzle our doctor, conjurer as he is, to explain by these laws. The ingenious doctor Knight published a work a few years since, demonstrating, that all natural phenomena may be explained by the principles of attraction and repulsion: our author falls in with his opinion; he even appears to draw his whole work from him, and a few other mechanical philosophers, without seeming to know that such persons, or such a doctrine ever existed.

Nothing can be more methodical, than the disposition into which our author has ranged his work, the whole consisting of a series of propositions and their demonstrations, to which it is hoped no reader will presume to refuse his assent. Formality stands often in the stead of religion; why should it not of learning? In general the propositions are such as every natural philosopher has often demonstrated; but we believe several of our author's assertions, in illustrating and proving them, will be controverted. Out of a thousand that occur, we shall however only instance one, as it will be necessary to give large abstracts in order to convey a just idea of the author's design and method of treating his subject. It would indeed be impossible to specify every circumstance in which we differ with Dr. Stephens. In explaining a proposition laid down "to determine the force of the air (p. 105) upon the blood in breathings, and likewise the effects it produces upon the blood in the lungs," he observes, "that it may be proved by the air pump, that animals cannot live when shut up in common air, *though it still retains its wonted pressure*; that animals will live longer when shut up in compressed air," &c. Now the first assertion, if we

right

rightly understand it, is absolutely false. The reason why animals do not live in the receiver of the air pump, even before any air is extracted, is because it has lost its pressure, and consequently its elasticity. The air is separated and disunited by the moist breath of the animal, as is obvious from a number of simple experiments. Place a live rabbit on a pedestal fixed in a tub of water, so that the pedestal appear a few inches above the surface of the fluid. Cover the pedestal with a large cylindrical glass, close at the upper end, with the mouth dipt in the water, to prevent the egress or regrefs of air. Immediately the water begins to ascend, as the contained air loses its pressure from the breath of the animal, and the animal grows fainter just in proportion to the loss of pressure or elasticity in the air; from which it appears evident to us, that merely the want of elasticity in the air he inspires is the cause of his death, which ensues a few minutes after he betrays marks of faintness.

After demonstrating a number of preliminary propositions, or laws of matter and motion, which we have no room to quote, Dr. Stevens proceeds to apply them to the human body. First he explains the nature and cause of a too great rigidity and elasticity of the animal fibres, from whence proceed different kinds of fevers. The next proposition treats of a too great weakness and relaxation of the animal fibres, as the cause of different kinds of fevers. Next he explains the nature and cause of a too great velocity of the animal fluids, and the fevers consequent on such a disposition of the humours. From his reasoning upon this subject, which it must be acknowledged is rather ingenious than new, the doctor deduces the following scholium. "When a person, in sound health, happens to receive into his body some of the volatile effluvia which passes off from another person ill of the small-pox, although, very often, he is at some distance from the person infected, immediately his blood becomes rarefied, from the fermentation which is caused in its globules; and a gentle fever will be raised; and as the globules become more dissolved, they cause an acrimony of that fluid, as we have proved before, whence a violent fever; and as the volatile active particles of that fluid contained in the globules, attract this contagious matter with the greatest attractive force, it must be mixed and united with them; and these being the most fine and volatile parts of this fluid, and consequently, when developed and set at liberty, are the most easy to be protruded to the surface of the body, where they are, by the force of the circulation, forced into the minute vessels, with such a velocity as greatly distends them, even to raise them above the surface of the  
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the skin, in the form of pustules; and immediately after the fever ceases, although it continues in a small degree for some time. As this volatile matter does not act upon all the globules at once, there will consequently be still some degree of fever 'till the whole mass has been vitiated, and then the fever entirely ceases, and the small-pox is, as they term it, at the height. Then the circulation begins to grow more languid; and as the protruding force of the heart decreases, the resistance the fluids give to the contractions of the vessels will likewise decrease, and of course some of this protruded matter will be, by the contractions of the vessels, forced again into the mass of fluids, whence a new fever arises, commonly called a secondary fever, which continues 'till the mass of fluids is cleared of this putrid matter." From this specimen we may judge with how little reason the doctor has charged former philosophers with substituting sounds instead of sense.

Then our author demonstrates the nature and cause of a too languid circulation, and the fevers produced by this defect: the nature and cause of a simple continued fever, and the effects produced by it on the human body. Of an acute continued fever, with the method of cure, or as he expresses himself, "of entirely eradicating the disease with as much certainty as the art of man will admit," Here he condemns many particulars of the modern practice with a self-sufficiency, which serves only to evince us, that Dr. Stevens entertains no slight opinion of his own abilities; though we will venture to assure him, that the warm regimen he inveighs against, was in a great measure left off by the best writers and practitioners, long before he existed.

Having discharged a good deal of spleen and conceit in the investigation of the above diseases, he goes on to define the nature and cause of an intermitting fever; its effects on the body, and a certain method of cure; although we must own we find nothing peculiar to him in this same method, except his *rationale* of the manner in which the Peruvian bark operates on the solids and fluids; but this we have not room to quote. Here again he takes occasion to exclaim against *specifics*, as if by that term were meant a medicine operating contrary to the laws of nature; whereas nothing more is implied, than that the effects it produces are better adapted than those of any other medicine, to counteract a particular disease, and produce certain changes in the solids and fluids, consistent enough with the laws of nature, but peculiar to itself.

We now proceed with our doctor to define the nature and cause of putrid fevers, their effects on the human body, the natural termination, and the *sure* method of removing the causes

causes and effects of these fevers; for though he does not absolutely mention the word *sure* in the proposition, yet such an air of sufficiency appears in the *proof*, as certainly implies it. After defining the nature and causes, explaining the symptoms, and laying down a method of curing nervous fevers, Dr. Stevens proceeds to the small-pox; a disease never understood till this surprizing genius stepped forth, and explained its causes, nature and effects in a manner indeed new to us, and more difficult of apprehension than the terms *virus*, *miasma*, *malignant*, used by all former writers on this disease, “to express their own ignorance.” We shall present the whole of the doctor’s reasoning upon this subject in his own words, as a real curiosity and fair specimen of what the reader may expect from a practice founded on so clear a doctrine.

Prop. I. “To define the nature and cause of the small-pox. To resolve this proposition, according to the laws of nature, will be a task which is both very difficult and intricate; a task which has puzzled the greatest physicians since this disease has appeared in the world, and which is (as far as we have ever heard of) still unresolved. But by what means is it that physicians of all ages have been so puzzled to account for the cause of this disease? It is certainly because they pursue a wrong course to discover such phenomena; it is because they build their structure only upon mere conjecture; some endeavouring to persuade mankind that the variolous contagion arises from some occult qualities in bodies, and is therefore past man’s comprehension to discover; others accounting for its cause from the influence of the planets; others from the malignity of the variolous matter, &c. with various other ridiculous whims, which are not only groundless, but absurd in themselves. All these empty notions we must lay aside, and endeavour to resolve this proposition according to the genuine laws of matter and motion, by which all the diseases incident to human bodies are to be accounted for: since, it is very certain, that there is not the least particle of matter in the universe, but what must act by, and conformable to, these laws.

“It is a well known axiom, that ever since this disease first appeared in the world, it has been an epidemical, or contagious disease. It is epidemical, because the *effluvia* of the sick persons who labour under this disease is strongly attracted by the air, and is conveyed with its current to distant places, and there enters the bodies of animals with this fluid in respiration; where it produces its effects, according to the nature and texture of the fluids of the body into which it is received. This infected air may likewise be attracted by some of the juices of the mouth, and so will be swallowed with them down into the

Stomach, and from thence be conveyed to, and mixed with the blood by the lacteals. Now common observation teaches us, that the air, thus impregnated with this variolous effluvia, may be received into the bodies of some persons and produce no visible effects; and in those bodies where it does produce any effects, those effects shall be very different, although the air is equally impregnated with this volatile matter; and likewise that the bodies, in *whom* this matter has once produced its effects, will never be subject to them again, although ever so subject to any other epidemic disease. This will appear very wonderful to some, and seem to countenance the notions we have already rejected. But when we examine the matter with a little more attention, we shall be able to give a rational account for these phenomena, according to the laws by which all material bodies are known to be governed.

“ It is certain that all effluvia, as we have already proved, are nothing else but the most fine and volatile particles of the bodies from whence they arise: which are developed, and forced out of their spheres of attraction, by an intestine conflict in the heterogeneous mass of particles with which the bodies are composed. This volatile matter, whose constituent particles are very small, and consequently have large surfaces in proportion to their solidities, is strongly attracted by the circumambient atmosphere, and is, with the current of air, wafted to distant places, where it is conveyed into the blood, by the lungs, with the aliments, and some think through the cuticular glands, where it produces different effects, and sometimes none at all, according to the nature of the body into which it is received. Therefore, in this case, we must now endeavour to point out, first, how the general effects of this effluvia are produced in the human body. Secondly, why it produces different effects in different bodies. Thirdly, why it may sometimes be received into the body without producing any effects at all. And, fourthly, how persons, whose fluids have once been impregnated or dissolved with this matter, will never suffer any ill effects from it again, although it is ever so epidemic, and their bodies ever so capable of receiving any other epidemic disease.

“ First, then, we are to point out the reasons how and why the variolous effluvia produces its general effects in the human body: which we shall do as follows.

“ The variolous effluvia being received into the blood by the lungs, by the alimentary tube, and by the perspiratory ducts, as we have observed before, is carried with that fluid into the most remote parts of the body, so that all the whole mass of fluids is saturated with it; and, as we have elsewhere observed,

It will be strongly attracted by that part of the fluids from whence it was developed and set at liberty, *i. e.* the blood-globules, and immediately, as being an active volatile matter, it brings on a fermentation in their contained substances; which soon destroys their elasticity and attractive force, and brings them to a state of dissolution. The blood-globules being dissolved, and their volatile particles developed and strongly attracted by this variolous matter, begin to grow acrid, and to irritate the coats of their containing vessels; and by this irritation will the contractions and vibrations of the fibres be increased, and the contractions of the heart and arteries must of course be more frequent and strong; and in proportion to the increase of these will the velocity of the circulating fluids be increased, and consequently their heat; and in proportion to their increased velocity and heat, will their aerial particles be expanded; and in proportion to the expansion of their aerial particles will the blood be rarefied and inflamed: which, joined to the dissolution of its globules, as we have before observed, must bring on a train of violent symptoms; such as must always be the effects of an increased heat and rarefaction of the blood, and a dissolution of its globules. And as this variolous matter is strongly attracted by, and united with, the most fine and volatile particles contained in the blood-globules, when the globules are dissolved and these active light particles developed and set at liberty, they will be the most easy to be protruded to the surface of the body by the increased velocity of the circulation; where they are forced into the minute vessels, with such impetuosity as to greatly distend them, even to raise them above the surface of the body in the form of pustules; and immediately after, the fever and train of symptoms, occasioned thereby cease; although it continues, in a small degree, for some time, for the reasons we have already observed in chapter IV. Thus are produced the general effects of this variolous effluvia upon the human body. And now we are to proceed to shew the second thing which we proposed, *i. e.* to point out the reasons how and why it produces different effects in different bodies. But previous to these, we must observe, that the human body is composed of solids and fluids, and these solids and fluids may have different degrees of elasticity and motion, and in proportion to their greater or less elasticity and motion will the strength of their texture be; and in proportion to the strength of their texture, will they be more or less easy to be divided, when a fermentation is raised in their contained substances; and in proportion as their parts are more or less easy to be divided will the effects produced thereby be greater or less. Hence, therefore, in proportion

portion to the strength and elasticity of the fibres, and texture of the fluids, will the effects of the variolous effluvia be greater or less: which is what common observation does likewise teach us. For when this effluvia is received into the body of a person whose fibres are strong and elastic, and whose blood is of a good texture, it cannot possibly produce such a dissolution of the globules, and such a train of violent symptoms, as when it is received into the body of a person whose fibres are weak and relaxed, and whose blood is loose and easily dissolved; for the former will give a great resistance to the fermentation caused by the variolous matter, and consequently so large a quantity of the blood-globules will not be dissolved; but the latter will not only give no resistance to the action of the variolous matter, but does rather seem to forward its action, and the dissolution of the blood. Hence a train of more dangerous symptoms will follow, which will terminate in that species of this disease, commonly called the flux-pox, or confluent small-pox: whereas the eruptions of the former will be what is commonly called the regular small-pox; and we may as soon expect to see snow in June, in our temperate climate, as to see the confluent small-pox happen to a person whose fibres are strong and elastic, and whose fluids have a good texture. I mean when the management is left to nature; for very often we may see persons of such a constitution fall into the hands of an old woman, or *un medecin malgre lui*, who will so break his constitution by a hot air, hot cordials, and blisters, that they may, by their art, force out such a quantity of eruptions, as may be like the confluent species, and which nature never intended. On the other hand, we shall very rarely see a person, whose fibres are weak and relaxed, and whose blood is loose, and tending to a dissolution, have the regular small-pox, notwithstanding all that art can do to his assistance. Therefore, as we have already observed, the effects of the variolous matter upon the human body will be greater or less, in proportion to the strength of the fibres, and texture of the fluids.

To proceed to the third general head, *i. e.* to point out the reason why this variolous matter may sometimes be received into the body without producing any effects at all. We have just now proved, that the effects of this variolous matter will be the greater upon the human body, in proportion to the weakness and relaxation of the fibres and texture of the blood-globules, *i. e.* in proportion to their attractive cohesive force, and likewise as the serous part of that fluid has a greater or less attractive force, or is more or less impregnated with saline bodies, which are known to disunite its particles; and, farther

ther, as the secretions and secreted liquids are more or less uniform and regular: and we should likewise have added, as the atmosphere is more or less cold or hot, heavy or light; as this is very often a material circumstance in these cases. For according as its pressure is more or less, will the fibres of the human body be more or less contracted; and according to its heat and coldness, will the aerial particles contained in the fluids be more or less expanded, and consequently the fluids rarefied and inclinable to favour the action of the variolous matter. Therefore from what has been said, we may plainly conclude, that when the fibres of the body are strong and elastic, the blood-globules of a good texture, and consequently their most active volatile particles, which are known to attract this variolous matter with the greatest force, enveloped in their oily and firmly cohering particles; when the serum is likewise of a good consistence, and not too strongly impregnated with saline bodies, which are known to dissolve its substance, the secretions, and the secreted liquids, uniform and of a proper consistence; and when the atmosphere is tolerably cold and heavy: I say, when these happen together, this variolous matter may be received in the body, and produce no visible effects. As, first, its active volatile particles will be greatly condensed by the atmosphere. Secondly, when they are received into the body, their action will be much retarded by the resistance they will meet with from the strong attractive force of the particles of the fluids to each other. Thirdly, the most active volatile particles of the fluids, by which these are known to be most attracted, are enveloped in their oily and firmly cohering particles, and consequently will not attract this variolous matter with a superior force to that of the more viscid and dense particles. And, fourthly, as this variolous matter being much condensed by the air, has an equal degree of attraction with all the particles of the blood; as the whole mass is of a good consistence, and firmly cohering, its active particles yet remaining will be enveloped in the oily and more dense particles of that fluid, and consequently be rendered inactive, and produce no effects at all.

“ How persons, whose fluids have once been saturated or dissolved by this variolous matter, will never suffer any ill effects from it again, although ever so epidemical, and their bodies ever so capable of receiving any other disease, is what remains now to be treated of. It is certain that the texture of our fluids is composed of particles of matter which have various degrees of attraction and repulsion, and consequently have different surfaces in proportion to their solidities; and likewise it is plain, that those particles, which are the most  
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fine and volatile, are endued with the greatest attractive force, as their surfaces are very large in proportion to their solidities; and those particles of our fluids, which have the greatest attractive force, will always be found to attract the variolous effluvia, or indeed any other contagious effluvia, according to their density, with a stronger force than the other parts of our fluids; and consequently the contagious matter exerts its greatest force upon these particles (as we have already observed) as it is by them most strongly attracted and retained; whereby their texture will be destroyed before it begins to prey upon the more dense particles; and thereby all their disunited substance, with the variolous matter, will be the first particles that are protruded to the surface of the body, and the other particles, which are the least dense, will be the next which will be dissolved, and so on, in proportion to the most dense. Now when the most fine and volatile particles of the blood and juices are destroyed by the variolous effluvia, (or indeed by any other effluvia which is very fine and volatile, as all other effluvia which are more dense, and received into the body, will be, attracted by the more dense particles of the fluids) they can never be restored again to their former elasticity and attractive force; and consequently can never attract these volatile effluvia as before; but when the person receives any of this volatile matter into his body, for want of these active particles to attract it, retain it, and, by its first dissolving their substance, to forward its operation, it will be attracted and retained by the more dense particles of the fluids, and very soon be enveloped in a viscid substance, which will soon destroy its force and render it inactive. But when the effluvia is more dense, and consequently contains a greater quantity of matter in its particles, and is received into the body, its particles cannot be entirely rendered inactive by the oily and viscid particles of the fluids, although they envelop them, but they will soon begin to exert their force by causing an intestine conflict in the particles with which they are surrounded, which must soon be followed with their dissolution; and afterward with the dissolution of the adjacent particles, and so on, till the whole mass is dissolved. Of such a nature is the effluvia which arise from putrid bodies, jails, &c. and the effects of it will be putrid fevers, and a dissolution of the mass of fluids."

Thus, gentle reader, thou hast seen a knotty point, which has puzzled the greatest philosophers of all ages, unravelled with amazing facility by Dr. Stevens; though, for our own parts, we must acknowledge we had sooner pass through all the stages of this ill-favoured disease a second time, than give

give a second perusal to this very learned explanation of it. Without attending him then through the symptoms, method of cure, and some other species of fevers, which he treats in the same manner, we must take the liberty of declaring, that we were never more disgusted with conceit and pedantry, more disappointed with sworn promises, or less instructed by a book containing five hundred and ten octavo pages, which, by the way, might have been compressed into the form of a two shilling pamphlet.

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ART. V. *Letters to a Friend, concerning the Septuagint Translation, and the Heathen Mythology.* 8vo. Price 5 s. Richardson.

THE propensity to framing hypotheses and devising systems, which so long obstructed the progress of natural knowledge, has been productive of equal inconveniences in the study of theology. Divines have often been so far led away by a heated imagination, that in their comments upon scripture they have frequently mixed their own rêveries with the eternal truths of the sacred oracles. It was justly observed of the celebrated Huet, archbishop of Avranches, who wrote that learned work, entitled, *Demonstratio Evangelicâ*, that his mind was so filled with the idea of Moses, that he thought he discovered him every where. According to him, Moses was meant by Bacchus, Hercules, and all the renowned personages in ancient mythology. Thus expositors become enamoured of their own ideas; and the same self-love that causes men to make themselves the constant subject of their conversation, attaches them so strongly to their favourite opinion, that they can never lose sight of it. The author of the work before us, which is by no means destitute of merit, as it contains a great deal of useful learning, seems to be justly chargeable with this defect.

In his first letter he maintains that the eclogue of Virgil, entitled Pollio, is a prophecy of the coming of the Messiah; and that Virgil could not have composed it without having seen the septuagint, and read the prophecies, that about that time a great King was to come into the world. In the same letter he cites with approbation the opinion of Dr. Stukely, that the 19th ode of the 2d book of Horace, beginning with *Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus vidi abeuntem*, bears the same relation to the Messiah as the Pollio of Virgil. Such forced interpretations put us in mind of what Mr. Pope said of those who look upon the Pagan persuasion that the world was governed by Jupiter;

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Neptune, and Pluto, as the doctrine of the Trinity disguised, namely, that such far-fetched opinions are signal proofs of the way of thinking of those whom too much learning has made mad.

Our author, in his 2d letter, is still more extravagant in his over-strained interpretations and visionary opinions. What he undertakes to prove is, that the Pagan mythology, when traced up to its origin, will be found to be a traditional detail of the actions, sufferings, and offices of the great redeemer, couched under the veil of fable and allegory. We readily agree with him that the Heathens had nearly the same rites and ceremonies as the people of God; since, as he justly observes, the younger son, the Gentile, who, at the revolt of Babel, apostatised to the worship of the created material agents, must have retained, in the main, the same doctrines and tenets as the faithful, and expected the same benefits, temporal and eternal, from those false gods that they did from the true. This principle we acknowledge to be just; and it is upon this principle alone that the strong resemblance between the mythology and religious ceremonies of the Pagans, and the sacred history and rites of the people of God, can be accounted for. But in the application of this principle, our divine's zeal overshoots his judgment, as the reader will see by the following instances.

In page 85 we meet with these extraordinary positions, viz. That the conquest of Christ over Satan is prefigured by the victory of Apollo over the serpent Python. That the name Apollo comes from the Hebrew noun *Apelle*, which signifies intercessor; and Python from *Puth*, to deceive. That the banishment of Apollo from heaven, and his feeding the flocks of Admetus upon earth, whence he had the name of *Nomius*, the shepherd, is a broken tradition of the descent of that Person who came down from heaven to feed the sons of Adam, whom he called his flock; and that Admetus is derived from the Hebrew word *Adam*. The explanation he gives of the fable of Perseus and Andromeda is no less forced and unnatural. Andromeda, we are told in page 86, is an emblem of human nature fast bound in misery and iron, ready to be devoured by the Devil; and Perseus, mounted on a white horse, who slays the monster, an emblem of light, irradiation, and power.

Our author continues to show the resemblance between this fable and a picture exhibited in the Apocalypse. 'Tis related therein, chap. xii. that there appeared a woman with child, and that a great red dragon stood ready to devour her child

as soon as born. In like manner the dragon Pytho endeavoured to devour Latona, when big with child of Apollo. In chap. xiii. a beast arises out of the sea with seven heads, one of which was wounded as unto death. And in chap. xix. there appears a person riding upon a white horse, with his armies upon white horses, and cloathed in fine white linen; and the beast was taken, and his armies slain, with the sword of him that sat upon the horse, which sword proceeded out of his mouth.

In this manner our author endeavours to shew a resemblance between the mysterious visions of the Revelation, and the fables of antiquity; but happily the similitude is not so striking as to give Infidels any grounds to assert that the Christians copied the mythology of the Pagans. This writer's way of thinking will appear still more strongly from what he says of the labours of Hercules, whose whole history, he tells us, appears to him nothing but an hieroglyphic description, in different views, of the actions of Jesus of Nazareth, who went about doing good. When we reflect seriously upon this strange opinion we are induced to think, that the author had studied the classics too much; or the scriptures too little. He puts us in mind of the Indiscreet zeal of those Popes who endeavoured, by means of a few alterations, to make the statues of the Heathen gods and heroes pass for the images of saints.

In page 100, the author, possessed with the same infatuation, represents the drunken Silenus as a type of Jesus Christ. It does not seem surprizing, that he who applies the story of Silenus to Jesus riding upon an ass, should afterwards explain the fable of Cupid and Psyche, as a representation of the love of the Cupido, or desire of all nations towards  $\psi\chi\eta$ , the soul. But in page 124, we meet with something still more extravagant, namely, that the sphinx, a compound of the lion and the man, was emblematic of the union of the humanity of Christ with the Divine Being.

We shall not dwell any longer upon these extravagant conceits, which are too absurd to be seriously refuted; but proceed to consider the 3d letter, in which the author proves, in a very satisfactory manner, that though the inspired penmen of the New Testament constantly made use of the word of the Septuagint in their citations from the old, this can by no means set the Septuagint above the original Hebrew. This he has proved by many citations; and his conclusion seems just, that the Septuagint, though a faulty translation, answered the intent of Providence in bringing about the ends for which it was designed. The apostles, in all probability, chose rather to use the Greek translation

sation of the Old Testament, than to translate the passages which they cited anew, which would have exposed them to the imputation of translating to serve a turn, and could never come up to the sense of the original Hebrew.

In letter the 5th, the author proves, to the satisfaction of every judicious enquirer, that the Jews did not lose the Hebrew tongue during the seventy years of the Babylonish captivity; and that the shekels said to be dug up in and about Jerusalem, with the inscription, *Jerusalem Kadoshab, Jerusalem the Holy*, in Samaritan characters, do not furnish a sufficient proof that the Samaritan was the old Hebrew. With regard to the first article, it seems incredible that any people should lose the use of their mother-tongue in seventy years; and if this had been the case, it seems absurd to think that the prophets would have wrote their prophecies in Hebrew, as they were chiefly addressed to the body of the people. Add to this, that the prophet Malachi, who flourished at the distance of 100 years from the restoration of the Jews, wrote in pure biblical Hebrew; which amounts to a demonstration that they could not have lost the language during their captivity. With regard to the shekels, 'tis evident that they are counterfeit, as their inscriptions are not in the Hebrew of the age to which they are ascribed.

This author, we must acknowledge, reasons with accuracy and precision in his disquisitions concerning languages; but when he attempts to explain ancient mythology, and shew how the gods and heroes of antiquity prefigured the Founder of Christianity, he loses himself in a labyrinth of error:

*ART. VI. The Greek Theatre of Father Brumoy. Translated by Mrs. Charlotte Lennox. In Three Volumes. Quarto. Printed 2l. 2s. Millar.*

**T**HIS is a work valuable in the original, but rendered more valuable by the translation. 'Brumoy, says the prefacer to this translation, is a good critic and excellent translator; but he is a bad and tedious writer. His paragraphs are sometimes much too long; then again much too short. By ill-judged length and embarrassed brevity they are equally made obscure. His metaphors are always broken: his similes unjust, improper, and forced; sometimes they are low and disagreeable. The repetition of them is tedious; we are tired in seeing continually pictures and buildings rising up to explain all things, and

and every thing. He puts us in mind of a famous line in the *Dunciad*; "And writes about it, Goddess! and about it." But he by no means deserves a niche in that temple of disgrace. He has deep critical learning: his criticisms often betray him into tautologies. It is to be wished he had been less critical, and more historical. Criticism sometimes rather retards than promotes the progress of learning. It often blasts the works of genius, gives them a deformity, which nature never meant to give: yet seldom produces any new birth of its own. Monsieur Brumoy is rather to be praised than to be imitated. He is totally neglectful of grammar: perhaps he thought himself superior to it. Relatives, nominative cases, and conjunctions, are sometimes forgotten, often misplaced, and often confounded by him. This character answers at full length that which Monsieur Voltaire has given of him. Yet, with all his faults, and with all his offences against style, manner, and perspicuity, he has exhibited a work which is learned, entertaining, and useful. He has given us a very exact history of that monument of human vanity and magnificence, the Grecian theatre. He has made his countrymen intimately acquainted with the best plays of the Grecian dramatic poets. This laborious performance is prefaced by three critical discourses, which have drawn upon the author the bitter but just complaints of the English translator. They contain the faults already mentioned.—Several of these faults are obviated in the translation. The work as it stands in English is, with respect to style, almost faultless; the language is strong, clear, and melodious: those embarrassed periods complained of above are not to be seen; and though in the preliminary discourses the metaphors and forced allusions are necessarily preserved, they assume an air of gentility, if we may so express it, in the translation, which looked somehow like pedantry in the original.

Mrs. Lennox, whose name is prefixed to this translation, can receive no addition to her fame from the praises of a journalist. It is sufficient therefore to say, that the same intimate acquaintance with nature and her own language appears in this performance, for which her other works are particularly esteemed. But though her name is prefixed to the whole, she is the translator but of part. The Earl of Cerke and Orrery has written a general preface to the work, and translated the three preliminary discourses. Mr. Johnson, Dr. Sharpe, Dr. Grainger, and Mr. Boursyau, have all contributed their assistance, and rather improved than translated their original. It is certainly pleasing to see the learned thus uniting for the instruction of the public; to see men, who are already possessed of the highest literary

eminence, untinctured by envy, associated in order to raise each other's reputation.

This translation is dedicated to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The dedication is prettily written; and what is more, contains nothing that is not true. 'The encouragement which his Royal Highness has given the endeavours of genius, has already kindled new ardour of emulation, and brightened the prospects of the learned and the studious.' This is indeed an incontestible truth; for we may justly, and without flattery, for we are above it, say, that never did a Prince of England give so much encouragement to every literary attempt, or patronize the learned so justly and so frequently as he.

The general preface seems injudiciously contrived; for by shewing us a specimen of strong manly criticism, of just and elegant writing in the outset, it only resembles serving up the best dishes of an entertainment in the beginning: we can no longer relish the less delicate services which are to succeed. After having candidly considered the merits and defects of Brumoy, the prefacer proceeds to bring some observations home to our own theatres.

'It is not possible to have gone through the Grecian theatre, and to have considered attentively Monsieur Brumoy's three discourses, without making frequent reflections upon the present state of our own stage. From all writings whatever, we may observe that human nature constantly brings some parallel to her own home. Brumoy's parallel between the ancient theatres and that of France is an instance that verifies the assertion. May I be permitted, therefore, to take a retrospect, and with it a present view of our English stage.

'No theatre in the world ever equalled England in the multiplicity of subjects, and the various forms in which those subjects have been adapted to the stage. To say the truth, I believe no people in the world were ever so voraciously fond of theatrical entertainments: our appetite is without bounds, and our digestion is so very quick, that we can, with equal eagerness and pleasure, swallow down the most ridiculous sing-song farce, or the most absurd pantomime, immediately after we have been fed and feasted with the most exquisite delicacies of Shakespear and Orway. Agreeable to such a keenness of appetite, the English poets have always thought themselves obliged to slaughter and cut up every story that came in their way, being well assured, that as soon as the meat was exposed in the theatrical shambles, it would be eagerly bought up, and ravenously

thouſly devoured. Accordingly we find no leſs than twelve volumes of ſelect old plays appearing lately in print, by the encouragement of a very numerous and honourable ſet of ſubſcribers. Before thoſe plays is an uſeful inſtructive preface, that gives us an hiſtorical account of the riſe and progreſs of the Engliſh theatre; and the editor very ingeniouſly confeſſes, that he has exhibited the collection not as good, but curious: a greater curioſity could not appear as a ſample of the primitive dramatic taſte. By what degrees and in what manner that taſte has been approved, is a point that I would willingly diſcuſs.

The latter end of the ſixteenth and the beginning of the ſeventeenth century, were honoured with the writings of thoſe great cotemporaries Shakeſpear, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Johnſon. Their works are too well known to need a ſingle line of delineation. But by whom were ſuch choice ſpirits ſucceeded? by numerous and nameleſs authors. The ancient dramatic barbariſm revived, and revived with double force of ribaldry and abſurdities. The age loved nonſenſe, grave, formal, canting nonſenſe; ſo that William Prynne, Eſq; by outdoing dramatical nonſenſe, eſtabliſhed his own. Prynne was pilloried, but the theatres were demolished. Prynne loſt his ears, but the poets loſt their bread. It was a filthy and wicked abomination to name Shakeſpear; but to quote him was *like the breathing of brute beaſts, yea, it were downright blaſphemy*. Thus was chaos come again, and univerſal darkneſs reigned over the ſtage, till the reſtoration of Charles the Second.

In the train of the gay young monarch came the muſes, the graces, and the loves: wit overflowed like the Nile, leaving much mud behind it; but with this difference, that ſuch mud never produced crops of corn, but ſpoiled and polluted the land upon which it had ſpread itſelf. The muſes, inſtead of nine, appear to have been nine thouſand. Poetical inſpiration attended almoſt upon every pen and ink: each ſucceeding week produced a play, each day a poem, and each hour teemed with inſtances of that pert vivacity with which falſe taſte abounds. The king himſelf, with very lively parts, wanted all ſolidity of judgment. His taſte had been vitiated in France. He encouraged and approved of plays in rhyme; the moſt unnatural compoſition that ever entered into the human mind. But his royal preſence, and that lively good-humour which conſtantly attended all his actions, never failed to croud the theatre in ſuch a manner, that the poets of that age not only procured victuals to themſelves and family, but, what they liked better, drink alſo. If Dryden was poor, it was his own fault; Johnny

Crowne was not : and if we consider Tom Southern only as a dramatic poet, he died in affluence of fortune. Many of the nobility wrote for the benefit and encouragement of the stage. The duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, though temporary, flourishes and brings crowded audiences at this day. The *Committee*, notwithstanding the low absurd character of Teague, yet by exposing the manners of the puritans and anabaptists, is tolerable, after having been written probably over a bottle, near an hundred years ago. Sir George Ethridge's plays still appear genteel ; but, upon the whole, the dramatic taste of Charles the Second's reign is faulty, and often intolerable. James the Second did not amend it. Queen Mary, who had an admirable understanding, a noble nature, and an active judgment, was, by her untimely death, the greatest loss that the stage could sustain. The drama run into ribaldry, and low wit ; and although it has ebbed and flowed ever since, betwixt order and disorder, decency and licentiousness, true wit and false, yet in its best and most perfect days, which I look upon to be the present, there is room for great, very great amendment.

Our chief want is genteel, sensible, modern comedy. How easily, at one thought, can we summon up every comedy of that kind which we have ? The *Conscious Lovers* stands first in the list, the *Provoked Husband* next, the *Suspicious Husband* is the third ; and, if it must be allowed for the sake of its language, the *Careless Husband* concludes the list. Most, if not all, of our other comedies are indelicate to a degree that reflects shame rather than honour on our nation. Let the booths of Bartholomew-fair abound with low wit, trite jests, and vulgar thoughts ; but let the regular, the royal theatres be patterns of delicacy, elegance, and ease. Comedy is a mirror in which the prevailing characters of the age are represented to the view. It may be considered as an expressive historical picture of the manners of the times, and becomes as valuable from the just resemblance, as from the colouring.

The Italians have begun to reform their comedy. Harlequin and his buffoonry appear but seldom in the scene ; yet so long has that nation been accustomed to the wooden sword and patched coat, that it is not without some difficulty any new piece can be introduced upon the stage, when that zany and his nonsense are totally extirpated.

The French outdo us in the comic art, which should oftner make us smile than laugh ; and perhaps sometimes should melt us into tears ; but they must be tears of joy and humanity, not of

of sorrow or regret. To justify what I have advanced, we need only to recollect the agreeable and tender emotion of our hearts in the discovery of Indiana. We feel for her, for Danvers, and for Bevil, all those sensations which we would wish to feel on the like happy occasion for ourselves.

‘ From reflections of this kind, I am led to think, that the comedy for this age (which, with all its faults, is more decent, or at least less fragantly indecent than its predecessors) might be much improved by being more of the serious and instructive kind, than by consisting of the wild unguarded wit, that rather nauseates than entertains. The scenes might be a fine contrast of wit, humour, sensibility, and instruction, and might rise

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

Mirth must never be banished from comedy. The Toms and Phyllisses must have their parts; and the formal coxcomb will never fail to delight, when, like philosophic Cimberton, he is disappointed, or, like the gayer Lord Foppington, he is ridiculed, and put out of countenance.

‘ Our modern English writers have been apt to give their fine gentlemen their own turn and character, as much as they could. In Sir Harry Wildair we behold Farquhar: all Congreve’s chief characters are devoted to Venus, and speak as loosely upon the stage as at a tavern: while Steele, who had more of the Christian hero, often strikes the heart with the strongest sentiments of virtue and morality.

‘ Our farces, formed perhaps upon the plan of the French *petites pieces*, are most of them below all kind of animadversions. They were not worthy to be seen, to be read, or even to be thought of: yet it must be owned, that during this last season of acting, we have appeared willing to despise those wretched entertainments, and to prefer decency and decorum to the *devil in the wine cellar*, and its numerous fraternity. The applause with which the *Guardian* was received is an example of our improving taste. The increase of that improvement will be much to the honour of the present century.

‘ To enter far into a disquisition upon tragedy would be beyond the limits and intentions of this preface. Tragedy itself, that lesser epic poem, is one of these arduous undertakings in which few have excelled. In England the subject is frequently too much exalted, and the scenes are often laid too high: we deal almost solely in the fate of kings and princes, as if misfortunes were chiefly peculiar to the great. But our poets might consider,



consider, that we feel not so intensely the sorrows of the higher powers, as we feel the miseries of those who are nearer upon a level with ourselves. The revolution and fall of empire affect us less than the distresses of a private family. Homer for that reason preferred his *Odyssey* to the *Iliad*. He himself had wandered like Ulysses; and although, by the force of imagination, he so nobly described the din of battle, and the echoing contests of fiery princes, yet his heart still sensibly felt the indigence of the wandering Ithacan, and the contemptuous treatment shewn to the beggar, whose soul and genius deserved a better fate. Whatever may have been chosen for the subject of tragedy, the English theatre has made itself too long remarkable for covering the stage with dead bodies, and exhibiting all the horrors of murder and executions. By Monsieur Brumoy we learn, that the Grecian theatre was much more chaste; and Horace, among the rules in his art of poetry, particularly forbids such deaths as are unnatural to be represented on the stage.

But let not such upon the stage be brought;  
Which better should behind the scenes be wrought;  
Nor force th' unwilling audience to behold  
What may with grace and elegance be told. FRANCIS.

\* The French theatre has more exactly copied these rules. The error of the English has been owing to a more barbarous and more savage taste, which as it has ceased in the nation, should now disappear from the stage. In the *Orphan*, altho' a private scene of domestic distress is finely represented, *Monimia* and *Polydore* ought to have died; life was no longer to be enjoyed by them with the least degree of happiness. But why must *Castalio* perish? Or why must he be guilty of fratricide? He was sufficiently unfortunate before, and ought to have lived to comfort the old *Acasto*. Exaggerated distress leaves a melancholy impression upon the mind, and seldom excites those fine transient emotions that spring from compassion and generous humanity.

\* The authors of tragedy ought to be thoroughly versed in the rules of the theatrical drama; and to be well acquainted with the powers of the actors, especially of such upon whom the principal parts are to devolve. Many of our English authors have been remarkably deficient in this particular. The length of the speeches, and the continual torrent of passion from beginning to the end, have been too great and violent for the power of any actor whatever. Shakespear has evidently avoided this error. He always gives the actor a resting place. When *Hamlet's* powers are gradually raised to the highest pitch by seeing

seeing his father's ghost, the author relieve him, and gives him a time to breathe, by letting fall his voice most properly, to ask a few short pathetic questions. *Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?*

Most of Shakespear's important periods finely terminate within the compass of the actor's voice. Every high emotion never fails to have just pauses. When we add to this, the beauty and strength of his sentiments, it is no surprize to find how few of his representations excel in the principal parts, and why those parts will always be the test and standard of the actor's genius, power, and taste.—Nothing can be more just than each of the preceding reflections. We can only say as the countryman did to Demosthenes, We wish the preface had been longer.

We turn with reluctance from the preface of the translator to that of the author; nor can we help indulging one reflection by the way. We are sorry to see such abilities laid out in translating which might have been much more adequately employed in producing something excellent; for, what is the greatest applause that can be given to the ingenious persons we refer to, but that of having excellently translated a book, a better than which any one of them could probably have written.

Brumoy, in his first discourse upon the Greek theatre, attempts to assign reasons why the Greek language, and consequently the knowledge of the Greek theatre, is much neglected. His observations in this particular are entirely local, nor do they affect the English. In France that noble language is but little known, except by some few who make it their particular study; but with us it is inseparably connected with a polite education. He owns the partiality of his countrymen in favour of Corneille and Racine, and laments the state of oblivion in which Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides have remained.

His second discourse begins with the original of tragedy. He endeavours to prove, that nature and chance were the first authors not only of tragedy, but of every other imitation; such as painting, music, and poetry. To convince us of this (and of this almost every body wants no conviction) he gives us an anecdote concerning the Chinese theatre. The anecdote is curious, though what is brought to prove may be self-evident.

The Chinese, who have borrowed nothing from the Greeks, have had, without knowing how, a kind of tragedy which they have practised in their own manner. What Acoſta reports of it is singular enough. "The Chinese, says that author, have vast and very agreeable theatres. The dresses for their actors are magni-

magnificent. The representation of their plays continue ten or twelve days together, comprehending as many nights. They last so long, that the spectators and the actors, tired by a perpetual succession of drinking, eating, dozing, and continuing the play, or at least attending it without interruption, retire at last, as it were by agreement." Here you perceive that these theatrical entertainments are conformable to the cool disposition and phlegmatic character of that tranquil nation. "Besides, adds he, the Chinese are entirely a moral people, and, above all things, animated by the famous examples of philosophers and heroes, recorded in the antiquities of China."

"We see even among the celebrated Incas of Peru regular theatrical pieces, if we are to give credit to Garcilasso de la Vega. "They represented, says he, upon festival days, tragedies and comedies in due form, intermingling them with interludes, which contain nothing either low or groveling. The subjects of their tragedies were the exploits and victories of their kings and their heroes. On the other hand, their comedies were drawn from agriculture, and the most common actions of human life: the whole intermingled with sentences full of sense and gravity." So true it is, that men resemble themselves throughout the whole, and that throughout the whole the arts of imitation are drawn from the same source; that source is nature."

The original of the Grecian theatre he deduces from an hymn to Bacchus. The peasants, upon sacrificing a goat in honour of the god, used to dance round the victim, at the same time singing praises to the god of wine.

"This slight diversion became an annual custom, afterwards a public sacrifice, afterwards an universal ceremony, and, at last, a profane theatrical entertainment. For, as in the Pagan antiquity, all things were made sacred, the playful amusements were changed into festivals, and the temples, in their turns, were metamorphosed into theatres. But this came on only by degrees. The Greeks beginning to polish themselves, introduced feasts into their cities, which had taken rise during leisure time in the country. The most distinguished poets assumed a glory in composing religious hymns to the honour of Bacchus. To these hymns were added all the charms that music and dancing could diffuse. This gave occasion of disputing the prize in poetry; and this prize, at least in the country, was a goat or a budget of wine, in allusion to the name of the Bacchinal hymn, long since called Tragedy; that is to say, *The song of the goat, or of the vintage.*"

The

The poets at last growing weary of those Bacchanal elogies, Thespis had once the boldness to make some alterations, and the good fortune to succeed in the attempt. He took upon him, under pretence of relieving the chorus, to interrupt it by recitals. This novelty pleased. But what were these recitals? Did that single actor whom he introduced, play alone a tragedy? It is plain he did not. There can be no tragedy without a dialogue: and there can be no dialogue without two interlocutory persons at least. I presume that Thespis, carrying the idea of Homer, whose books were recited throughout Greece, thought that his historical tracts, whither historical or fabulous, serious or comic, would amuse the Greeks. "He bedaubed the faces of the actors with lees of wine," says Horace, to make them more exactly resemble satyrs, and he carried them about in carts, where they often were very bitter upon those who passed near them.

Let it suffice to give the reader rather a specimen than an index of the work before us.

The third preliminary discourse, is a parallel between the ancient and modern theatres. He here takes a general view of the Athenian government. He gives an accurate account of the monarchical and archontical state, and traces out the progress of the Athenian glory. He shews the rise of arts and sciences; and in his narration brings in the history of the theatre, and of the dramatic poets. He delineates the character of the Athenian people; and from thence most judiciously deduces the character of the Grecian plays. He proceeds from Attica to Sparta: he paints the Lacedemonians in a proper and just attitude. Their virtues were singularly great; their customs and their laws were remarkably particular. They educated their virgins in the same athletic exercises of hunting, dancing, and riding, as their young men. Whoever had declared his intention to marry, was left into a dark room where the virgins were assembled, and the first of whom he took hold was absolutely to be his wife. So strange a custom (as the translator justly remarks) appears rather whimsical than wise, rather imperious than politic. The wisdom of the government consisted in breeding up the people to an adoration of virtue, and an abhorrence of vice. Slaves were made drunk and exposed publicly, that drunkenness might appear odious to the beholders. The Athenians encouraged every art and science; the Spartans, on the contrary, banished theatrical entertainments. From Sparta our author goes into Boeotia, and lightly touches upon the manners of the Thebans. His remarks upon this subject are solid and rational. He leaves nothing material unsaid with regard to the characters of Eschylus,

lus, Sophocles, and Euripides. His manner of dividing and designing the whole, is thus described by himself.

‘ In the first part, as I write less for men of learning by profession, than for the more numerous men of wit (I mean the public; whom it is necessary to put into the right road) I have thought it my duty to begin by preliminary discourses, such as this, of which the intent is to convince the reader, that, while we are travelling in the countries of Antiquity, we must walk with great precaution, when a determination is to be pronounced upon works of taste. If there are rules to explain them, there are rules also to judge of them. In a pursuit merely of erudition we trust to the report of the traveller, provided his embellishments are warranted by no improbable assertions. But if a relater of facts seems to be willing to make a country thro’ which he passed perfectly fine, we are neither to believe him upon his own word, nor upon the authorities which he alledges. He ought even to mistrust himself, in order to render his suggestions just. I presume to affirm, that this has been my manner of thinking. The same manner of thinking ought in proportion to belong to every reader, who wishes to form his judgment. He must, in certain points, agree with the traveller who represents those points.

‘ It has appeared to me necessary, in order to enlighten more and more the idea which we ought to form of the Grecian tragedies, that we should take them from their original; that we should demonstrate their improvement; and that we should walk step by step upon the ancient tracks of human wit, perhaps in a more steady manner than has ever yet been done. The public will judge of this particular by my second discourse; but as the lawful prejudice we maintain in favour of our own theatre, is one of the great means that bias us against the ancient theatre, it has been necessary, in a third discourse, to shew the extent and limits of the comparison between the modern and ancient theatres, to establish the principles of each, to draw conclusions from those principles, and from the different ages and different geniuses of the poets, and of the spectators, to found the parallel.

‘ After this triple preface, drawn out to prepare, not to impose upon the judges, I have ventured to translate seven tragedies. Three of which are of Sophocles, and four of Euripides. It will easily be perceived, why I have not translated any one entire piece of Eschylus. That father of tragedy has been worn out by time than the other two. Besides, his extreme simplicity,

city, joined to his faults, might have disgusted such readers as have been biased either too much or too little in his favour. Lastly, such is the boldness of his epithets, that it is impossible (as Mr. Le Fevre has observed) "to represent them in our language, without doing violence to the author." In the sequel of this performance, we shall not be at all the less acquainted with his works. As for the tragedies of the two other poets, I have not chosen out the finest for my translation: I have chosen only those who have appeared to me to contain the least of the Grecian customs, at all of which we are so liable to take offence. I must except *Alceste*, which I have on purpose translated entire, because that play seems not, in my opinion, to have deserved the outrageous criticisms which have been made upon it, from the affected translations of some particular scenes. My veracity may be judged of by the fidelity which I have endeavoured to preserve in that piece.

Such is the entertainment the reader is to expect in the present performance, which, upon the whole, may be regarded as a complete view of the Greek theatre; and a proper acquaintance with what he has written and translated will be sufficient for a thorough comprehension of the pieces now extant of those inventors of tragedy.

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ART. VII. *Prolusions; or, select Pieces of ancient Poetry, compiled with great care from their several Originals, and offered to the Public as Specimens of the integrity that should be found in the Editions of worthy Authors. In three Parts; containing, I. The notbrowne Mayde; Master Sackvile's Induction; and Overbury's Wife. II. Edward the Third, a Play, thought to be writ by Shakespeare. III. Those excellent didactic Poems, intitled—Nose tripsum, written by Sir John Davis. With a Preface. 8vo. Pr. 3s. 6d. Tonson.*

THE most striking circumstance of this performance is the excellence of the paper and the beauty of the print, which last does honour to the artist, who, we are told, is Mr. Leach, of Crane-Court.

Prefixed to the work, is a dedication to Lord Willoughby of Parham, and a preface, specifying the design of the editor, who seems to be somewhat singular both in his stile and sentiments. He has been at great pains in collecting and collating the old copies from which these pieces are taken; and in contriving a new

new method of punctuation, which we hope will be of service to the unexperienced reader.—We cannot see the propriety of the motto

*Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit ?  
Barbarus hæc segetes ?*

unless by the *novalia*, or fallow-fields, he means these old poems ; and by the *impus miles*, the stall-keeper, who may have had them in possession ; and truly this is not a bad hint for an old pensioner, who may be able to keep a stall, when he can no longer keep guard ; but the *segetes*, or harvest, will probably fall to the editor of this impression, and not to the barbarian who did not know how to turn his estate to the best advantage.

We cannot say much in praise of the *notbrowne Mayde*, which is as simple and insipid as the *Lass of the Hill* : but Master Sackville's Induction abounds with noble effusions of descriptive poetry, in the manner of Spencer.

- ' The wrathful winter, 'proaching on apace,
- ' with blustering blasts had all ybar'd the tree ;
- ' and old Saturnus, with his frosty face,
- ' with chilling cold had pierc'd the tender green,
- ' the mantles rent wherein enwrapped been
- ' the gladsome groves, that now lay overthrow'n,
- ' the tapets torn, and every bloom down blown :
- ' the foil, that erst so seemly was to seen,
- ' was all despoiled of her beauty's hue ;
- ' and foot-fresh flowers, wherewith the summer's queen
- ' had clad the earth, now Boreas' blasts down blew ;
- ' and small fowls, flocking, in their fongs did rue
- ' the winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defac'd
- ' in woeful wise bewail'd the summer past :
- ' hawthorn had lost his motley livery,
- ' the naked twigs were shivering all for cold ;
- ' and, dropping down the tears abundantly,
- ' each thing, methought, with weeping eye me told
- ' the cruel season, bidding me withhold
- ' myself within, for I was gotten out
- ' into the fields whereas I walk about.
- ' When, lo, the night, with misty mantles spread,
- ' 'gan dark the day and dim the azure skies.'

His

His journey to the infernal regions under the conduct of *for- row*, is evidently an imitation of *Aeneas* visiting the shades under the auspices of the symbol.

Spelunca alta fuit, vastdq. Immanis hiatu,  
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris :  
Quam super haud ullæ poterant impute volantes  
Tenderè iter pennis—talís sese hábitus atris  
Faucibus effundens supèra ad convexa ferebat, &c.

But, lo, while thus amid the desert dark  
‘ we pass’d on with steps and pace unmeet,  
‘ a rumbling roar, confus’d with howl and bark  
‘ of dogs, shook all the ground under our feet,  
‘ and strook the din within our ears so deep,  
‘ as, half distraught, unto the ground I fell,  
‘ besought return, and not to visit hell.

‘ An hideous hole,—all vast, withouten shape,  
‘ of endless depth, o’erwhelm’d with ragged stone,—  
‘ with ugly mouth and grisly jaws doth gape,  
‘ and to our sight confounds itself in one :  
‘ here enter’d we ; and, yeding forth, anon  
‘ an horrible lothly lake we might discern,  
‘ as black as pitch, that cleped is *Averne* :

‘ A deadly gulph ; where nought but rubbish grows,  
‘ with foul black swelth in thicken’d lumps that lies ;  
‘ which up i’ the air such stinking vapours throws,  
‘ that over there may fly no fowl but dies,  
‘ choak’d with the pestilent favours that arise.  
‘ Hither we come ; whence forth we still did pace,  
‘ in dreadful fear, amid the dreadful place.

And, first, within the porch and jaws of hell  
‘ sat deep *Remorse of conscience*, all besprent  
‘ with tears ; and to herself oft would she tell  
‘ her wretchedness, and, cursing never stent  
‘ to sob and sigh, but ever thus lament  
‘ with thoughtful care ; as she that, all in vain,  
‘ would wear and waste continually in pain :

‘ Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there,  
‘ whirld on each place, as place that vengeance brought,  
‘ so was her mind continually in fear,  
‘ toft and tormented with the tedious thought  
‘ of those detested crimes which she had wrought ;  
‘ with dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,  
‘ wishing for death, and yet she could not die.



- ' Next, saw we *Dread*, all trembling how he shook,  
 ' with foot uncertain, proffer'd here and there;  
 ' benumb'd of speech; and, with a gasty look,  
 ' search'd every place; all pale and dead for fear,  
 ' his cap born up with staring of his hair;  
 ' 'stoin'd and amaz'd at his own shade for dread,  
 ' and fearing greater dangers than was need.
- ' And, next, within the entry of this lake  
 ' sat fell *Revenge*, gnashing her teeth for ire;  
 ' devising means how she may vengeance take;  
 ' never in rest, 'till she have her desire;  
 ' but frets within so far forth with the fire  
 ' of wreaking flames, that now determines she  
 ' to die by death, or 'veng'd by death to be.'

He afterwards describes, in the same strength of colouring, *Misery, Care, Sleep, Old Age, Malady, Famine, Death, and War*. But, we have not room to indulge the reader with further quotations.

The tragedy of Edward the Third, supposed by some to be a production of Shakespeare, is in many places not unworthy of that great genius; and if purged of some gross blunders in point of history, would become a favourite acting play with the English people.

The *Wife* is a collection of dry apothegms couched in bad metre.

The *Nesca teipsum* is a philosophical poem, abounding with fine thoughts, expressed in elegant versification, written by Sir John Davies, in the latter end of the reign of queen Elizabeth.

ART. VIII. *Ancient and Modern Rome. A Poem. Written at Rome in the Year 1755. Quarto. Pr. 1s. 6d. Dodsley.*

WE are sorry to introduce our reflections on this performance, by contradicting a maxim the author has advanced towards the end of it, where he says,

- ' That which was form'd to captivate the eye  
 ' The ear must coldly taste; description's weak,  
 ' And the muse falters in the vain attempt.

On the contrary, we are of opinion, that a masterly poet can paint a scene in more strong and glowing colours, than what it was ever adorned with by the pencil of nature, and

com.

communicate, by the force of description, a more lively idea of it to the mind of the reader, than he could have received from an actual survey of the scene itself. Whether it be that he presents us with a more full and complex view of it than the eye could take in at once; or that he fixes our attention upon those parts of it which are most apt to affect the imagination; or that he heightens and embellishes the description by striking metaphors and similes; or, what indeed is most likely, that he joins all these advantages together, we shall not here stay to determine; but the fact itself, we think, is certain, as any one may be easily convinced by reading the description of a battle in Homer, or of a landscape in Virgil.

It is true, for one to excel in descriptive poetry (which is the particular species of it we are now considering, and of which kind the present work is) he must be possessed of a warm imagination to retain the impression of those images he has received from outward objects. He must be well acquainted with every thing that is remarkable in the works of art or nature, and have such a quick and nice discernment, as to perceive, by a kind of intuitive glance, where there is any real or seeming resemblance betwixt them and the scene he is painting, that from thence he may derive proper comparisons to illustrate his subject. And lastly, he must be a perfect master of the language in which he writes, so as thoroughly to understand the full force and energy of every word and expression.

How far our poet is possessed of these qualifications, the reader will judge from the following quotations. But first, we must inform him that he is not to expect (as perhaps he might from the title) a description of Rome, as it flourished in all its glory and splendor under the reign of Augustus, and those of the succeeding emperors: no, our poet's design is only

‘ ——— to describe

‘ ——— what of ancient arts,

‘ And monumental grandeur, still remains,

‘ Midst the proud ruins of immortal Rome.’

Together with such noble productions in sculpture and architecture as have appeared in later ages, and the revival of painting about the end of the thirteenth century.

The description of the forum; and the ceremony of admitting a nun, are, we think, two of the finest scenes in the whole poem, for which reason we shall give them as a specimen of our author's abilities.

' And do I walk the Forum? ——— and is this  
 ' The memorable spot, on which have trod  
 ' So many patriots, who in freedom's cause  
 ' Unsheath'd the sword of justice? ——— Yes it is;  
 ' I know it is. ——— If in a Briton's breast;  
 ' Tho' midst the ice of the far northern sea,  
 ' Or realms, where slav'ry drags its hopeless chain,  
 ' Beams the bright flame of liberty; say muse,  
 ' What must he feel in Rome? ——— Perhaps I dream,  
 ' And 'tis illusion peoples the lone void  
 ' With yonder band of heroes, on whose brows  
 ' Sits awful majesty, and round whose heads  
 ' Twines the victorious laurel. In the van,  
 ' (For who can all the visionary shades  
 ' Of fleeting fancy count?) methinks, I see  
 ' The elder Brutus; venerable man!  
 ' Parent, and judge; Hard fate! to join two names,  
 ' That must for ever jar; but yet, behold,  
 ' To one great cause still constant, he disclaims  
 ' All partial ties, proud only to be call'd  
 ' The Father of his country ——— Close behind,  
 ' In sullen grief, and in his mantle wrap'd,  
 ' The stern Virginius passes: mark his eyes  
 ' Rooted to earth! on whose cold bosom stretch'd  
 ' Like some fair flow'ret, the rude storm hath crop'd,  
 ' A slaughter'd virgin lies: — from mist sav'd,  
 ' From loss of honour, by th' indulgent blow:  
 ' Nor, unreveng'd her wounds, since in her fall  
 ' Was tyranny destroy'd. ——— But what's yon troop,  
 ' Rushing from out the Capitol, whose looks  
 ' Speak terror to beholders? each array'd  
 ' In senatorial robes, in every hand  
 ' A dagger reeking with the crimson blood  
 ' Of one but young in death? ——— Yet hold! ——— I know:  
 ' For at their head, intrepidly appears  
 ' Another Brutus, to th' impatient throng  
 ' Exclaiming, as they eager press around,  
 ' "That Rome is free, and CÆSAR but a name!"

' Still I recal the day, fresh on her cheek  
 ' The purple bloom of youth, when Laura bid  
 ' The world adieu, resign'd its flatt'ring pomps,  
 ' And took the holy veil. I view her still  
 ' Beside the altar, like a victim deck'd  
 ' Magnificent; fair as the pearly dew  
 ' Which on the rose-bud lies, or hangs within

' The

' The lily's cup, what time Hyperion mounts  
' The eastern hills. Before the mitred priest  
' She kneels submissive; on the sacred floor  
' Casting those eyes, whose fires were sure design'd  
' To light the torch of Venus, and provoke  
' To am'rous parley; other office far,  
' Now doom'd to serve!——Who can unmov'd behold  
' Such sacrifice?——Yet 'tis her choice, and lo  
' She sings consenting! Lo, the prelate cuts  
' Her graceful hair! and strips it of the gems  
' That sparkled midst her tresses; then conducts  
' The willing fair-one to the convent's gate,  
' Where she, in one last, one eternal kiss,  
' Dissolves all social bonds. The abbess there  
' Receives her, and invests her beauteous limbs  
' (Unfriendly change!) in coarse monastic weeds,  
' While all the virgin choir in hymns announce,  
' "Thee, Laura, thee, become the spouse of Christ."

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ART. IX. *The Desert Island, a Dramatic Poem, in three Acts. As it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-lane. 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Vaillant.*

THE ground-work of this piece is taken from the *Isola Disabitata* of the celebrated *Metastaseo*, one of the best dramatic authors that Italy ever produced. In the original it is too bare of incidents to succeed as a regular tragedy on the English stage; and therefore Mr. Murphy has presented it as a dramatic poem, affording some interesting situations to engage the affections; but more room for a picturesque imagination to display itself, than is generally allowed to the more important concerns of real tragedy, where the distress should be always increasing, where the passions should be still rising to fuller and stronger emotions, and where of course the poet ought not to find leisure for imagery and description.

Whatever may be the sentiments of those gentlemen who call themselves the *Town*, the simplicity and unity of the fable is undoubtedly a beauty even in regular tragedy, and indeed a *conditio sine qua non*, imposed upon all dramatic writers, by two personages who were pretty good critics for those days, namely, Aristotle and Horace, how awkward soever they might appear at a modern board of *Temple* connoisseurs. On the other hand, we will venture to say, that the crowd of incidents, hurry, and precipitation, which in these days constitute the chief merit

merit of a dramatic fable, are altogether ridiculous, absurd, and unnatural, and defeat the very purpose for which every tragic writer ought to take his pen in hand. Instead of wakening the tender emotions of the heart, and gradually exciting the humane passions, by engaging the attention to a succession of incidents, as they may be supposed to happen in the course of one probable and interesting story, the thread of the fable is generally broke by unnecessary interruptions; the attention is divided, and the mind distracted by a variety of scenes, characters, and cross purposes; and the author's aim is not so much to strike the soul, as to surprize the imagination. The first of these purposes cannot be effected without the powerful inspiration of genius, the last may be attained by a little mechanical invention. The one will convey a deep-felt pleasure to all persons of taste and sensibility: the other will serve only to amuse the superficial fancy of those who have neither sentiment nor feeling; and there is as great a difference in point of merit betwixt the poet of nature, and the artificer of *stage business*, as there is between the mighty Shakespeare and the shock-haired High-German who shews tricks of legerdemain.

The fable of the piece now before us, is briefly this. Constantia, about sixteen years before the opening of the scene, was abandoned, with her infant daughter Sylvia, on a desert island, by her husband Ferdinand. In this sequestered place, remote from all intercourse with the human species, she hath reared up her hapless orphan with maternal care, strongly inculcating on her mind the cruelty and perfidy of the other sex. The rest of her time she hath spent in tears and lamentations over the forlorn state of herself and poor Sylvia, whose charms are now disclosed in vain, like a delicate flower that blows unseen amidst the desert. The mother's grief, instead of being alluaged by the lenient hand of time, seems to wax stronger in proportion to its age, and at this period is risen almost to despair. She has engraven on a rock, an inscription signifying her disastrous fate: she tears her hair in anguish, and utters her complaints to the wild winds, as if she already trod on the verge of distraction. Mean while, Sylvia, who had never felt the sad reverse of fortune, enjoys that tranquility of mind which innocence and happy ignorance bestow; amusing herself with the gambols of a tame fawn, and, between whiles, endeavouring to console her mother, by such arguments as her education and natural reason could be supposed to suggest. At this crisis, the husband Ferdinand lands upon the island, with his friend Henrico, in quest of his dear Constantia, from whom he had not parted willingly; but, after a desperate resistance, while she lay asleep under

under a projecting rock, had been overpowered and carried off into slavery, from which he had just obtained his deliverance. The first use he made of his liberty, was to equip a vessel, to go and visit the island on which his amiable consort had been abandoned; and in the expedition he is attended by his faithful friend Henrico, who had been his fellow-slave, and helped to support his spirits through such a long course of melancholy servitude. Nothing can be more happily imagined than these interesting situations, teeming with tenderness and passion, and all the enthusiasm of romantic poetry. Henrico and Sylvia are mutually captivated at sight of each other; and the denouement is extremely affecting. Constantia's tender heart can hardly support the explanation by which she is convinced of her husband's unshaken love and honour. He is overwhelmed with rapture at finding her and Sylvia alive; and the two young lovers are made happy in the possession of each other.

The reader will enter into the romantic spirit of the piece by perusing a description of the first scene, which represents a vale in the desert island, surrounded by rocky caverns, grottos, flowering shrubs, exotic trees, and plants growing wild. On one side is a cavern in a rock, over the entrance of which appears, in large characters, an unfinished inscription. Constantia is discovered at work at the inscription, in a romantic habit of skins, leaves, and flowers; in her hand she holds a broken sword, and stands in act to finish the imperfect inscription. Whatever defects there may be in the conduct of the piece, considered as a dramatic production intended for the stage, it must be owned, that it abounds with sentiment and passion; and is enriched with such a vein of poetry as we have scarce ever seen in any other modern performance. Nothing can be more enchantingly picturesque, and at the same time affecting, than this fine soliloquy of Constantia,

- ' Rest, rest my arm—ye weary sinews, rest—
- ' Awhile forget your office—On this rock
- ' Here sit thee down, and think thyself to stone. [Sits down.]
- ' —Would heav'n I could! — [rises.] Ye shrubs, ye nameless plants
- ' That wildly-gadding 'midst the rifted rocks
- ' Wreath your fantastic shoots;—ye darksome trees,
- ' That weave yon verdant arch above my head,
- ' Shad'wing this solemn scene;—ye moss-grown caves,
- ' Romantic grottos,—all ye objects drear,——
- ' Tell me, in pity tell me, have ye seen,
- ' Thro' the long series of revolving time,

' In which you have inclos'd this lonely mansion,  
 ' Say, have ye seen another wretch like me ?—  
 ' No, never—You, in tend'rest sympathy,  
 ' Have join'd my plaints,—you, at the midnight hour,  
 ' When with uprooted hair I've strew'd the earth,  
 ' And call'd my husband gone;—have call'd in vain  
 ' Perfidious Ferdinand !—you, at that hour,  
 ' Have waken'd eccho in each vocal cell,  
 ' Till ev'ry grove, and ev'ry mountain hoar,  
 ' Mourn'd to my griefs responsive—Well you know  
 ' The story of my woes—Ev'n yonder marble  
 ' Relenting feels the touch; receives each trace  
 ' That forms the melancholy tale.—Tho' rude,  
 ' And inexpert my hand;—tho' all uncouth  
 ' The instrument,—yet there behold my work  
 ' Well nigh complete—let me about it freight.  
 ' [She advances toward the rock.  
 ' Ye deep engraven letters, there remain;  
 ' And if in future time resistless fate  
 ' Should throw some Briton on this dismal shore;  
 ' Then speak aloud;—to his astonish'd sense  
 ' Relate my sad, my memorable case—'

The simplicity of Sylvia's character is sustained with that dignity which her importance requires: and this was, in all probability, the most difficult part of the performance.

Act II. The scene exhibits another view of the island, with an opening to the sea betwixt several hills and rocks.

Sylvia, astonished and affrighted at the sight of a ship, and afterwards of Ferdinand and his friend coming ashore, runs to hide herself within the bosom of the woods, while her father, coming forward with Henrico, pours forth the overflowings of his grief on the fatal spot where his wife was abandoned: and here he relates the manner in which he was forced away by the pirates, Sylvia having eyed them from behind a thicket, ~~advances~~ when they quit the scene, and expresses her amazement at sight of those two creatures, not without certain pleasing emotions which their appearance hath produced. She sees they are not women; and cannot conceive them to be men, whom her mother had always represented as monsters of cruelty; she therefore retires to consult Constantia about those unknown forms. Then the scene changing to the first view of the island, Ferdinand perceives the inscription, and the instrument that made it, which was no other than a fragment of his own sword,

sword, broken in his engagement with the pyrates. The inscription fills him with despair. He concludes that Constantia is dead; and, notwithstanding all the persuasions of Henrico, resolves to waste the remainder of his life on this desert island, giving vent to his sorrows, and bewailing to his last hour the deplorable fate of his Constantia.

In the third act, Henrico is confounded at sight of Sylvia, when a tender dialogue ensues.

*Enter Sylvia.*

' Thro' the befriending gloom of arching bow'rs,  
' Thro' walks, where never sun-beam pierc'd, at length,  
' I've gain'd this deep-encircled vale—ah! me!  
' I feel strange tremors still—she is not here——  
' Mama!—where can she be?—her mournful task  
' Waits for her ling'ring hand——my dearest mother——  
' She answers not—what noise is that?—methought  
' I heard some steps advancing—'tis my fawn  
' That rustles thro' the forest glade—he stops  
' And looks, then runs, and stops again to take  
' A fearful gaze—he too perhaps has seen  
' These unknown beings—yonder lo! he stands  
' In mute expressive wonder—heav'n protect me!  
' —Thro' this close path, that gradual winding up  
' Leads on to plains, to woods, and verdant lawns  
' Embosom'd in the rock, I'll journey up——  
' The day now glows intense, but by the rills,  
' That thro' embow'ring groves come purling down,  
' I oft can lay me, and enjoy each breeze  
' That plays amid those craggy scenes—a noise  
' From yonder interwoven branches—ha!——  
' Ye guardian angels, save me!—see, see there—  
' That thing again!——

*Enter Henrico.*

' *Henrico.* What beauteous form in these forsokne abodes  
' Attracts my wond'ring eyes?——  
' *Sylvia.* Ye heav'nly pow'rs! [*Retiring from him.*  
' *Henrico.* It swims before my sight—whate'er thou art,  
' Virgin, or goddess—oh! a goddess sure!——  
' Thou goddess of these mansions!—for thy looks  
' Beam heav'nly radiance, with propitious ears  
' Accept my supplication——  
' *Sylvia.* Ha!—it speaks——  
' It speaks—what dost thou mean!——

*Henrico.*



- ' *Henrico*. Oh! say what place,  
 ' What clime is this?—and what art thou that thus  
 ' Adorn'st this lonely mansion?—  
 ' *Sylvia*. Will you first  
 ' Promise to come no nearer?  
 ' *Henrico*. With devotion  
 ' As true as ever pilgrim offer'd up  
 ' In holy fervor to his saint,—I promise.  
 ' *Sylvia*. How gentle its demeanor!—tell me now  
 ' What thing thou art?  
 ' *Henrico*. One born to misery;—  
 ' A man, whom fate—  
 ' *Sylvia*. A man!—art thou a man?  
 ' *Henrico*. I am.—  
 ' *Sylvia*. Oh! heav'ns!—a man!—protect me—save me—  
 [Runs away.  
 ' *Henrico*. Nay, fly me not—a sudden impulse here  
 ' Bids me pursue—forgive, thou unknown fair,  
 ' That with soft violence I thus presume  
 ' To force thee measure back thy steps again. [*He brings her back.*  
 ' *Sylvia*. Force me not thus, inhuman, barbarous man—  
 ' What have I said—Oh! worthy generous man,  
 ' Thus on my knees I beg,—have mercy on me—  
 ' —I never did you harm—indeed I did not.—  
 ' *Henrico*. Arise, [*raises her*] thou lovely tenant of these woods,  
 ' And let me thus—thus as befits the man  
 ' Whose mind runs o'er with rapture and surprize,  
 ' Whose heart throbs wild with mingled doubt and joy,  
 ' Thus let me worship the celestial form,  
 ' This heav'nly brightness, to my wond'ring eyes  
 ' That sheds such influence, as when an angel  
 ' Breaks thro' a flood of glory to the sight,  
 ' Of some expiring saint, and cheers his soul  
 ' With visions of disclosing heav'n.  
 ' *Sylvia*. He kneels!—  
 ' He kneels to me!—how mild his very look—  
 ' How soft each word!—are you indeed a man?—  
 ' *Henrico*. I am, sweet saint—and one whose heart is prone  
 ' To melt at each idea beauty prints.  
 ' On his delighted sense; and sure such beauty,  
 ' Touch'd by the hand of harmony, adorn'd  
 ' With inexpressive graces, well may claim  
 ' My lowliest adoration and my love.  
 ' *Sylvia*. This language all is new;—but still it has  
 ' I know not what of charming in't, that gains  
 ' Upon the list'ning ear—If this be falsehood:—  
 ' Then falsehood can assume a pleasing look.

' *Henrico*.

- ‘ *Henrico*. Why those averted eyes ?
- ‘ *Sylvia*. What would you have ?
- ‘ *Henrico*. Oh ! if thou art as gracious, as thou’rt fair,
- ‘ Say have you seen Constantia ? when and where,
- ‘ And how did she expire ?——
- ‘ *Sylvia*. Constantia lives——
- ‘ Why didst thou say expire ?——my mother lives,
- ‘ Lives in these blest abodes——
- ‘ *Henrico*. Ah ! gentle Sylvia,——
- ‘ So I will call thee,—daughter of Constantia,
- ‘ Oh ! fly and find her out—mean time I’ll seek
- ‘ Th’ afflicted Ferdinand.——
- ‘ *Sylvia*. What dost thou say ?——
- ‘ Can he, can Ferdinand be here ?——that false,
- ‘ Perfidious, barb’rous man,—can he be here ?
- ‘ *Henrico*. He is, my fair ; nor barbarous nor false.
- ‘ Fortune that made him wretched, could no more.
- ‘ Anon you’ll know the whole ; to waste a moment
- ‘ In conf’rence now, and longer to suspend
- ‘ The meeting of this pair, who now in agony
- ‘ Bemoan their lot, were barbarous indeed.
- ‘ *Sylvia*. But may I trust him ? won’t he do her harm ?
- ‘ *Henrico*. He won’t, my beauteous fair.——
- ‘ *Sylvia*. Is he like you ?——
- ‘ *Henrico*. His goodness far transcends me——
- ‘ *Sylvia*. Then I think
- ‘ I’ll venture to comply—let’s go together.——
- ‘ *Henrico*. Oh ! I could tend thy steps for ever ; hear
- ‘ Soft accents warbling from thy vermeil lip,
- ‘ Watch thy mild-glancing eye ; behold how grace,
- ‘ Whate’er you do, which ever way you bend,
- ‘ Guides each harmonious movement ; but this hour
- ‘ Is friendship’s due ; then let us instant fly
- ‘ Thro’ diff’rent paths—thou to seek out Constantia,
- ‘ And I to find her husband—haply so
- ‘ Their meeting will be speedier—farewell !
- ‘ I’ll bring him to this very spot—adieu !
- ‘ For a short interval adieu, my love !
- ‘ *Sylvia*. Farewell !—another word—pray what’s your name ?
- ‘ *Henrico*. Fair excellence, Henrico I am call’d.
- ‘ *Sylvia*. Pray do not tarry long, Henrico——
- ‘ *Henrico*. Why
- ‘ That pleasing charge, my sweet ?
- ‘ *Sylvia*. I cannot tell ;
- ‘ But as you’re leaving me, each step you move,
- ‘ My spirits sink ; a melancholy gloom

‘ Darkens

‘Darkens the scene around, and I methinks

‘Helpless in solitude am left again

‘To wander all alone a dreary way.

‘*Henrico.* Oh! I will come again, thou angel sweetness!

‘Yes, I will come, and at that lovely shrine

‘Pour out my adoration and my vows.

‘Yes, I will come, to part from thee no more;

‘A moment now farewell! —

[*Exit.*]

‘*Sylvia alone.*

‘Farewell!—be sure you keep your word——He’s gone,

‘And yet is with me still—absent I hear

‘And see him in his absence—still his looks

‘Beam with mild dignity, and still his voice

‘Sounds in my ear delightful—what it means,

‘This new-born sense, this wonderful emotion,

‘Unfelt till now, and mix’d of pain and joy,

‘I cannot guess—how my heart flutters in me!

‘I’ll not, perplex myself with vain conjecture;

‘Whate’er the cause, th’effect, I feel, is pleasing.

‘[*Constantia is heard singing within the scenes.*]

‘Oh! heav’ns! what noise!—it is my mother’s voice——

‘Again she pours her melancholy forth,

‘As sweetly plaintive as when sad Philomel,

‘Beneath some poplar shade, bemoans her young,

‘And sitting pensive on the lonely bough,

‘Her eye with sorrow dimm’d, she tunes her dirge,

‘Warbling the night away, while all around

‘The vocal woodland, and each hill and dale

‘Ring with her griefs harmonious—hark!—that way

‘It sounds—all gracious pow’rs direct me to her.

[*Exit.*]

Perhaps there are little improprieties in this scene: but, on the whole, it is charmingly romantic. What follows, is the meeting and *eclaircissement* between Ferdinand and Constantia, worked up in such a manner, that we believe few persons will be able to read it unmoved. Nevertheless, we do not look upon it as the most meritorious scene of the whole performance: for, the pathos arises rather from the unavoidable situation of the characters, than any executive art in the poet.

The Desert Island is furnished with an humorous Prologue, written by Mr. Garrick, and spoken by that gentleman in the character of a drunken poet, who is supposed to have offered a play to the manager and suffered a repulse.

ART. X. *The Way to Keep him. A Comedy in three Acts: as it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. Valliant.*

IN an advertisement prefixed to this piece, the author gives us to understand, that he took the first idea of it from a poem of Dr. Swift, called *Strephon and Celen*; and afterwards improved it from the *Nouvelle Ecole de Femmes* of Mons. De Meis. The design of the performance is to shew, that many women lose the affections of their husbands, by neglecting those delicacies of decorum which they so carefully preserved before marriage; and by declining all endeavours to consult and conform to the humours of those with whom they are connected for life. Such is the character of Mrs. Lovemore, a lady of an amiable person, endued with all those qualifications which are necessary to engage and retain a heart of sensibility; none of which qualifications, however, she will give herself the trouble to exert after marriage for the satisfaction of her husband, who, being young and frolicsome, grows sick of the languid and indolent entertainment at home, and roves abroad in pursuit of his pleasures. In particular, he makes his addresses to the widow Bellmour, in the borrowed character of Lord Etheridge; and his wife being jealous of this lady, though unknown, goes to her house, in order to expostulate with her on the injury she has done her, in countenancing the infidelity of her husband. She finds Mrs. Bellmour a mirror of beauty, elegant, vivacity, and good sense; imparts the cause of her uneasiness, and is assured that her husband is not of the widow's acquaintance. Their conversation is interrupted by the arrival of Lord Etheridge, and Mrs. Lovemore retires into an adjoining apartment, where she overhears her good man making honourable love to Mrs. Bellmour in his borrowed character. She is so affected with her discovery, that she faints away: Mrs. Bellmour runs to her assistance: and Lovemore is found in the other room by Sir Brilliant Fashion, his own friend, who also made his addresses to the widow. After the confusion, which this scene naturally produces, the widow consoles Mrs. Lovemore with many sensible reflections; convinces her, that her husband's infidelity proceeds chiefly from her own indolence, and neglect of those qualities which would give him pleasure; and persuades her to change her conduct from that moment.—Thus instructed, she goes home, bespeaks company to a rout; adorns her person with all the advantages of dress and finery, and assumes the gay and giddy airs of a sprightly coquette. Sir Brilliant Fashion finding his suit cold with the widow Bellmour, in whose good

graces

graces he had been superseded by the supposed Lord Etheridge, makes an attempt upon the heart of his friend's wife, Mrs. Lovemore, to whom he sends a letter, which by accident falls into the husband's hands. Lovemore is chagrined to find himself discarded by the widow, without an explanation; comes home in a very bad humour; is astonished at the alteration in his wife; confounded and alarmed at the letter; and perceiving Sir Brilliant following Mrs. Lovemore into her apartment, conceals himself, that he may listen to their conversation. Sir Brilliant is so very violent in his addresses, that Lovemore produces himself on the scene, and upbraids him with breach of friendship and honour. The other endeavours to excuse himself: but Lovemore refuses to hear his apologies; and opening a door, in order to retire, is met by the widow Bellmour, who accosts him under the title of Lord Etheridge; while his wife introduces him to the widow as her husband, Mr. Lovemore. Finding himself involved in a very mortifying situation; baited on all sides by the widow, Sir Brilliant, and his own wife, he frankly acknowledges his errors, and imputes them to the conduct of Mrs. Lovemore, who, by her little care to render her company agreeable at home, had driven him to those irregular pursuits of pleasure. She pleads guilty to the impeachment, and promises reformation, which he assures her will be attended with all the good consequences she could desire. The widow Bellmour acknowledges her own levity, in listening to the addresses of two admirers at the same time. Sir Brilliant confesses his breach of friendship to Lovemore, who forgives him, in consideration of his own dishonourable proceedings, and all parties are pleased for the time being.

In drawing the characters of Bellmour and Lovemore, the author seems to have had in his eye those of Millamant and Mirabel, in the *Way of the World*. Sir George Brilliant is intended as a fine gentleman, something between a libertine and a coxcomb; and Mrs. Lovemore is a good sort of a body. But the most humorous personage in the *drama* is Mrs. Muslin, waiting woman to Mrs. Lovemore; a character that seems to have been expressly written for that inimitable comedian, Mrs. Clive.

The dialogue is spirited; but, in some places, not very natural. The morals of Lovemore are, in our opinion, rather too loose, even for an honourable libertine. We cannot conceive that any gentleman would, for the gratification of appetite, adopt such an imposture as that which he practises upon the widow Bellmour. We wish the author had more strongly marked that part of the wife's character which was disgusting to the husband:

band: she seems to be a woman of spirit and sensibility, without any defect in point of delicacy or decorum; and one would imagine that the husband, being cloyed with possession, goes astray rather from the inconstancy of his own disposition, than from any disgusting circumstance in his wife's person or conduct. When he comes home, and sees such an agreeable alteration in her dress and behaviour, it would have had a good effect, if he had expressed some pleasure as well as surprize at the change: if he had appeared to be struck with her fine person, her genteel air, her elegant taste in dress, and exclaimed, as it were in spite of himself, That without all doubt she could, when she pleased, make herself a charming woman. Something of this kind would have prepared us for his reformation, which, as it stands, is, we apprehend, a little too abrupt and violent. A man may be very sorry for having withdrawn his love, although he has it not in his power to restore his affection.

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ART. XI. *The Field Engineer of M. le Chevalier De Clairac.* Translated from the French: with Observations and Remarks on each Chapter. Together with the Addition of several new Figures, on a large Copper-plate, to explain the Author's Constructions. By John Muller, Master of the Royal Academy at Woolwich. 8vo. Price 7s. 6d. Millan.

IT would be an insult offered to our readers to decide upon the merits of a performance, of which we must profess ourselves no judges. M. Clairac has drawn his materials from experience, and adapted them to the practitioner, not the theorist. He was an officer of high rank in the French army; had seen service, and made observations, which to us convey a favourable idea of his capacity. The authors who have treated upon the construction of permanent fortification, in the defence and attack of places, agreeable to the rules of art, are infinite; but our author the first, at least of any reputation, who lays down methodically the business of the field-engineer: a province, in the opinion of M. Clairac, totally different from the former, more extensive, various, and temporary, and less dependent on any rules that can be given. The fundamental maxims are, indeed, the same in both; but the application widely different. Permanent constructions are the result of study; temporary ones, of presence of mind and quickness of parts. Plans for the former are digested, and minutely examined in the closet; all is *impromptu* with respect to the latter, every thing must be determined on the spot, and finished with the materials in hand. It is therefore in the field, more than any where else, that

that an engineer should readily know how to seize on all advantages at first sight, to be fertile in expedients, inexhaustible in inventions, and indefatigably active. Yet are not vivacity and fertility of genius sufficient, without practice and extreme care: To supply the defects of which is the intention of the present treatise.

After laying down some general maxims respecting field-fortification, M. Clairac treats of the defects of salient angles, and the means to correct them; of the most perfect figure and size of redoubts; of field forts in general; of moving flanks; of the uses of armed boats; of the use of intrenched camps; of places to be intrenched in the day of battle; of the communication between posts and bridges; of the encampment of troops; different uses of lines, with their defects and excellencies: in a word, of an infinity of particulars, which it would be tedious and useless to enumerate.

We must refer the rest to gentlemen conversant with the military art; and only subjoin, on our own parts, that the treatise seems originally to be wrote with spirit, and by a master in the art of war; though we cannot much commend the translation. We have not, indeed, compared it with the original; but we take it for granted, that M. Clairac wrote French, and we are certain that Mr. Muller has hardly written English.

ART. XII. *The Praise of Hell: Or, a View of the Infernal Regions, Containing some Account of the Advantages of that Place, with respect to its Antiquity, Situation, and Stability. Together with a Description of its Inhabitants; their Dresses, Manners, Amusements, and Employments. To which is added, a Detail of the Laws, Government, and Constitution of Hell. Adorned with Cuts, and illustrated with Notes, critical and historical. In two Volumes. Translated from the French. 12mo. Price 6s. Kearsley.*

**T**HIS extraordinary title-page the author chose for his book, the more readily to catch attention by its novelty. 'Morality,' says our panegyrist on the infernal regions, is one of those drugs, which, by the too frequent use made of it for near the space of six thousand years, is now grown, if not quite nauseous, at least insipid, to almost every taste: yet it is a specific which mankind cannot entirely dispense with the use of. The point, then, is to find some means of tempting them to swallow this salutary pill! But how can this be done?—Offer it to them with its own barefaced appearance; shew it with all its harshness and severity, as the philosophers have painted it; they nauseate and detest its very name, nor can endure even to hear it

it mentioned. Adorn it, as our ablest preachers have done, with the most brilliant flowers of rhetoric, and all the effect it has upon them, is but to lay them in as sound a sleep as the most powerful opiate: What then is to be done in this dilemma? What done? Why nothing easier to determine.—Employ the method skilful doctors use to make their patients take a nauseous medicine, which goes against their stomachs:—disguise the pill a little, roll it in sugar, gild it, or wrap it up in sweetmeats, in which concealed, it readily goes down, and works its full effect.

Such is the author's apology for the manner in which he handles the most interesting points of morality; and lashes, by keen irony, the vices and foibles of all professions and degrees of mankind. However flat it may read in a translation ill executed, there is certainly merit in the performance. Sometimes the author rises to humour, and always supports the irony with propriety, except where he is mangled by his translator, which happens in almost every page. It may seem extraordinary in us to hazard this censure, without having compared the translation with the original; yet nothing is easier than to distinguish a masterly work in the hands of a bungler, and point out the very places where it is botched, though we never set eyes on the genuine performance. We have, perhaps, said enough in excuse for our not giving a specimen, which we think would be injurious to the original author; and to induce some gentleman, better acquainted with the French and English languages, to attempt another translation of the *Eloge d'Enfer*.

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Art. XIII. *The History of the Marchioness de Pompadour. Part Third.* 12mo. Pr. 2s 6d. Hooper.

THIS continuation of the History of the celebrated mistress of Louis, is, we are told by the editor, no more than a translation from the original manuscript of a gentleman, who had, during his residence at the French court, collected such farther anecdotes and passages of Madame Pompadour's life, as he thought might most entertain and inform the publick. Even the translation, it is hinted, is done by a different hand; and the original may be seen by any English person of character at the publisher's, upon oath, if necessary, of its being the true, identical manuscript of the author, who resided for many years at Paris; and was well acquainted with the scene of action. We would by no means call in question the truth of an asseveration so solemn; yet we must affirm, that

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the ftile and manner of the firft and fecond parts are frequently well imitated in the third. The author is more fparing of his reflections, but we find the fame turn of thought, the fame paffion for anecdote, and the fame not unpleafing loofenefs of expreffion, and method. It is really a matter of indifference to the reader, whether or not the whole be the production of the fame pen; curiofity alone can render it of any confequence to him: however, it would to us appear, that the tranflation at leaft is executed by the author of the former part; and the manner rather defignedly altered in fome places, than imitated. This we mention in commendation of the fupplement; for we have attributed juft praife to what has already paffed out infpection. Sometimes our delicacy may be hurt; but we are always entertained more than we could expect by the recital of fcattered anecdotes, in themfelves unimportant and uninterefting. A certain livelinefs in the narration, a feeming intimacy with the characters of the chief perfonages of a court formed for gallantry and intrigue, and a happy afsemblage of little diverting ftories, repartees and epigrams, render this little volume the inoffenfive amufement of an hour; in proof of which we fhall extract the following affecting and well told anecdote of the celebrated M. Boiffi, which reflects honour on the heroine of thefe memoirs.

• Boiffi, the author of feveral approved dramatic pieces, and efpecially of one which was defervedly efteemed, called *Le François à Londres*, (the Frenchman at London,) had not found himfelf exempt from the ufual fate of thofe who cultivate the Mufes. Even that fpot, faid to be the leaft barren one of Parnaffus, the theatre, had produced to him little more than a scanty maintenance for himfelf, his wife, and one child. In fhort, misfortunes, want of oeconomy perhaps, or whatever elfe might be the caufe, I cannot well fay; but he was reduced to the moft deplorable extremities of want.

• In this condition, finking under the indignities of his fate, he had, however, too much of that fpirit which characterizes genius, to debase himfelf by mean applications or mendicant letters. He had friends, whofe kindnefs his need of them had not exhausted, and whom, for that very reafon, he was the more averfe from troubling. But his friends were but the more inexcufable, if they knew his diftreff, not to fave him the pain of an application. However, Boiffi, overcome with the irkfomenefs of his circumftances, embraced a refolution of taking the fhorteft way out of the wood, that of death. And in the light in which he confidered it, as a friendly relief from further  
 7  
 misery,

misery, he not only persuaded his wife to keep him company, but not to leave behind them a boy, a child of five years, to the mercy of a world in which they had found so little. Probably the example of Richard Smith, in much the same situation, an example to which Voltaire's recording it gave such notoriety, might have its share in the fatal determination.

This resolution now formed of dying together, there remained nothing but to fix the manner of it. The most torturous one was chosen, that of hunger, not only as the most natural consequence of their condition, of which it might pass for the involuntary effect, but as it saved a violence which neither Boissi nor his wife could find in their hearts to use to one another. In that solitude they of their apartment, in which the unfortunate need so little apprehend their being disturbed, they resolved to wait with unshaken constancy the arrival of their deliverer, though under the meager grim form of famine. They began then, and resolutely proceeded on their plan of starving themselves to death, with their child. If any called, by chance, at their apartment, finding it locked, and no answer given, it was only concluded that no-body was at home. Thus they had all the time they could wish to consummate their intention. But what can conceive or damp a true friend? They had one, it seems, of a fortune not much superior to their own, and whom, for that reason, and for the dread of being an inconvenience to him, they had never acquainted with the extremities to which they were actually driven. This friend had been one of those who had called at their apartment, and finding it shut up, naturally concluded, as others did, that Boissi and his family were gone out, or perhaps removed. Upon reflection however, or from that kind of instinct with which the spirit of friendship abounds, he began to apprehend that something must be much amiss with his friend, (though he could not guess what,) that he could neither find him at home, nor gain any intelligence about him. Under this anxiety, he returned to Boissi's apartment; and whether any motion or noise from within betrayed his being at home, or whether his friend began to suspect something of the matter, no answer being returned, he forced open the door.

Boissi and his wife had been so much in earnest, that it was now three days since they had taken any sustenance; inasmuch that they were now got so far on in their way to their intended home, that one may say they touched the gates of it.

The friend, entered as he was into the room where this scene of death was going forward, found them already in such

a situation, that they seemed insensible of his intrusion. Boissi and his wife had no eyes but for one another, and were not sitting, but supported from falling to the ground by two chairs, set opposite to each other, their hands locked together; and with their ghastly looks, languidly dejected; in which might be read a kind of rueful compassion for the child that hung at the mother's knee, and seemed as if looking up to her for nourishment in its natural tenaciousness of life. This groupe of wretchedness did not less shock than afflict the friend. Soon collecting from circumstances the meaning of all this, his first care was not to expostulate with Boissi or his wife, but to engage them to receive his succours, in which he found no little difficulty. Their resolution had been taken in earnest; they were now got over the worst; and were in view of their port: the faintness which had succeeded the almost intolerable tortures of hunger, had deadened their sense to them and to life. They might besides conceive a false shame of not going through with what they had thus resolved; a kind of flur being too often imagined to attend a suicide begun and not finished, as if it supposed a failure of firmness. The friend however took the right way to reconcile them to life, by making the child join his intercession: the child, who could have none of the prejudices or reasons they might for not retracting, and who, though he had little life left, had still enough not to be out of love with it. The instinct however of self-preservation operating its usual effect, he held up his little hands, and, in concert with the friend, entreated his parents to consent to all their relief. Nature did not plead in vain. The friend then proceeded, helpless and unattended as they were, to procure them immediate food, with proper precaution and cordials. Nor left he them till he had seen them in a way of recovery to life, and given them all the money he had about him. And thus Boissi, by his tender care, escaped at Paris giving the second edition of the tragedy of poor Otway in London."

This story immediately took air; it reached the ears of Madame Pompadour, who instantly took him under her protection; sent him present relief, and procured the at length fortunate Boissi the place of comptroller of the *Mercur de France*, of no inconsiderable income, in spite of the endeavours of her brutal brother, the Marquis de Marigny, to divert her benevolence.



## Monthly CATALOGUE.

**Art. 14. *The Prussiad: An Heroic Poem. Written by Major Alexander Gordon, a Volunteer in the Prussian Service; and presented to the King of Prussia at the Camp of Madlitz, near Furstenwalde, Sept. 7, 1759. To which is prefixed, the Original Letter, wrote with his Majesty's own Hand to the Author, in the German Language, with a Translation. Humbly dedicated to his Most Sacred Majesty King George. 4to. Pr. 1 s. 6 d. Burd.***

From the King of Prussia to Major Alexander Gordon.

‘ S I R,

I Have read your poem with satisfaction, and thank you for the many genteel compliments you have paid me in it.— Towards the expence of having it printed, I have ordered my secretary to pay you two hundred crowns; which I desire you will accept of, not as a reward of your merit, but as a mark of my benevolence.’

Major Alexander, Major Alexander, this will never do; we are not to be taken in at this rate. You must endeavour to sell all this gunpowder, bloodshed, and battery, under a better cover, for we have discovered the fallacy of this. The King of Prussia distinguishes merit too well to give so much money for stupid praise; and while your poem is a professed panegyric upon that monarch, you could not have written stronger satire upon his judgment, than by persuading us that his imputed approbation of your verses was genuine.

Firstly, the Major presents us with a vision, at which

‘ Alarm’d upbought Prussia’s King—

Then bade the guards in waiting pass the word

For Schwerin, Keith, and Ferdinand of Brunswick,

For Bevern, and his brother, whom to sound

On this momentous warning, he resolved.—

“ Keith, Schwerin, Bevern, Ferdinand, and brother,

—Such impression has a vision made.

Say, Generals, are images but air?”

After the Generals had well pondered upon the King’s dream, they all wisely and maturely agreed for battle.

‘ Next morn survey’d him busy’d o’er the plans

And military models of reform

In tactic discipline, the nerve of fight.—

The pass is measur’d for a close blockade,

The trumpet sounds citation—*Pirna deaf*

*Hears not the dread remonstrance—thrice she hears;*

*What wonder then—*

By your leave Major Alexander, there is indeed something like a wonder here. First, it is a little wonderful that Pirna should be deaf; but then we grant, there is no wonder, if she was actually deaf, that she did not hear. But the greatest wonder of all is, that being deaf, and consequently hard of hearing, that she should hear three times. We can no more believe all this, than the King of Prussia's letter, or his dream.

Art. 15. Job. *A Poem, in three Books. By William Langhorne, M. A. Rector of Hawkinge, and Minister of Folkestone in Kent.* 4to. Pr. 2s. Griffiths.

To censure this performance as destitute of merit would be highly injurious to the author; to speak of it as a pleasing production would be equally unjust to ourselves. The truth may be, it is no easy matter to give variety to a subject that every body pretends to know, and to make what should be our duty, our amusement. A paraphrase on the book of Job has been already attempted by several hands; and, whether it be that the original is inimitable, or that the public was resolved to consider it as such, they seem all to have not even that success which equal merit exhausted upon any other subject would have been sure to obtain. The author styles it a free paraphrase on the book of Job; and perhaps it is as good a paraphrase as that of any other poet upon the same performance, not even Young excepted: yet after all this, we fancy that this production will find but few readers: it wants variety to entertain, or novelty in the sentiments to allure: the story in the original is amusing, and abounding with incident; but all the narrative part the poet has injudiciously suppressed, and only dilated the dialogue, which is the part poetical readers are least pleased with seeing enlarged upon. His verse, however, has in most instances that true harmonious smoothness that nothing but nature can bestow; and Mr. Langhorne has done the fine eastern images of the old master great poetical justice. One instance will be sufficient to give the reader an idea of his manner and versification.

‘ Nay, oft on life’s promiscuous scene we find  
 ‘ The friend of vice to dreadful pains consign’d.  
 ‘ The stern oppressor’s progeny a-while  
 ‘ May with luxuriant branches gayly smile :  
 ‘ His house may shine with splendid pillage dress,  
 ‘ His wardrobe fill’d with many a painted vest :  
 ‘ But soon his pomp, his seed, himself shall fall,  
 ‘ And one wide-wasting ruin swallow all.

‘ The

\* The visionary glories swift decay,  
 \* Nor shall the widows weep the direful day.  
 \* Rejoicing tribes shall hail the welcome hour,  
 \* When low shall sink this son of lawless pow'r.  
 \* Nor shall the lying monument proclaim  
 \* To future ages his detested name.

\* But why not all the bad this lot betides,  
 \* If we enquire, no light our efforts guides.  
 \* Sagacious man may find the silver veins,  
 \* Nay, each bright ore that inmost earth contains;  
 \* The paths where delving beasts can never go,  
 \* The caverns which no vultur's eye can know.  
 \* With dreary night the bold of heart may dwell,  
 \* And draw the beamy treasure from her cell;  
 \* Ope the dread mine, and bring the gold away,  
 \* And the blue sapphires to their kindred day.  
 \* Industrious man the rushing floods may drain,  
 \* Dry the dank pit, in darkness plunge again;  
 \* Dig down the mountain; change the river's course,  
 \* And bound with banks th'impetuous torrent's force.

\* But where has awful Wisdom fix'd her reign?  
 \* Shall human skill her arduous thoughts explain?  
 \* Earth says, she knows not her serene abode,  
 \* Nor ocean owns this effluence of his God.  
 \* Nor gold, nor adamant of greater name,  
 \* Nor pearl, nor coral, nor the ruby's flame,  
 \* Nor all the treasures of the east display'd  
 \* Can buy one smile of this celestial maid.

\* 'Tis He, whose boundless, all-encircling mind  
 \* Metes the collected waves, and weighs the wind;  
 \* Whose lightnings issue from the bursting cloud,  
 \* Whose pow'r the dreadful thunder speaks aloud:  
 \* 'Tis He who uncreated Wisdom knows  
 \* From whom this ptain, this blest instruction flows——  
 \* O man, thy wisdom is religious fear,  
 \* And to depart from ill thy knowledge here."

Art. 16. *A Letter to the People of England, on the Necessity of putting an immediate End to the War; and the Means of obtaining an advantageous Peace.* 8vo. Price 1s. Griffiths.

We should be very idle indeed, could we sit down to analyse such a piece as this; a composition so idle and equivocal, that we know not whether the author writes in jest or earnest: this,

however, we may venture to affirm, that if he is in earnest, he writes very simply; and if he is jest, he is a very dull joker. Now is the time (says he) to make peace, while we have any chance for good terms. Our situation is deplorable. We are loaded with a debt of an hundred millions; on the very eve of bankruptcy; and shall not be able to raise the supplies for the continuation of the war. The French, on the other hand, carry on a considerable traffic, and their kingdom has many resources within itself. They will penetrate into Hanover next campaign; and the King of Prussia will be ruined. With respect to our successes, they have been owing to accident: fortune may change, and rob us of all our advantages.—This is the very language of a French partisan who writes national invectives against the English, in a periodical work published at Brussels, under the name of *Journal de Commerce*.—But, our author proceeds to this effect.—Don't be so foolishly haughty as to insist upon hostages, or the demolition of Dunkirk: you will disoblige the French and lose your opportunity—give up Senegal, Goree, and even Guadalupe: restore Louisbourg, and allow them to fish on the coast of Cape-Breton, and the banks of Newfoundland—give a sum of money to the court of Vienna, and another to the Elector of Saxony King of Poland; and leave the French in possession of Nieuport and Ostend—ha, ha, ha!

\* Dr. —, Capt. or Mr. A— (says the bookseller) you have a good knack at tossing up an occasional pamphlet.—I know an eminent author that calls it a *flux de plume*, and another that says you have got a good clever talent at *twitteration*—your last pieces made a good deal of noise; and some of them ran thro' a second edition—can't you now tickle us off a twelve-penny cut on the talked of negotiation for a peace! I'll assure you people speak very handsomely of the *Reasons*.—'The subject is already exhausted.—' 'Pox! never mind the subject—choose a good popular title—you remember the run of the Letters addressed to the people of England—I might have had that author—but his spirit was too violent for the times—now, you are such a cool, temperate writer, and have such a flow, and such a specious way with you—do; prithee let's have t'other slice.—' Such are the motives for writing many pamphlets which have passed as the productions of patriots and personages of consequence in the commonwealth.

Art. 17. *Unanswerable Arguments against a Peace.* By a British Freeholder. 8vo. Price 1s. Burd.

These arguments are truly unanswerable, because they are vague and declamatory. It is proposed to raise twelve millions for

for the ensuing supplies, by obliging every individual in the nation, capable of labour, to increase his industry to the amount of twelve-pence in the week. That is, to load him with a tax to that amount, which the author supposes will of course be a spur to his industry. Here are 1,200,000 instantly produced, without any inconvenience to the labourer; as if the poor husbandman or mechanic did not already find it necessary to exert his utmost endeavours to keep himself and family above want. But the goodness of providence has also enabled us by other means to double the sum, and raise 1,200,000 more, if occasion should require it. 'Corn is fallen to less than half the price it bore this time two years; supposing then that our people will neither be very industrious nor more frugal; yet, compared with the expence of the last year but one, they must, one with another, save this year in the price of their bread alone, at least eight-pence a week per head, which amounts again to your 1,200,000.' admitting the inhabitants of the kingdom to be six millions in number, and those who are capable of retrenching in their expence, or of adding to their stock, to amount to four millions.—How true is the saying, *That one man knows not how the other lives.*'

2. The chief reason given why we should not listen to any terms of accommodation with France, unless we are suffered absolutely to prescribe, is the following. 'The very state of desperation to which the French are reduced, will be a reason why they will not, why they cannot, at present, come into such a peace as it will be the interest of Great-Britain to demand; and, if she is not blinded by her own good fortune, which she must insist on. *He that lies upon the ground can fall no lower.* Can we imagine then that the French, who can be little worse than they are already, from the event of another campaign, be it what it will, and who, from their natural presumption and self-sufficiency, may hope to better their affairs by it, will set their hands to articles which must eternally exclude them from North-America, exceedingly weaken their interest in the East-Indies, and reduce them to so low a pitch of inability in Europe, as must put it out of their power, for centuries, to arrive at their wonted height of grandeur.' Excellent reasoning! At this rate, the more successful we are, and the more desperate our enemies are rendered, the farther shall we be removed from the blessings of peace. These are certainly the *gigantic* arguments of a late writer, who was for insisting upon Brest's being delivered into our hands, the whole French navy's being surrendered to us, and the Lord knows how many hundred millions of sterling money to be paid by way of indemnification for the expences of the war. Turn thine ear, Oh P—tt, to these sage admonitions,



tions, and listen unto the words of understanding. Great and wonderful are the works of Grubitreet; and blessed is the man to whom such counsels shall be imparted. Sweet are they as honey to the tongue, and wholesome as marrow to the bones. They shall make thy face to shine with glory, and the people to clap their hands with joy.

Art. 18. *A Discourse, delivered at Quebec, in the Chappel belonging to the Convent of the Ursulins, Sept. 27. 1759; occasioned by the Success of our Arms in the Reduction of that Capital: At the Request of Brigadier General Monckton, and by Order of Vice-Admiral Saunders, Commander in Chief. By the Rev. Eli Dawson, Chaplain of his Majesty's Ship Sterling-Castle, on board of which the Vice-Admiral hoisted his Flag during the Siege. Quarto. Price 6 d. Griffiths.*

The design of this sermon is to prove, that, notwithstanding the respect and honour which is justly due to our commanders and soldiers for all our victories and conquests, of which they are only to be considered as the secondary cause, our gratitude and praise ought to terminate ultimately on that Being who is the God of battles, and the first and primary cause of every blessing we enjoy. The discourse is sensible, but seems to have been composed in a hurry.

Art. 19. *Poems, on Subjects chiefly devotional. In two Volumes. By Theodosia. 8vo. Price 6 s. Buckland.*

Not exquisite, yet not contemptible. Subjects of this kind are the easiest to succeed in with moderate applause of any other, but the most difficult to excel in.

Art. 20. *Some Remarks on the Royal Navy. To which are annexed some short but interesting Reflections on a future Peace. Octavo. Price 1 s. Davis.*

Every endeavour to set our marine on a better footing, and to rectify those errors and abuses which have crept into the management of the navy, merits attention. Many of the topics handled in the pamphlet before us are trite but important. The depredations committed by our privateers on neutral ships is the first subject handled by our author. This he proposes to remedy by a scheme, which we have not room to insert, though it seems plausible.

He next proposes raising our naval stores in Ireland, and our own colonies in America. The next proposal is perhaps the most ideal and impracticable. Our author is for having  
merit

merit the only recommendation to preferment. Alas! what revolutions would such a scheme bring about. Generals would be sent to the plough-tail, never, like *Cincinnatus*, to be recalled for the protection of their country; and Admirals doomed to ply the oar between *Whitball* and *Black-Fryars*. Our author thinks it advisable that the method, which he says is practised in Holland, of obliging captains to man their own ships, be adopted in this country; but this we likewise believe impossible. He proposes some regulations with respect to the method of virtualising the navy; of sheathing the king's ships; of preventing waste of oak in the royal forests; and lastly, he is of opinion, that a reserve should be made out of the prizes taken by men of war, in order to raise a fund for the reward and encouragement of such of our seamen as shall take the enemy's ships of war, whence nothing besides laurels and broken bones is to be expected. To these proposals are annexed some reflections on a future peace, of no great weight; and a postscript, containing farther remarks on the navy, advanced probably with a view to eke out the pamphlet to the value of a shilling.

Art. 21. *An Answer to the Letter to Two Great Men.* 8vo. Price 6d. Henderson.

The letter-writer will do well to peruse this piece, which in many places is truly oracular, not to mention the shrewd reflections and profound remarks with which it abounds, such as advising to send men of *sobriety* to the congress; and not such as frequent *Autbur's* chocolate-house; and observing that the British auxiliaries in Germany have been forced to undergo hardships which none but a soldier can figure to himself, in another country. There is indeed a fund of important matters in this pamphlet, which we cannot pretend to investigate: but we wish two of the author's remarks in the last page had been omitted. Namely, his openly declaring, that a certain gentleman has obtained an ascendant over our illustrious K——; and that all his majesty's subjects ought to be united to him by a silver cord. These are insinuations from which invidious conclusions may be drawn. — Let us, if you please, talk of no other cord, but the cord of love. — It is at best, a sort of hanging metaphor.

Art. 22. *Observations on Bridge Building, &c.* 8vo. Price 1s. Townshend.

These observations seem calculated to recommend, in preference to all the rest, the plan for a new bridge, offered by Mr. Mylne, who is one of the candidates for that undertaking: Of  
a great

a great many schemes given in, it seems eleven only are now, lying before the committee appointed to determine which of them is the most meritorious. The author of this pamphlet considers these eleven plans separately, and points out their several defects. The remarks he has made upon each, are, if he is right in matter of fact, extremely just and judicious, seemingly the result of genius, study, and experience. He concludes that the plans of Mess. Barnard, Dance, Gwyn, Philips, and Ware, cannot be put in execution, on account of the great quantity of forced earth, supposed by each of them to be laid on the banks of the river. He rejects that of Mr. Chambers, for the narrowness and lowness of its arches; and Mr. Smeaton's for the lowness and weakness of the arch, as well as for the slender proportion of the piers. Mr. Mylne's is therefore preferred, as affording an easy carriage over and a free passage under the arches, with an inconsiderable quantity of forced earth on the banks. In the construction of his arch, he deviates a little from a semicircle for the conveniency of carriage; but this deviation is in point of strength amply recompenced by his manner of securing the haunches of the arches against lateral pressure, by rubble work, counter arches, &c. and his contrivance of putting cubical stones, which he calls *Joggles*, in the joints of the arch. In a word, he affirms, that Mr. Mylne's plan is superior to all the rest, in point of utility, strength, elegance, and ingenuity of construction.

Art. 23. *A genuine Letter from Claude Jaunice, a French Officer, late Prisoner of War in Ireland, to his Friend at Plymouth.* 8vo. Price 1s. Burd.

This supposed French prisoner relates the observations he had made on the theatre, the common-council, the parliament-house, the lord lieutenant's ball, and other publick assemblies in Dublin. There are some strokes of humour in the remarks; the Frenchman is not badly characterized; and the following short extract will convey an idea of the style:

'Dere is, de officere of de Gendarmes, dey call here de Milise. Dey be all veri great nuisance, when I valk a de street. Dey alway carrie in de hand, vone small cane or bamboe, swich dey call it, poisee precisely in de midle an point justely agen your eye. Dey valk on flourish de cane, vid empty hede an idle look-up, nevre mind a you till it come right in your visage. An dere is no pass by; for de blackhede link a demselves arm in arm veri lovingly. *Mon Dieu!* Vhat fashion dis? 'Tis pretty to see de handsome yong ladies valk dat vay, but fellow vid leg like de

de poste, and face like de vainscott, affect dat tendresse, *Morbleu* make a me spue; and as von blackhede vill for evre imitaté tother blackhede, as van sheep follow toder sheep, de fashion is down to de very valets. But dey tell a me dese Milife are for no service, an *parbleu* veri vell for dem! an veri vell for dey dat keep dem; for *pardie* dey vill nevre hort de enemie, vid de bam-boc, an de facy look dat terrefy de Bourgeois, onlie.

Art. 24. *Reasons for not restoring Guadaloupe at a Peace. In a Letter addressed to the Right Hon. the Earl of Halifax, First Lord Commissioner of Trade and Plantations, &c. In Answer to Certain Animadversions contained in a Letter to two Great Men. 8vo. Price 1s. Williams.*

If we may judge of this writer's zeal for the publick good by the passion into which he works himself, we shall readily assign him the first place among the few patriot spirits of the age. When the author of the *Letter to the two Great Men* hinted, 'that the possession of Guadaloupe, as an additional sugar-colony, ought not to be insisted upon so strenuously as to make it a necessary condition of peace,' he little imagined what a cluster he was bringing about his ears, and what a volley of words he had to combat in the person of our author: for, gentle reader, some men are wholly made up of words and of wind, the vehicle of sound. Our author's first argument for retaining Guadaloupe is, that we may break the fraudulent and oppressive combination of the planters to keep up the price of sugars, by importing only a certain quantity; and yet he destroys the force of this stale argument by observing, 'That notwithstanding sixty thousand hogsheds of sugar have been imported from Guadaloupe since it came into our hands, yet the price of sugar is not fallen.' He next urges the necessity of depriving the French of an island, which has ever been the nest of privateers, and the most conveniently situated for carrying on a contraband trade with our colonies: and lastly, he exhorts Lord Halifax, to whom he addresses his letter, to observe the conveniency of this island, if but for one purpose. Guess, reader, what that purpose is—Why, to serve as a watering-place to Antigua: but he forgets to add, as a grave to hundreds of the king's bravest subjects, who have fallen victims to the climate. In a word, there is not an argument in the pamphlet before us, that has not been repeated an hundred times; and this is our only quarrel with the author, as we intirely fall in with his sentiments; and are of opinion, that the unhealthiness of the island is the only weighty objection against retaining Guadaloupe, and making it a necessary condition of peace.

Art.

Art. 25. *Ministerial Usurpation displayed, &c. In an Appeal to the People.* 8vo. Price 1s. Griffiths.

This pamphlet is written by the author of one mentioned in our last Number, intituled, *Reasons why the approaching Treaty of Peace should be debated in Parliament.* That piece was answered by another writer, who has published *Remarks on the Reasons*; and this again is a Reply to those Observations. The Remarker has taken it in dudgeon, that the Reasoner should have presumed to address himself to Mr. P— only, without including in his address the noble Duke who was coupled with the Secretary in a late remarkable pamphlet; especially as he says the Commoner is *very subordinate* to the Peer, whose extensive influence and personal authority have given him the *pre-eminence* in public affairs. Our author, in the performance now before us, endeavours to refute the other's remarks; to shew the absurdity of supposing any one man prime minister of this kingdom; and the danger accruing to our constitution from the personal authority and undue influence of any administration.

The truth is, our pamphleteer is a plausible writer; but is apt to run down his subject, and tire the public with his *appendices, answers, and replies*: for, if we are not greatly mistaken in our judgment of stile and manner, we have had occasion to take notice of some new pamphlet produced by this author, almost every month since the first establishment of our Review.

Art. 26. *A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of the Distemper among Horses, with the Method of Cure; and also into Epidemics in General.* By a Physician. 8vo. Price 6d. Bristow.

The design of this pamphlet is laudable; but we cannot much commend the execution. It appears to be the production of a young writer, full of theory, which he has not digested to our satisfaction. If we rightly apprehend his meaning, which indeed is frequently doubtful, the distemper among the horses proceeds from a vitiated temperature of the atmosphere, and a certain disposition of their organs to receive the *virus*, and original cause of the disease. He sets out with a florid panegyric on this useful animal, and displays wonderful learning in a quotation of six lines, all pure Greek from Homer. The present reigning disease among horses has a great affinity, he thinks, to the glanders, with this difference, 'that in the latter the sublingual and parotid glands are much inflamed, whereas the seat of the former seems to be entirely in the sensible membrane of the nose.

After refuting some opinions advanced by Mr. Wood, author of the *Compendious Treatise on Farriery*, he proceeds to a description

tion of the symptoms and diagnostics that distinguish the present distemper from every other. These are a dulness and heaviness in the eyes, a beating and throbbing of the heart and flanks, quicker, and attended with unusual heat, a difficulty of respiration, dryness of the mouth, roughness of the tongue, continual thirst and restlessness, 'inasmuch, says our author, that he will eat little or nothing for a few days.' In a day or two, he begins to run at the nose, yet without tumefaction of the parotid and sublingual glands, as in the glanders. At first the discharge is thin and aqueous; but by warmth and proper treatment becomes every day thicker, till he is perfectly recovered. From this description, we are more inclined to accede to Mr. Wood's hypothesis, who ascribes the distemper to obstructed perspiration, than to that of our author, if he can be said to have any hypothesis, or new opinion at all.

Next follows a great deal of jargon upon the *rationale* of this distemper, which we have reason to believe is very learned, because we do not clearly understand it. Indeed our author seems to have caught the distemper he describes, if the *tumidum Guttur* be one of the symptoms, a disease common to those born like him *crasso sub aere*. But we are sorry to have said so much, as he apologizes in very modest terms for this *jeu d'esprit*.

'Our sentiments, says he, on this head, may perhaps appear too finely spun, our researches too curious, and the matter unfathomable; yet, surely an indulgence to the nicer speculations has often produced the most important discoveries. No restraints should be laid on the enterprising genius, especially, when it aims at the advancement of human knowledge, and the relief of the distressed. We therefore submit our conjectures modestly to the public judgment, and expect at least a friendly and tender treatment, as we have pronounced nothing in a dogmatical and self-applauding strain; but only advanced (as every one is entitled to do) an hypothesis. We have overthrown some opinions, started some difficulties, suggested some hints which may probably be pursued with advantage by men who are blessed with more knowledge, leisure, and penetration.'

As the proximate cause, says our author, of this disorder, is an irritation of the *membrana schneideriana*, or sensible membrane of the nose, causing an inflammation, the following indications of cure may be deduced. 1st, To abate the inflammation and fever. 2dly, To obtund the irritating cause. 3dly, To recover the tone of the debilitated parts. The two first indications are sensible; but we do not see how the third follows from any thing the writer has premised. However, as the method laid down appears rational, and may prove useful, we shall

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beg leave to make the following extract, for the benefit of those who ride on horses, and in chariots, while we on foot shall invoke the name of the Lord.

In all inflammatory cases we are first to have recourse to bleeding, as it will abate the heat and velocity of the blood, difficulty of respiration, &c. The quantity to be taken away is determinable from the strength of the horse, his pulse, and the vehemence of the symptoms. Let a strong horse lose four or five pounds. In the next place, let cooling, emolient laxative clysters be administered to promote a derivation from the head, &c. Boil two or three handfuls of bran in four quarts of water till its consumed to three; then strain and press the liquor hard off, and add oil of olive, and brown sugar, of each four ounces; this should be injected warm, and repeated at due intervals, as once every day, so as to keep his body open: or a pretty strong decoction of senna, with four ounces of sugar, if a stronger clyster should be thought necessary. If the horse be slightly affected, scalded bran may be sufficient. If the fever, heat, difficulty of breathing, &c. do not abate after bleeding and the use of the clyster, take away more blood, and repeat it occasionally, but always in proportion to his strength and age. A continual supply of thin liquors is necessary to repair the waste of lymph, and to preserve the mass in a due degree of fluidity: and these should be saponaceous, as decoctions of bran, oatmeal, or the like, given warm with four or five drachms of nitre dissolved in them; and repeated according to thirst, and other symptoms. Steams of warm water applied to the nostrils, will contribute not a little to the cure. 2dly. It would be needless to recite the particulars of all those experiments, which we have made upon the mucus of the nostrils; let it suffice that its found miscible with oily and mucilaginous substances; we therefore recommend the purest oil of olives to be injected up the nostrils, as also to be given with oxymel of squills internally, which will obtund the acrid or sharp particles, relax the vessels and defend the sensible membranes from the severity of the air. Let his diet consist of clean food, such as well shaken hay, boiled oats, or the like, given in frequent and small quantities. If the disease be violent, he should be kept warm, if moderate, gentle exercise is found beneficial; his nostrils should be kept clean, and frequently exposed to the steams of warm water: finally, when the matter becomes of a proper consistence; good diet, moderate exercise, a continued use of the oil, with the additional quantity of one sixth part of the balsam of capaiba, keeping his nostrils clean, will establish his health.



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# THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

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For the Month of *March*, 1760.

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## ARTICLE I.

*The Modern Part of an Universal History, from the earliest Account of Time. Compiled from Original Writers. By the Authors of the Antient Part. Vol. XV.*

**H**AVING finished the description and history of modern Egypt, and the African islands, the authors proceed to Abissinia, or Upper Ethiopia, the most eastern part of all Africa, proposing to continue their course southward round the Cape of Good-Hope, then northward, till they fall in with the kingdom of Benin, and the most eastern parts of the Guiney coast; after which they take in one sweep all the maritime nations, lying from east to west, between the gulph of Benin and the river Senegal, turning then to a northern direction, and describing those empires and states along the Mediterranean, till they fall in with the countries bordering on the Red Sea, where they first set out. Such is the idea we form to ourselves of their intention, though they have no where intimated it. By such a plan the reader will acquire a distinct notion of the geography; be enabled to trace the connection of customs, laws, religion, and languages among the several nations, in one regular chain; and observe how these differ in proportion to the distance of situation, and the number and variety of the intermediate kingdoms.

The authors begin the Abissinian history with a few strictures on the works they have had occasion to consult in the course of their compilation. Most of their criticisms, we believe, are just, though we can by no means assent to the character they have

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given of the very learned and elaborate Ludolphus, which they seem to have borrowed from the misrepresentations of the jesuits. They falsely accuse him of taking the greater part of his history from Portuguese authors, although, in fact, he differs from these in the most essential points, and always specifies his reasons for relying on the testimony of his Abbot Gregory, who seems to have been a sensible intelligent man, capable of shrewd remarks, untinged with those prejudices which too frequently accompany learning. What, in particular, gives a great air of credit to the relation of Ludolphus, and ought to have weighed strongly with our authors, is the striking analogy between the modern and ancient manners and language of the inhabitants, as he describes them. Another circumstance strongly in his favour, is the incredible labour he bestowed in rendering himself perfectly master of his subject, by having recourse to the fountain head, studying the language like a scholar and philosopher, and searching into the tradition of the country, the few books which remain, and every thing else that could reflect light upon the history of the Abissinians, with a diligence, capacity, and erudition, altogether astonishing. We may venture, indeed, to say, that a perfect description and history of this vast empire, can only be drawn from Ludolphus, or from means similar to those he used; we are sorry, therefore, to see an authority in a manner rejected, on which the learned writers ought to have built, as upon a corner stone, their whole superstructure. This, at least, is our opinion, and from a careful perusal of the learned Ludolphus, we should have preferred his short relation to all the prolix, but imperfect, writings of fathers Lobo, Tellez, Mendez, and all the other jesuits and missionaries, who ever actually did or pretended to have set foot in Abissinia.

In consequence of the opinion our authors entertain of Ludolphus, they have necessarily given but a very imperfect account of the Abissinian language, which is really one of the most curious parts of their history, and what some of the learned, particularly Victorius, Wemmer, Potken, Walter, and Fourmont, have bestowed great pains on. Ludolphus especially is excellent in this particular; and from his learned disquisitions we are able, in some degree, to ascend to the origin of the people, and to trace out the different nations which compose the Abissinian empire. He proves, beyond contradiction, the strong affinity it has with almost all the eastern tongues, particularly the Arabic and Hebrew, contrary to the assertion of other writers, that it is immediately derived from the Chaldee. According to him several roots and genuine primitive significations of Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac words, are preserved in the Abissinian or  
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Ethiopic language, not to be found in these or any other tongues. Thus he proves a knowledge of the Ethiopic to be necessary to a critic in the eastern tongues, and gives several examples which seem to evince the truth of his assertion.

From the variety of nations inhabiting the Upper Ethiopia, all the missionaries, and Tellez, in particular, asserts, that there are as many languages as provinces in the empire of Abissinia; yet Ludolphus makes it apparent, that these are only different dialects of the same language, many of which he traces to the original root, thro' all the different corruptions of the primitive tongue, and intermixtures of foreign languages.

Notwithstanding the affinity with the eastern languages, Ludolphus is of opinion, that the Ethiopic letters are truly primitive, the pure invention of the Axumites, or Ethiopians themselves, and more ancient than even the *Cufic* Arabic character. This assertion contradicts the opinion of Læschér, and some of the best antiquarians, who, from a comparison with the oriental alphabets, taken from coins and antique inscriptions, conclude; that at least some of the Abissinian letters are derived from the Phœnician, Syriac, Samaritan, and Assyrian characters. In one circumstance, indeed, the Ethiopic is the reverse of all the eastern languages, as it is read from the left hand to the right; and this seems to corroborate the sentiments of Ludolphus with respect to its originality. The number of letters, their shape, combination, and other particulars, strongly indicate, in his opinion, that the first author of the Ethiopic character was acquainted with the Greek, or, at least, that the Greeks borrowed some part of their alphabet from the Ethiopic; to which latter opinion we cannot assent, for a variety of reasons, besides the vast distance of the countries.

The purest dialect of the Ethiopic was spoken at Axuma, the residence of the ancient kings, and the capital of the kingdom of Tigre. At the extinction of the *Zagean* race of princes, the *Ambaric* dialect was introduced at court by the *Sewan* prince, who succeeded to the throne; and this dialect gradually diffused itself all over the empire. Still, however, the language of Tigre has a strong affinity with the ancient Ethiopic, and retains its pristine energy and dignity in their divine worship, books, and all public acts. The same Ludolphus acquaints us, that the Abissinians cultivate the liberal arts, particularly sacred poetry, their verses always ending in rhymes, if we may call these rhymes, where regard only is had to the consonants, without respect to the sound of the vowels. We could subjoin a thou-

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and other particulars from this curious and entertaining writer, entirely omitted by our authors. What we have said will sufficiently shew, with how little propriety they have characterized him, and, in some measure, compensate their deficiencies, especially as it may induce the more learned of our readers to consult the original author\*.

Before we leave this subject, to recite the contents of the volume before us, it may be proper that we observe, with how little reason some modern writers have conjectured, that the Ethiopic was framed from ancient hieroglyphic characters, which Diodorus Siculus asserts, were common in this country as well as in Egypt. The letters of an alphabet are essentially different from the characteristic marks deduced from hieroglyphics: by the one, ideas and whole conceptions are expressed in the same manner as in the Chinese characters; by the other, nothing more than sounds which convey certain ideas. 'Tis the combination of primitive letters that even constitutes this idea of sound; whereas no combination of hieroglyphics is at all necessary to convey any simple idea. How far, therefore, certain opinions, founded upon such a connection, though supported by all the learning and abilities of the Right Rev. Dr. Warburton, are to be depended on, we must submit to the judgment of our readers, who have better opportunities of pursuing such inquiries.

We come now to give the reader an account of the volume before us. Previous to the history of Abissinia, we are favoured with a curious description of a warlike neighbouring nation, called *Gallas*, of *Celtic*, or *Gallie* extraction, as our authors conjecture upon very lame authorities. Some conformity appears, however, in their religion, government, martial discipline, manners and customs; only that the rite of circumcision is practised among the *Gallas*, and that, by corresponding only with nations more savage than themselves, they have degenerated greatly from the magnanimity, generosity, and other heroic qualities of their ancestors, if we suppose them the descendants of the ancient Gauls. The reader may judge for himself from the following entertaining description.

\* With regard to religion, they are allowed to acknowledge a supreme governor of all sublunary things, whom they call *P'Oul*; but whether they mean by it the heavens, or the sun, or the Creator of them both, we are not told; but it is only said in general, that they pay no outward worship; and that in this, as well as other parts of religion, they appear to be very ill in-

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\* Vide Ludolphi Hist. Ethiop. lib. iv. ch. 1, 2.

struck and ignorant. They are also given to very strange superstitions, and have some barbarous customs amongst them ; in some of which, if they are not belied, they seem to out-do even the wild beasts, particularly in their unnatural neglect of their own children, and instead of breeding them up, and providing for them, as even the most barbarous nations are wont to do, during their tender years, leave them to wander at random, like little savages ; by which means they contract, with their robust hardiness, a natural ferocity, which being afterwards improved, by their being so early initiated into the martial trade, they become not only stout and intrepid, but to a great degree brutal and cruel. They are taught the use of the sword, and that it is an honour and happiness to live by it, as giving the best title to every thing they possess, and being the most effectual means of preserving it : they are brought up to a desire of glory and conquest, and to despise slavery and death. Their youth are not allowed to cut their hair, the doing of which dubs them men, till they have killed an enemy, or some wild beast, such as a lion, tyger, leopard, &c. after which they are permitted to poll their heads, leaving only a lock on the top, as the Japonese, and other Indian nations do ; and this inspires them with an uncommon ambition to signalize themselves by their bravery, as the most effectual means of raising themselves into esteem, and obtain the more honourable seats at their councils, festivals, &c. for the greater number of these actions a man hath performed, the higher he is raised. For this reason, they take care to save all the heads of those enemies they have killed, as trophies of the greatest value ; and whenever any contest, or doubt, arises about them, as when there is no beard upon them, and may be supposed to have belonged to a female, they have a law, which obliges the person to produce a more decisive part along with it, else they are not admitted. To prevent, therefore, all disputes, they are obliged to lay those trophies, that are gained in battle, before their proper officers, at the head of their tribes, as soon as the engagement is over : there they are publicly viewed and examined, and, if approved, are entered into the common register : after which, the owner hath liberty to carry them to his own tent, together with his share of the spoil, or plunder, which is adjudged to him according to the share he hath had in the victory : by this method, all collusion and deceit is prevented, or else discovered and punished, it being every man's concern to discourage and detect all such false pretences to merit, as well as that of their commanding officers, to inflict an adequate punishment on the delinquents.

They are no less severe in detecting and punishing their cowards and runaways. It is even a capital crime among them to give way after the onset is begun ; so that they all fight either to conquer or die, neither giving, nor asking quarter, and fall on with such vehement fury on the foe, that there is no possibility of making head against them ; and this is the reason they have gained so many signal victories over the Abissinians, though much superior in number and strength, and provided with better horses and arms than they. Whenever, therefore, the Gallas make any of their excursions into the territory of an enemy, instead of trusting to numbers, as the Abissinians and other Africans do, they commonly chuse a select number of determined youths, to the amount of 8,000, or 10,000 at the most, who, being all sworn to stand by one another to the last, fall on, and fight with such desperate intrepidity, as seldom fails of putting an enemy of twice or three times the number into a speedy disorder : and of this the great emperor Sultan Segued, who had often experienced their valour, to his own cost, was so sensible, that he was wont to say, " That the Ethiopians never could stand the first shock of the Gallas ; for which reason he always suffered them to penetrate a good way into the country, that they might have time to plunder and cool ; and at their return, when they had loaded themselves with booty, and were thinking only how to convey it home, and enjoy the prize, and their first fury much abated, he then lay in wait for them in the way, and called them to account for what they had got ; by which means, he not only recovered the booty, but sacrificed their lives to his resentment."

The Gallas, heretofore, had no cavalry among them, but have learned, since their coming into Ethiopia, to fight on horseback as well as on foot. Their horses, indeed, are mean, in comparison of those of the Abissinians ; but yet they keep their ranks so close, and engage in such good order, that an enemy seldom can stand the shock. The saddles they use are very light, plain, and easily made, and their stirrups thin and small, because they put not their feet, but only the great toe, in it ; all which they have learned of the Abissinians, who all ride, the emperor not excepted, barefoot. Their weapons are the bow and arrow, and the dart, when they fight at a distance ; at all which they are very expert, and the sword among those of high rank, and the club and pole, with one end hardened in the fire, when they come to close engagement : they likewise have the use of shields, which are commonly made of strong bull's or buffalo's hide,

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“ Their government shews itself no less of Gallic extract, than their martial discipline. They have no kings, but are divided into a great variety of tribes, (some make them amount to above sixty) each of which chuses a chief, or geneneral commander, whom they call luva, lowa, or lubo, from among themselves, every eight years, or oftener, if one dies before that time, and him they obey as their prince or sovereign. The first thing which those luvass do, after they are chosen, is to signalize themselves by some plundering incursion into the empire, at the head of a select flying army, killing and ravaging wherever they come, sparing neither quality, age, sex, or place, in order to gain to themselves and soldiers a stock of wealth and fame; so that it seems as if this unfortunate empire was their granary and magazine, where they go for a supply of all their wants. At his return from this first irruption, which they stile *dela gritte*, or general muster, because it is out of that that he picks up his select flying camp, his authority is confirmed, which reaches only to military affairs, that is, to convene the great council at proper seasons, where all civil matters are finally decided, peace or war resolved; and if the latter, he commands in chief, and distributes to the respective officers under him; their several posts and commands; and in the like manner when the war or expedition is over, assigns to each man their proper honours and rewards, according to their merit and behaviour: but if any discontent, or matter of complaint, arises, the national council hath then alone the power to confirm, alter, or abrogate his former sentence or decree; but whether to depose them for male-administration, we are not told; though that is most likely to be the case, among such a fierce and warlike people. To give our English readers some idea of the wretched state, and mock grandeur, of these octennial monarchs, we shall oblige them with the description which father Lobo gives us of one of them, and his court, and of the reception and treatment he met with there; but which, to give it no better place than it deserves, we shall subjoin in the following note \*; neither did we find the subjects much better bred; for  
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\* Being obliged, says the good father, to pay my respects to the lubo, or king, in order to discover a new way into Ethiopia, I found him with all his wives and flocks about him; the place where he received me being a hut, thatched with straw, but somewhat larger than those of his subjects. His manner of giving audience to strangers is somewhat singular: he appears seated in the midst, with all his courtiers about him, sitting

having had the complaisance to tear a white handkerchief into a good number of slips, and divided it among them to satisfy their avidity after it, they became so greedy and troublesome for more, and gathered in such tumultuous troops about him, that, to avoid their fury at his refusal, he was forced to barricade himself, and his four Portuguese companions, in his hut, and to fire a gun over their heads; the noise of which laid them all flat on the ground, and soon frightened them into a deep submission. They are nevertheless so proud, with their excessive poverty, that they neither till, sow, or plant, or gather any thing that the land produces, except, perhaps, when they snatch a cudd out of a cow's mouth to put it into their own, that being reckoned a most delicious morsel among them; so that all their spacious plains and vales only serve to afford their cattle such food as the earth naturally brings forth. They look after their cattle, drink their milk, and eat their flesh raw, which is all their food, except, perhaps, human flesh, which we are told they likewise eat; so easily are their hunger and thirst satisfied. They have not the use of bread, nor of any succedaneum to it; but when they find any in the Abissinian countries, where they make their frequent inroads, they seize greedily on it, and eat it with a good appetite, yet will not this induce them to sow any corn in their own lands: and this reason they give for it, that the Ethiopians, and other enemies, may not be tempted to invade them, and reap the benefit of their labour; for it is their constant custom, whenever they find any neighbouring states to

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ting against the wall, each with a goad, or staff, or club, in his hand, longer or shorter according to his rank; the longer, the more dignified. As soon as the stranger enters the place, all those courtiers fall foul upon him, and bastonade him, till he has regained the door, and got hold of it with his hand; upon which they return to their seats, and he is complimented, as if nothing like it had been done to him. I myself, says he, did not fare one jot better, notwithstanding the peaceable and friendly offices that had passed between us; and when I asked the meaning of so strange a ceremony, I was answered, that it was to make those that came among them sensible of the valour and bravery of their nation above all others, and how reasonable it is for them to behave submissively to it. And well might they think so, seeing they hardly know any other people, except those indigent wretches that cross over mountains and forests to traffic with them; yet, adds our author, they have such high esteem for the Portuguese, that they stile them the gods of the sea.

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pour in their troops among them, to retire into some remote parts, with all their families and cattle ; which last is all their wealth ; the carrying away of which, is carrying away all : so that the enemy, finding nothing to subsist upon, during the several days march, and the long barren tracts they have still to go over, to come at them, they must of course be obliged either to go back, or perish ; for neither the Abissinés, nor any of their neighbours, have the forecast to make a sufficient provision of food and drink for such long journies ; and, finding two such powerful enemies as hunger and thirst, in the way between them, are more effectually repulsed, than they could have been by all their weapons and brutish bravery. To this strange warlike policy it is, that they are able to secure their conquests against an enemy, in all other respects, superior to them ; and to defend themselves, without striking a blow, against them ; whilst their poverty, and the barrenness of their country, is as effectual a barrier against all invasions.

“ The Gallas are not, however, without some good qualities ; they are honest, and true to their promise, and are never known to violate an oath. Their ceremony of taking of them, is, by bringing a sheep to the place, and anointing it with butter ; after which, the persons, or if it be taken in the name of a tribe or family, the heads of it, lay their hands upon its head, and solemnly protest, that they will religiously observe every part of their engagement. The explanation they give of this ceremony is, that the sheep is, in some sense, the mother of all that swear, and the butter is an emblem of the mutual love of the mother and her children ; and, consequently, that a man ought never to violate an oath which he hath taken upon the head of his mother. They have given, likewise, some further marks of their fidelity and good disposition, both at the emperor's court, and in sundry noblemen's houses, where they had been bred up, and where they proved so tractable and docile, as not to be exceeded even by the Abissinians themselves. But that which crowns all, if not exaggerated, is, that some of them, who had been converted to Christianity by the Romish missionaries, proved as constant in maintaining it under tortures, as they had been ready to embrace it in words. To conclude this digression, if it be really one, concerning these invaders and destroyers of so many rich provinces of this once opulent and flourishing empire, and whom the good fathers last quoted believe were sent thither as a punishment for the heresy of its inhabitants, and their apostacy from the true christian faith, and what they stile the true catholic church ; we may observe, on the other hand, that Providence hath been no less kind and merciful to these



these provinces, that still continue under its monarchs, by fencing them with such prodigious lofty and rugged mountains, whose height renders them no less inaccessible to their cavalry, which is the main force of these invaders in all their expeditions, than their extreme coldness doth to their infantry: whilst, on the other side, their continual wars and feuds, one tribe and kingdom against another, as providentially prevents their uniting their whole strength against it, which if they had, they would long ago, in all probability, have made themselves masters of the whole.'

After describing the boundaries of modern Abissinia, the climate, soil, produce, &c. the authors proceed to a relation of the manners and customs of the different nations who compose this vast empire. A great part of the volume is taken up with an account of the progress of Christianity, the zeal of the missionaries in propagating the faith; the schisms in the Abissinian church; the banishment of the missionaries, and the defection of the empire from the papal supremacy, in consequence of which all Europeans are strictly prohibited from entering the frontiers, and punished with the most cruel torments and death, if they have the hardness to disobey. However pleasing this part of the work may be to religious enthusiasts, and jesuitical zealots, who read their own panegyric in a tedious detail of their mission, we could wish it had been considerably abridged, as we can discover in it but little entertainment or instruction. To this we may add our wishes, that a prolix and unnecessary enquiry into the reality of *Prester John's* kingdom, were wholly expunged: a work of so prodigious extent admits not of digressions, except where they are essentially necessary to refute vulgar opinions, and some false hypotheses of the learned.

As to the chronology, succession, and series of the Abissinian monarchs, it is extremely maimed and imperfect, every where interrupted with wide chasms, or patched up by conjecture, and a few scraps collected from records and tradition by the jesuits and Ludolphus. All the earlier period, from the days of the queen of Sheba (for so high does tradition go) to the first introduction of Christianity, about the year 1490, seems to be altogether fabulous, and the mere offspring of imagination; and even a great part of what the Portuguese relate from their own knowledge, from the time of their first settling to their expulsion out of Abissinia, requires no inconsiderable share of faith to digest. Upon the whole, there is a good deal to be condemned, but more to be praised, in this history of a vast empire,

empire, so little known by most readers, and but very imperfectly by the most inquisitive historians.

Next follows the description of Ajan, or that country extending along the southern coast of the gulph of Babel Mandel to Cape Guardafuy, on the north-side, and from that Cape, or the 12th degree of north latitude, quite to the Line, on the eastern side. The history of Ajan is followed by that of Adel, the kingdom of Magadoxo, the republick of Brava, the fabulous kingdom of Adea, erroneously inserted in the maps of some of our best geographers, and here shewn ideal, upon undeniable authorities; all the great kingdoms on the extensive coast of Zanguebar, the kingdoms of Melinda, Quiloa, or Xiloa, Mosambico, Sofala, and the great empires of Monomotapa and Monoemugi. Lastly, the volume concludes with a description of the Hottentots and their country, which, if written by a masterly hand, affords materials for a very entertaining history, as they seem to be a race of men absolutely distinct from the other parts of the human species. We shall beg leave to close the article with a few abstracts.

The Hottentots are brought into light by a decoction of milk and tobacco, which women in labour drink to facilitate the birth. Immediately the infant is rubbed over with fresh cowdung, then washed with the juice of figs, and after he is dried in the sun besmeared with grease, butter, or fat. Next he is christened by the name of some favourite beast, and taught to smooke as soon as weaned from the breast. Both sexes are tall, well made, erect, healthy, and generally of long life. Their complexion is a dingy olive, their heads large, eyes piercing, noses flatted by art, teeth white as ivory, and hair woolly and jet black. Notwithstanding an insuperable indolence and aversion for reflection and labour, they are surprisingly active, exceed in swiftness the fleetest horse, dextrous in the use of bows, slings, hassagayes, and rackam-sticks, which are all the weapons they know. Their intellects are by no means so contemptible as travellers have represented them; their integrity is incorruptible; their passion for justice laudable, and their chastity admirable; yet amidst these cardinal virtues do they practise cruelties the most barbarous and unnatural. On the birth of twin-girls, or twins of different sexes, the infant of least beauty is suffered by the kraal, or village assembled on purpose, to be buried alive, or exposed a prey to birds and beasts. In the same manner the useless, infirm, and superannuated parents are, by the consent of the kraal, left exposed in lonely huts to be devoured

voured by wild beasts, or starved with hunger, while the unnatural heir riots in filth and beastly luxury.

Male children, at the age of six or seven, undergo a very peculiar operation, to which some writers, weakly enough, ascribe their great agility. The excision of the left testicle is performed; and it is even a fundamental part of their religion, "that no man should have knowledge of a woman before he has submitted to this amputation." This practice among the Hottentots took its origin from an opinion, that a man with two testicles constantly begets twins.

Some very extraordinary customs attend the nuptial ceremony, which our authors describe in the following manner. As soon as the parties are contracted, the relations of both assemble, those of the bride receiving the relations of the bridegroom with the utmost civility.

'The oxen are killed; the whole company besmear their bodies with the fat and buchu, and the women, to appear more brilliant, daub their foreheads, cheeks, and chins, with red chalk. The nuptial ceremony approaching, the men and women squat themselves on the ground, in different circles, at a small distance from each other; the bridegroom squats himself in the center of the circle formed by the men. The *furi*, or master of religious ceremonies, who is always the *furi* of the bride's kraal, enters the circle, and advancing to, pisses on, the bridegroom, who receives with great eagerness, and rubs the urine into the furrows of the fat with which he is covered, till the *furi* returns from the woman's circle, where he performs the same ceremony over the bride, who receives the stream with equal respect. The ceremony ends with the stock of urine, and the following wishes, which are pronounced aloud by the *furi*; *May you live long and happily together; I wish you much joy; may you have a son before the end of the year; may this son prove a man of courage, and a good huntsman; may this son be a comfort to you in your old age.* An entertainment of feasting and dancing concludes this and every Hottentot solemnity; but it is remarkable that these people, the greatest lovers and admirers of music, should admit none in their marriage festivals. Polygamy is allowed; and marriages, upon satisfactory cause shewn to the kraal, may be dissolved amongst Hottentots; a man who is divorced from his wife may marry again, but a woman divorced from her husband cannot; nor can first or second cousins intermarry: relations in these degrees of consanguinity, convicted of marriage or fornication, are cudgelled to death, without any regard to wealth or power; and adultery is also punished with death.'

The

The youth converse only with women, and are instructed in the laws and customs of their ancestors, by those female repositories of their opinions and traditions. At a certain age they are introduced into the society of men, with certain ceremonies peculiar to the country. The person matriculated is previously exhorted by the speaker of the assembly, that his conduct, in word and action, be truly manly, and all conversation with his mother terminate with the date of his admittance into male society. He is then puffed upon by the orator, out of respect, and the urinary benediction rubbed into the fat and grease with which his body is bedaubed, while the same polite sage pronounces aloud, *Good fortune attend thee ; live to old age ; increase and multiply ; may thy beard grow soon.*

A Hottentot is deemed a hero after he has encountered singly and killed a lion, tyger, rhinoceros, elephant, or some other wild beast, where danger attends the combat. ' Upon his return to the kraal, he repairs to, and squats down in, his own hut, where an ancient Hottentot, deputed by the kraal, visits and compliments him in their name, at the same time giving notice of their expecting his coming to receive the honours due to his exploit. The hero rises upon the message being delivered, and attends the deputy to the middle of the kraal, where he squats down on a mat, spread for the solemnity in the center of the men, who squat round him in a circle. The deputy then advances, who pronounces certain words, and pisses upon him from head to foot. The deputy afterwards lights a pipe of tobacco, and having smoked two or three whiffs, delivers it to be smoked out in turns by the assembly, and the ashes are scattered by the deputy on the hero, who instantly rises, the whole circle rising with him, and receives the personal compliments and thanks of the kraal for the signal service rendered to his country. The ceremony finished, the hero returns to his hut, where he is three days sumptuously entertained, at the expense of the kraal, with the nicest rareties, and called out to no public action ; nor is his wife admitted till the evening of the third day, when the hero receives the lady with the greatest marks of fondness and affection ; a fat sheep is killed, and the neighbours are entertained, who congratulate the lady upon her being restored to the arms, and become a partner of her husband's glory. Every Hottentot enjoys the liberty of hunting, and pursuing his game throughout the Hottentot countries.'

Almost all the Hottentots are excellent artists, and excel in several mechanical arts ; nor are they destitute of some notion of the polite arts. Vocal and instrumental music are in great esteem

esteem among them. 'The musical instruments are the grand and lesser Gom-gom, the Potdrum, and pipe. The lesser Gom-gom is a bow made of iron or olive-wood, strung with twisted sheeps guts or sinews, with the barrel of a split quill fixed at one end, through which the string runs : the quill is put to the mouth of the performer, whose various modulations of breath direct the different notes of the Gom-gom. The grand Gom-gom is made by running the string through two holes near the brim of a cocoa-nut, prepared and sawed in the manner of a hanging-cup, with the mouth upwards. The performer on this instrument varies the sound by moving the shell nearer or farther from the quill, kept close to his mouth. There is a softness, with charms for a delicate ear, according to our author, in a concert of three or four Gom-goms, played by skilful performers ; who likewise believes the grand Gom-gom worthy of the study of the most judicious European musician. The pipe is an instrument played upon by the chiefs in time of battle. The Potdrum, resembling a Roman urn, is covered on the top with a smooth dressed sheep-skin, tightly braced on with sinews and sheeps guts, like a kettle-drum. This instrument is peculiar to the ladies, who, with their fingers, play but one tune upon it of a few notes.

'The vocal music consists of the monosyllable *be*, sung by both sexes, on religious ceremonies, in concert with the Gom-goms.

'On the making of Sam-sam, or peace, and other public rejoicings, the inhabitants of a kraal dance in turns ; and when all have danced, the ceremony breaks up. The men and women dance in couples together, two couples at a time ; they begin face to face, at the distance of ten paces from each other, sometimes meeting, and at others back to back, and never take hold of each other's hands. Every dance takes up an hour : both sexes are surprisngly active, cutting clean and high capers. During the dance the women keep their heads in their bosoms in a manner, and their eyes fixed on the ground.'

'The great secrecy with which Hottentots conceal their religious opinions and ceremonies from Europeans, and the many superficial and contradictory accounts, published before the histories of Saar, Tachart, and Kolben, rendered their faith uncertain, who acknowledge and firmly believe that there is a God, Almighty, whom they call Gounja-Gounja, or Gounja-Tinquoa, or God of gods, the Governor of the world, endued with unsearchable attributes and perfections, who made heaven and earth, the sun, and every thing in them ; who dwelling far above the moon, causes thunder and rain, and provides food for bodily sustenance, and skins of beasts for apparel.

'Notwithstanding

Notwithstanding this profession and belief of the most intelligent Hottentots, who celebrate every signal event of life with previous offerings and solemnities, there is no festival or institution of worship amongst them, directly regarding the true God.

The moon, named Gounja, an inferior and visible god, the subject and representative of the High and Invisible, is constantly adored and invoked at the full and change. Milk and flesh are offered to this deity, and the whole night is spent in alternate prostrations, dancing, singing, and loud exclamations of *Musfoke Arze*, or I salute you, you are welcome; and *Choraqua Kaka choriounqua*, or grant us fodder enough for our cattle, and milk in abundance.

They adore likewise, and honour with the highest veneration, a small winged insect, with two horns upon the head, peculiar to Hottentot countries, with a green back and belly, speckled with red and white. Upon the arrival of this winged animal, or benign deity, regarded as the lord of the universe, the whole kraal is covered with buchu, two fat sheep are killed in thanksgiving, and the inhabitants, believing all past offences purged, and buried in oblivion, resolve, as a new people, on a reform of life; who believing the immortality of the soul, tho' strangers to a preparation for death, in a spiritual sense, offer prayers and praises to good persons deceased; leaving, in the removal of kraals, for the quiet of departed spirits, their huts standing, and their furniture and apparel untouched, in the persuasion of their return to the places where they died, and that they are never troublesome to the kraal unless their property is stolen or carried off.

The person of either sex, on whom this insect accidentally falls, is ever afterwards distinguished and respected as sacred, and a favourite of this deity: the neighbours glory, and proclaim the honour done to the kraal; the fattest ox is killed, as a thanksgiving offering; and the favourite, to whom the entrails are presented, is obliged to wear about his neck the caul, twisted like a rope, and powdered with buchu, till it rots off, and to anoint his body with the fat only of that ox till consumed.

These people, who perpetuate a religious veneration of their sacred and renowned companions, by consecrating woods, mountains, fields, and rivers, to their memory, who stop, and, veiling their heads, contemplate, in these places, the virtues, and implore for themselves and cattle the protection of departed spirits, worship an evil deity, the father of mischief, called *Touquon*, an inferior and crabbed captain, in their opinion, mis-

chievously restless in regard to Hottentots, the source of plagues, and author of witchcraft, arbitrary in declaring offences; and, on that account, honoured of Hottentots, who, in continual apprehension of his designs, yet ignorant of having offended, sacrifice a fat ox or sheep, believing him appeased and reconciled, when they have regaled themselves with the flesh, and anointed their bodies with the fat of the sheep or slain ox.

‘ Another custom of sprinkling their bodies with sea or river water, when they intend to pass or enter either, is punctually observed and performed, with great sedateness and composure of mind, by Hottentots, who have adapted, since the arrival of the Dutch, and appropriated the term *Andersmaken*, or alter for the better, to all religious ceremonies and acts; and the Dutch word *Andersmaken*, is the only answer given by Hottentots to European enquirers into the origin and sense of their institutions; who, wrapped in sullen silence, and deaf to reason on the important point of religion, remain the most obstinate, prejudiced, and infatuated people, knowing but little of God, and having less inclination to serve him; who, the most sensible amongst them say, cursed their first parents, who had grievously sinned and offended, and all their posterity, with hardness of heart; who, according to another tradition which prevails, and is carefully preserved throughout the different nations, were sent by God himself, and came into their country through a window; that the man’s name was Nôh, and the woman’s Hingnôh, who taught their descendants to do many things, and keep cattle.

‘ Relations and friends surround the dying Hottentots, clapping their hands, crying, screaming, and roaring in a hideous manner. The corpse of the deceased is immediately wrapped in a krosse, and, within six hours, buried in a hole, made by a wild beast, in the ground, or in a cleft of a rock. The men and women of the kraal assemble, and squat in different circles, crying out and repeating, Bo, Bo, Bo, or father, in a mournful strain. When the corpse is brought out thro’ the side of the hut, which is always uncovered in funeral solemnities, the captain of the kraal, or the relations, name the bearers, who carry the deceased in their arms, and both circles rising, the men and the women, making grimaces, clapping hands, distorting their bodies, and incessantly repeating Bo, Bo, Bo, march in two bodies, and attend the corpse to the grave; which is immediately filled up, after the corpse is laid down, with the mould of ant-hills, stones, and pieces of wood.

‘ The grave being filled, the company returns to the kraal, and again squat down; both circles renew, and again cry out  
Bo,

Bo, Bo, Bo, Bororo Rhodo Atsicha, frequently calling the deceased by his name, and an hour is consumed in alternate startings, grimaces, distorted postures, and clapping of hands. Silence proclaimed, two ancients, friends to the deceased, piss upon the company, who receive the urine with great veneration. The ancients afterwards enter the hut by the door, and, each taking a handful of ashes, return by the passage opened for the corpse, and strew it upon the company, which are held in great esteem. After this ceremony, the circle rises and retire,

• In funerals of persons of rank or esteem in the kraal, the lamentations continue seven or eight days. The Hottentots piss by way of ceremony, and scatter ashes, to remind the company of their future state; who, without distinction of age or wealth, must all be reduced to dust and ashes.

• The cauls of sheep, killed at Andermakens, and powdered with buchu, are worn as mourning, by the heirs and relations of rich Hottentots, till they rot off, however offensive; and the poor mourn their deceased friends by shaving part of their heads, which they cover with buchu.

The whole concludes with a relation of the war which the Dutch carried on with this barbarous people; an account of the produce of the country, and the improvements introduced by the Hollanders, which will ever remain a monument of the industry, perseverance, and wealth of this wise and commercial republic. In a word, though we cannot praise the execution in point of style, and neatness of composition; yet we will venture to assure the reader, that he will not be disappointed in a rich fund of curious entertainment, in the perusal of this volume.

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ART. II. *Essays read to a Literary Society; at their Weekly Meetings, within the College, at Glasgow.* I. *On the Influence of Philosophy upon the Fine Arts.* II. *On the Composition of the Picture described in the Dialogue of Cebes.* III. *On Historical Composition.* 8vo. Price 2s.

**T**O write well, something more than learning, and even taste and sentiment, is wanting. The happy art of expressing one's self with facility and elegance, is born with the writer, and the gift of heaven as much as genius: it is improved, but not attained by habit; it often accompanies, but is not essential to genius; it cannot soar to its highest pitch, but it may exist with a slender proportion of fancy, invention, and

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erudition. Like a graceful air of the body, it heightens every other quality, conceals trivial defects, bespeaks regard and applause, implies a variety of talents, and yet is, in fact, but a single talent, which we vainly sweat and toil, and study, to acquire. Swift had it from nature, when he chose to follow nature; and he is, perhaps, the single author in our language who is easy, manly, and copious, without labour. Sir William Temple is easy, but redundant; Addison elegant, but he wants nerves; Pope was chaste, but prudishly formal; and Johnson has dignity, but it is the artificial dignity of an actor, and not that natural importance which accompanies majesty. Dryden's prose too has its admirers, but we are not of the number; it is, in our opinion, a species of loquacity, that often sinks into meanneſs and vulgarity. The least transposition of a syllable gives an awkward stiffness; and even the pointing, which is deemed arbitrary, offends both the ear and the eye, if done injudiciously. To describe such a writer as we mean, requires the masterly hand we would paint; but to discover whether an author possesses the talent, we need only consult our feelings, without applying to the rules of pedants. The instance before us will, perhaps, set our remarks in a stronger light.

Mr. Moor, the author of these pretty essays, must be allowed to possess whatever study and application can impart: learning, judgment, and genius, combine to render his little work useful; but the life of composition, the happy facility of writing, is wanting to render it agreeable. We are hurt with seeing a man over-desirous to please; and what we daily observe in life, we may remark in writing, that they succeed least who strive the most to gain our applause. Our essayist has here proved himself a good critic, a reader of taste, a connoisseur in painting, and a just admirer of the ancients, but he has not imitated their simplicity. He labours to express his sentiments; he catches the adventitious ornaments of good writing; favours of the lamp, and writes as if he had begun composition at an advanced period of life. His idiom is often that of the ancient languages; his metaphors strained; his periods harsh, dismembered by the pointing, and lamely connected with each other: *'but, tho' we yield, somewhat unwilling, at first; as the Romans did, sometimes of old, yet, like them, too, we cannot, but, at length, acknowledge our own mistakes, and prejudice; and acquiesce in his impartial judgment; convinced, that, he is, then, acting, truly, for the greatest publick good.'*—*'But, as for Lucian, he cannot be, in earnest, here. he was not of that cast of amorous complexion. his compliments are counterfeited; and he must, needs, be sneering; to which, indeed, he is, a little, wickedly, given; and that not seldom; and'*  
Cebes,

*Cebes, here, deserved the sharpest ridicule. he is without excuse. for, at the time he wrote, true composition was well understood, among the painters; and, practised, in perfection.* Is there not something here that offends us? And yet we did not select the passages; similar ones occur in every page.

In the first essay, on the Influence of philosophy upon the fine arts, Mr. Moor has advanced nothing new; and, it seems only an introduction to his beautiful explication of that inestimable remnant of the Socratic philosophy, the *Table of Cebes*, which forms the subject of the second essay. We must acknowledge, that we have not seen a finer piece of criticism than this: Our author has entered perfectly into the intention of the philosopher: he has sketched out the whole draught of the *table*, according to the justest rules of perspective: he has made the nicest distinctions between the *narration* and the *painting*; cleared up all those parts which were deemed obscurities and improprieties; and rescued the character of Cebes out of the hands of bungling critics, with a masterly address that does credit to his taste and genius.

After describing the first and second inclosures of the *table*, and distinguishing the actual painting from the narration, Mr. Moor proceeds with the following critical reflections, which will afford a specimen of his manner, and, at the same time, confirm the judgment we have given of his abilities:

‘Let us, (says he) make a short stop, here; to reflect, a little, how finely Cebes has diversified his picture; with, almost, all the possible variety of landscape! with hill, and dale; rock, and precipice; a wild, a meadow, and a wood; all interspersed, at proper distances, with rural architecture of the several gates, doors, and, inclosures. while, again, the most elegant part of all, the third inclosure, in the meadow, is adorned, as we shall see, with a lofty dome, and, a magnificent court: then, the bright light, diffused all over the meadow, will give the painter opportunity to display his genius, exhaust his art, and employ every tint of his pencil; in expressing all the beauties of variegated colours; all the gradations of light and shadow; through the grove, behind; which bounds the whole of the picture, to the upper or farther end; and terminates the prospect, in a manner the most delightful to the eye.

‘The introduction of this light, so advantageous to the painter, is, at the same time, with perfect propriety to the moral; as was the shade, before, in the PLACE OF PUNISHMENT; light and darkness being the known emblems of happiness and misery. Virgil has, also, given the same peculiar light to his

elysium of the blessed ; the description of which, in several other parts, is the same, indeed, as this of Cebes. a staunch eritic would not scruple to pronounce them direct imitations ; and, knowing that Virgil was an admirer of the Socratic philosophy, would immediately, conclude, from them, that he had been particularly fond of Cebes ; and, probably, add ; that the poet, even, carried this fondness so far as to give the name of Cebes to a favourite youth. this inference would, indeed, be sanguine ; tho' the fact is true ; at least reported so, by Donatus and Servius.—

*Virgilius, inter omnes, maxime dilexit Cebetem—puerum.* But, there are, however, in Virgil, just as in Cebes ; the ascent of the hill ; the plain easy road, from thence ; the green meadow ; the grove ; the remarkable light ; the garland, which crowns the happy ; and, the chorus, with a chief or Coryphaeus ; (these last we shall see in Cebes presently.) in Virgil they are thus. first, the ascent of the hill, and the road, thence ; in these lines.

‘ HOC SUPERATE JUGUM, ET FACILI JAM TRA-  
 ‘ MITE SISTAM.  
 —‘ CAMPOSQUE NITENTES  
 ‘ DESUPER OSTENTAT.

The green meadow, and the grove ;

—‘ AMOENA VIRETA  
 ‘ FORTUNATORUM NEMORUM.

The light ;

‘ LARGIOR, HIC, CAMPOS, AETHER, ET LUMINE  
 ‘ VESTIT  
 ‘ PURPUREO ; SOLEMQUE SUUM, SUA SIDERA  
 ‘ NORUNT.

The garland of the happy ;

‘ OMNIBUS HIS NIVEA CINGUNTUR TEMPORA  
 ‘ VITTA.

The chorus ;

‘ —LAETUMQUE CHORO PAEANA CANENTES.

Their chief, or Coryphaeus ;

‘ MUSAEUM, ANTE OMNES ; MEDIUM NAM PLU-  
 ‘ RIMA TURBA  
 ‘ HUNC HABET, ATQUE HUMERIS EXTANTEM  
 ‘ SUSPICIT ALTIS.’

‘ But,

‘But, of this peculiar light, Cebes makes, yet a farther, and an admirable, advantage; with a true master-taste, in painting. for, the figures, yet remaining to be painted, are the finest, and, most interesting of all; but, necessarily, the farthest distant from the eye; and, from that circumstance, must have appeared, according to the laws of perspective, dim, faint, and indistinct! both, in lineament, and colour; had the chief light been any where else. whereas, by falling, here, among them, in one great mass; the painter finds, with pleasure, that, without deviating from any rule, he is, now, at full liberty, to display the whole power of painting, in these his principal figures; and, give them, all the grace and dignity, in feature, lineament, and air; and, every charm of beautiful expression; that, colouring, or, drawing, can bestow. here, then, he will exert his genius, to the utmost; and put in practice all the wonders of his art; to prove himself a master worthy to be employed by Cebes; for whose fine taste, he will, by this time, I imagine, be full of esteem and veneration.’

We could wish that the ingenious author had bestowed some time in removing those interpolations of which he complains, and restoring the genuine text and meaning of Cebes.

‘This little dialogue (he observes) is botched, in some other places, by the same vile hands; and has met with the same treatment as many of the best old books now left; when, in a barbarous age, those reptiles were allowed to crawl, at will, through many of the finest monuments of antiquity; and, like true vermin, have never failed to leave gross marks of their foul track, behind them; which are, now, like other dirt, so hardened, by length of time, that, it is, oft-times difficult, sometimes impossible, to take it off, without endangering the original materials.’

We are, however, of opinion, that the original can never fall into hands that will more delicately chip off the adhering rubbish than his own, restore the original symmetry and polish, and supply the deficiencies and chafins which time may have occasioned in this valuable piece of antiquity.

The third essay treats of historical composition, or the just harmony and arrangement of the materials, which Mr. Moor justly calls the chief and most difficult province of an historian: but he leaves it unfinished, and advances nothing upon the subject, which can, in the least, benefit the reader. His criticisms, indeed, on Polybius and Livy, are just; his extracts from Dionysius of Halicarnassus are pertinent and well translated; but we

can, by no means, subscribe to the praises he bestows on Herodotus, in point of composition, and the just disposition of his materials. We are persuaded that a general Modern History, composed in his manner, would afford little satisfaction.

— *isti tabulæ fere librum*  
*Per similem, cuius, velut ægri somnia, vanae*  
*Finguntur species.* —

ART. III. *Principles of Equity.* fol. Pr. 16s. Millar.

IT is with real satisfaction we behold the rapid progress our neighbours of North-Britain are making, to the highest pinnacle of glory, in arms and in letters. It encreases our satisfaction, when we perceive that their generous efforts excite no mean jealousies, no narrow prejudices to damp the rising spirit of loyalty and learning; and that these very persons, who once denied them every kind of merit, are now the foremost in twining garlands of ivy and laurel to adorn their temples. Long may this harmony, arising from congenial sentiments, continue! May all the future rivalry between Englishmen and Scotchmen be, which shall most promote the welfare of their country, and the honour of their king! May every party-distinction be forgot, and all unite in the glorious endeavour of transmitting to posterity this reign as the most complete in valour, in learning, in patriotism, and in every public and private virtue, of any other in the annals of Great Britain! Be it, in the mean time, our care to avoid all national attachments, to pay to each the just tribute of his merit, not to be dazzled by a name, or misled by false colours, but critically to review every sentiment which may tend to the prejudice or the perfection of this great end, at least as far as our own ability, and the imbecility of human nature will admit.

There could not be an undertaking of more general utility, than the object of the ingenious volume before us. To reduce the crabbed intricacies of the law to the level of common understandings, and unveil the hidden mysteries of this deity to the view of the studious in general, is a work equally new in the design, and difficult in the execution. Men have long sought in vain to see the precise limits of law and equity ascertained, and the defects, nay, the injustice of the latter corrected by the former; but our author gives it as his opinion that time only, and the extension of a court of equity, can determine these boundaries, in a country like this, where equity and common law

law are appropriated to different courts. He begins the work with an introduction, which presents the reader with an historical view of our high court of equity, and enters upon this subject with a reflection, to the truth of which we cannot subscribe. 'Equity, says he, scarce known to our forefathers, makes, at present, a great figure. Like a plant, gradually tending to maturity, it has for ages been encreasing in bulk, slowly, indeed, but constantly.' If by our forefathers he intends the Saxons, we will venture to affirm, that his assertion is without foundation, and contrary to historical truth. No people on earth were more free than the Saxons; and to enjoy the blessings of liberty, where all is circumscribed within the narrow limits of municipal law, is a thing impracticable. Besides, we find that the boundaries of equity extend themselves in proportion to the scanty limits of the common and statute law; and that in a country of liberty, where express laws are not multiplied, it will be necessary to throw the whole weight of social regulation upon courts of justice, conscience, and equity. To have rendered the remark just, our author ought, therefore, to have shewn at what period the common law began to absorb the rights of the courts of equity; and again, when civil connections became too numerous and intricate, to be included within express statutes and precedents; when many duties sprang from a growing delicacy of sentiment, and refinement in morals, which could only be directed by a court of equity, nay more, by private conscience.

The introduction is finely wrote, the language simple, clear, and nervous; the thoughts refined and manly, and aptly illustrated by cases stated with great perspicuity. Our author appears to be perfectly conversant with the civil law, the statute law of England, the prerogatives of our great court of equity, and the just mixture of common law and equity, which constitutes the law of Scotland. It were impossible to give a just idea of a work so extended, and a design so complex, in the compass of a Review; but the following extract may serve as a specimen of the learned author's style, and it will probably be agreeable to the reader to peruse the sentiments of so able a judge upon a subject long controverted.

'What is now said suggests a question not less intricate than important, viz. Whether common law and equity ought to be committed to the same or to different courts. The profound Bacon gives his opinion in the following words: "Apud non-nullos receptum est, ut jurisdictio, quæ decernit secundum æquum & bonum, atque illa, altera, quæ procedit secundum jus strictum, iisdem curiis deputentur: apud alios autem, ut diver-

*sis : omnia placet curiarum separatio. Neque enim servabitur distinctio casuum, si fiat commixtio jurisdictionum : sed arbitrium legem tandem trahet.* "Of all questions, those which concern the constitution of a state and its police, being the most involved in circumstances, are, for that reason, the most difficult to be brought under precise principles. I pretend not to deliver any opinion on this point; and feeling in myself a bias against the great authority mentioned, I scarce venture to form an opinion. It may be not improper, however, to hazard a few observations preparatory to a more accurate discussion. I am thoroughly sensible of the weight of the argument used in the foregoing citation. In the science of jurisprudence it is undoubtedly of great importance, that the boundary betwixt equity and common law be clearly ascertained; without which we shall in vain hope for just decisions. A judge uncertain about the preliminary point, viz. whether the case belong to equity or common law, cannot have a clear conception what sentence ought to be pronounced: but a court that judges of both, being relieved from determining the preliminary point, will be apt to lose sight altogether of the distinction betwixt common law and equity. On the other hand, may it not be urged, that the dividing among different courts things intimately connected, bears hard upon every man who has a claim to prosecute. Before bringing his action he must at his peril determine an extreme nice point, viz. whether the case be governed by common law or by equity. An error in this preliminary point, though not fatal to the cause, because a remedy is provided, is however productive of much trouble and expence. Nor is the most profound knowledge of law sufficient always to prevent this evil; because it cannot always be foreseen what plea will be put in for the defendant, whether a plea in equity or at common law. In the next place, to us in Scotland it appears in some degree absurd, to find a court so constituted, that in many cases an iniquitous judgment must be the result. This not only happens frequently with respect to covenants, as above-mentioned, but will always happen where a claim founded on common law, which must be brought before a court of common law, is opposed by an equitable defence which cannot be regarded by such a court. Weighing these different arguments with some attention, the preponderancy seems to be on the side of an united jurisdiction. I give my reason. The full inconvenience of an united jurisdiction, viz. that it tends to blend common law with equity, may admit a remedy by an institute distinguishing with accuracy their boundaries: but the inconvenience of a divided jurisdiction admits not any effectual remedy. These hints, at the same time, are suggested with the greatest diffidence; for I cannot be ignorant of the bias that naturally is produced by custom and established practice. In

\* In Scotland, as well as in other civilized countries, the king's council was originally the only court that had power to remedy defects, or redress injustice in common law. To this extraordinary power the court of session naturally succeeded, as being the supreme court in civil matters. For in every well regulated society, this power must be trusted with some one court, and with none more properly than with that which is supreme. It may at first sight appear surprising, that no mention is made of this extraordinary power in any of the regulations concerning the court of session. Probably the thing was not intended nor thought of. The necessity however of such a power, brought it in time to an establishment. That the court itself had at first no notion of being possessed of this privilege, is evident from the act of sederunt, 27th November 1592, declaring, "That in time coming they will judge and decide upon clauses irritant contained in contracts, tacks, infestments, bonds, and obligations, precisely according to the words and meaning of the same;" which in effect was declaring themselves a court of common law, not of equity. But the mistake was soon discovered. The act of sederunt wore out of use; and now for more than a century, the court of session hath acted as a court of equity as well as of common law. Nor is it rare to find powers evolved in practice, which were not in view at the institution of a court. When the Roman Pretor was created to be the supreme judge in place of the Consuls, there is no appearance that any instructions were given him concerning matters of equity. And even as to the English court of chancery, though originally a court of equity, there was not at first the least notion entertained of that extensive jurisdiction to which in later times it hath justly arrived.

He concludes his sensible introduction with this modest and elegant apology, which, without any praises from us, will sufficiently recommend the work to all lovers of the most important philosophy, made subservient to the use and convenience of mankind.

\* The author having thus given a general view of his subject, shall finish with explaining his motive for appearing in public. Practising lawyers, to whom the subject must already be familiar, require no instruction. This treatise is dedicated to the studious in general, such who are fond to improve their minds by every exercise of the rational faculties. Writers upon law are too much confined in their views. Their works, calculated for lawyers only, are involved in a cloud of hard words and terms of art, a language perfectly unknown except to those of the profession.



session. Thus it happens that the knowledge of law, like the hidden mysteries of some ancient deity, is confined to its votaries; as if all others were in duty bound to blind and implicit submission. But such superstition, whatever unhappy progress it may have made in religion, never can prevail in law. Men who have life or fortune at stake, take the liberty to think for themselves; and are not less ready to accuse judges for legal oppression, than others for private violence or wrong. Ignorance of law hath in this respect a most unhappy effect. We all regard with partiality our own interest; and it requires knowledge not less than candour, to resist the thought of being treated unjustly when a court pronounces against us. Thus peevishness and discontent arise, and are vented against the judges of the land. This in a free government is a dangerous and infectious spirit, for a remedy to which we cannot be too solicitous. Knowledge of those rational principles upon which law is founded I venture to suggest, as a remedy not less efficacious than palatable. Were such knowledge universally spread, judges who adhere to rational principles, and who, with superior understanding, can reconcile law to common sense, would be revered by the whole society. The fame of their integrity, supported by men of parts and reading; would descend to the lowest of the people, a thing devoutly to be wished! Nothing tends more to sweeten the temper, than a conviction of impartiality in judges; by which we hold ourselves secure against every insult or wrong. By this means, peace and concord in society are promoted, and individuals are finely disciplined to submit with equal deference to all other acts of legal authority. Integrity is not the only duty required in a judge: to behave so as to make every one rely upon his integrity, is a duty not less essential. Deeply impressed with these notions, the author dedicates his work to every lover of science; and hath endeavoured to explain his subject in a manner that requires in the reader no peculiar knowledge of municipal law. In that view he hath avoided terms of art; not indeed with a scrupulous nicety, which might look like affectation; but so, he hopes, as that with the help of a law-dictionary, what he says may easily be apprehended.

In the general division of the work, the first book treats of the powers of a court of equity, founded on the principle of justice; the second, of the powers of the same court; founded on the principle of utility; and in the third book we find an application of the equitable powers on variety of important subjects.

After all, though we have perused this learned work with abundance of care and satisfaction, we must acknowledge ourselves

selves no sufficient judges of its merit. However, to the best of our judgment we venture to recommend it, as one of the most matterly performances, in point of stile and matter, that has ever appeared upon the subject. As to the former, it is certainly infinitely superior to Grotius and Puffendorf; and the learned may, perhaps, assign it a place with them with respect to the latter, though, in general, the subject is more confined and local.

ART. IV. *A Treatise on the Art of Midwifery. Setting forth various Abuses therein, especially as to the Practice with Instruments: the Whole serving to put all rational Inquirers in a fair Way of very safely forming their own Judgment upon the Question; which it is best to employ, in Cases of Pregnancy and Lying-in, a Man-Midwife, or, a Midwife. By Mrs. Elizabeth Nihell, professed Midwife. 8vo. Pr. 6s. Morley.*

**I**F a pun may be allowed in discussing a ludicrous subject, we would advise Mrs. Nihell to take, for a motto, in the next edition of this work, should it ever attain a reimpression:

*Ex nihilo nihil fit!*

In the dedication and preface of this curious performance, there is nothing very extraordinary but a few preliminary flashes of that explosion against men-midwives, which makes such a dreadful noise through the whole body of the work, and the author's declaration, that her husband is, unhappily for her, an apothecary: for our parts, we cannot conceive a more natural conjunction than that of an apothecary and a midwife, who, should they club their understandings in order to entertain the public, will hardly ever fail of producing a fine gossiping performance, like that which now lies before us. We must own, however, we have seldom known so much *crepitation* in a nurse's lecture, except when she had made too free with the caudle, and mixed some extraneous ingredients in the composition for the expulsion of wind. As we cannot, in charity, suppose this was the case with Mrs. Nihell, or her husband, we cannot help conjecturing, that this good gentlewoman has employed some erucationary disciple of Paracelsus Bombast, to inflate her stile, and *bouncify* her expressions. Thus have we seen a noisy drum precede the silent prize-fighter, who parades on horseback in his white shirt with ribbons bound, brandishing his naked back-sword as a cartel of defiance to the whole universe, displaying a patched head and seamed countenance, as undoubted proofs of his prowess: or, which is perhaps more to the purpose, thus have

have we seen the embroidered mountebank produced on high-erected stage, where he stands patiently to hear his eulogium pronounced by his own subaltern, whom he has hired in the double capacity of orator and merry-andrew. "Gentlemen and ladies (cries he to the surrounding mob) be pleased to cast your eyes on this phoenix of physic; this mirror of science! this profundity of erudition! this miraculous, immaculate, unconceivable and unborn doctor, who has travelled through the deserts of Barca, the snows of Muscovy, and studied twelve years, without once opening his mouth, in the famous university of Lapland; who has cured the great Prester John, cham of Tartary, of a venereal tetter, and delivered the empress of Æthiopia of a living monster, without either knives, saws, scythes, crotchets, or hatchets. Were I to enumerate all the stupendous cures he hath performed; were I but to expatiate upon the virtues, the energy, the supernatural efficacy of this little plaister, gentlemen and ladies, please to take notice,—This here specific plaister, (sold for Three-pence) is not, like the plaisters of those fellows who call themselves regulars, composed of Burgundy pitch and t——: no, gentlemen and ladies, it is composed of choice balsams, gums, and essences, extracted from the aromatic productions of Arabia-felix:—in a word, gentlemen and ladies, were I to recount all the qualities of this little Three-penny plaister, I should talk from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof, and not speak half its praise."

But before we proceed farther in the investigation of this piece, let us premise a doubt which hath this instant struck our imagination. Is not this what the Greeks called *Σκιάμαχος*, fighting a shadow. Perhaps there is no such person as Mrs. Nihell, and this name is assumed as an emblem of the non-entity. Every body knows that *nihil* signifies *nothing*; and any body may soon see that this treatise is *nothing* to the purpose. Many people remember to have seen and heard the celebrated Pinkethman speak a prologue, in the character of *No-body* on the back of an ass. Now, why may not this treatise on midwifery be a *hum* in the character of *No-thing*, brayed through the organs of the same animal? If taken in this sense, it may pass for a tolerable pun; and let me tell you, puns are authorized (no offence to the spirit of John Dennis) both by Homer and Horace. On the other hand, if we attempt to understand this treatise seriously, we must reject it by the lump, as the incoherent effusion of a lunatic, not lucid. Would any person not insane, bring together such groupés of circumstances as we find marked in the contents? "Egyptians not so simple as Dr. Smellie pretends.—Manual operation, a science fitted for the men.—Instruments, their use peculiar

peculiar to the men.—Dr. Smellie's doll-machine.—Ignorance of the women.—Story of a woman's child killed with a crotchet.—*This story had been still more remarkable, if the child had not been a woman's child.*—Story of a dentist.—A man-midwife's toilette.—Story of a child horribly murdered.—*Pudendist*, a name in the stile of oculist or dentist, more proper for a male-practitioner of midwifery than *Accoucheur*.?—*Prob! Pudor, could such a remark drop from the pen of a real woman? Would a grave matron have thrown out such a ludicrous hint of gross obscenity? The oculist takes his name from the eye, the dentist his from the teeth, and, consequently, the man-midwife ought to derive his from the ———. Fie, for shame! a woman, that is a sober woman, could never have talked in this manner; indeed, we know not which most to admire, the indecency or ignorance of the insinuator. The oculist undertakes to cure disorders of the eye; the dentist, to remedy the defects and distempers of the teeth: but, surely, the business of a man-midwife is not to cure maladies incident to the pudenda; therefore the appellation would be absurd. —But to return to our table of contents.—*\* Triumph of a man-midwife.—Why young practitioners should conceal their instruments.—Prevalence of the fashion.—Story of a woman ashamed of having been lain by a midwife.—Inoculation justified.—The greatest lady of Britain no example in favour of accoucheurs.—Dr. Smellie's commandment to his pupils against immodesty.—No stréis laid on the rabbit-woman of Godalmin.—Attitude indecent, and to no end or purpose.—A stone of more virtue than a man-midwife, &c. &c.'

The reader can hardly expect, that we should enter into a minute detail, or formal refutation, of an extravagant fustian rhapsody, without science, method, or meaning, poured forth in order to defame the male-practitioners in the art of midwifery; all of whom, without exception, are here abused as avaritious, interested miscreants, mongrels, false, indecent, cruel, barbarous, bloody, butcherly, ignorant, and by nature absolutely incapable of performing an office, which the God of nature intended for the female sex. An office, from which mankind are so wholly excluded, that rather than Adam should pretend to deliver his wife Eve, this good author supposes, that God infused in her knowledge sufficient of the manner of delivering herself. As a farther proof of their being excluded from this practice, we are referred to a certain chapter in Exodus, in which it is related, that Pharaoh said to the midwives, "When ye do the office of midwife to the Hebrew women, and set them upon the stools, if it be a son, then ye shall kill him; but if it be a daughter, she shall live." 'Why, cries our author, did not Pharaoh give the same order to the men-midwives, if there had been  
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any such employed?' This is, to be sure, an irrefragable proof that there were no men-midwives in those days among the Egyptians, who excelled all the world in arts and sciences:—and, she might have added, were so religious as to worship dogs and cats, and calves, leeks, and onions.

We might have allowed this treatise to pass without any other lash than that of ridicule, had simple ignorance been its sole demerit: but there is such a mixture of presumption and malice incorporated with the whole, that it requires a more severe chastisement. First, then, with respect to candour, this honest woman who talks so much of tenderness, delicacy, and decency, sets up her throat, and, with the fluency of a fish-woman, exclaims against the whole body of male-practitioners, as ruffians who never let slip the smallest opportunity of tearing and massacring their patients with iron and steel instruments. This assertion is so contrary to truth, that no man-midwife of any reputation ever advised instruments except in the last extremity.—She affirms, that a man-midwife is neither physician, surgeon, nor apothecary, but an ignorant fellow, often a bungling mechanic, who pays a few pieces for attending a course of lectures, and then sets up for a complete accoucheur, with his bag of hardware at his back. It is almost superfluous to contradict such a palpable falsehood: The male-practitioners of midwifery are all regularly bred physicians, surgeons, or apothecaries, who have studied this art, together with other branches of medicine: the difference then between the male-practitioner who has attended lectures, and the female who has not, is this; the first understands the animal œconomy, the structure of the human body, the cure of distempers, the art of surgery, together with the theory and practice of midwifery, learned from the observations of an experienced artist, and the advantage of repeated delivery: the last is totally ignorant of every thing but what she may have heard from an ignorant nurse or midwife, or seen at the few labours she has attended. She insinuates that the modesty of a woman is violated, and her person shamefully exposed by male-practitioners. The chaste and most delicate matrons of this great metropolis will give the lie to this imputation, and declare upon their own knowledge, as we do upon ours, that the business is carried on with much more ease and decorum by the men than by the women-practitioners, excepting such of these last as have been educated under male-artists. It is diverting enough to hear a woman talk of delicacy in these points, who owns, that she was bred in the Hotel Dieu at Paris, the most dirty, slovenly, inconvenient, indecent, shocking receptacle for the sick in all Europe. This candid Mrs. Nihell accuses  
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Dr. Smellie of certain ridiculous exhibitions, which we know to be false; such as representing the uterus, by a bladder filled with beer, which, by means of a cork and piece of packthread was tapped occasionally. We know not what sort of liquor our author may have tapped; but, perhaps, the best excuse that could be offered for this assertion would be, that she had got her beer aboard. As she pecks continually at Dr. Smellie, we shall aver in our turn, that she either does not know that gentleman's method of teaching, or scandalously misrepresents it. All the anatomical part of the art he constantly demonstrated on the human subject, of which he had a great variety at command, both dead and living; his pupils learned the practice by attending real labours, and delivering in their turns, under the inspection of a regular-bred woman midwife: the doctor himself was present at all difficult or praternatural cases; and with respect to his machinery, which this goodwoman endeavours to depreciate, under the denomination of a wooden statue and wax doll, it was such as did honour to his contrivance and execution; upon which he fairly demonstrated many cases in midwifery, of which Mrs. Nihell seems to have no idea.

In order to defame male practitioners, she endeavours to prejudice public charities, by boldly pronouncing that male pupils are taught this art upon the women admitted into the Lying-in Hospital; an untruth that savours equally of rancour and presumption.—She lays it down as a maxim and eternal truth, that nature has denied to the male sex that sympathy, tenderness, and faculty of feeling so necessary in midwifery, with which it hath indulged every female heart and hand: that man, compared to woman in this respect, is as one to ninety-nine, even though he should be possessed of all the improvements which art and practice could give, and she in a state of illiterate nature. This modest position requires no answer: but we believe ninety-nine in a hundred of her own sex will laugh at it as a foolish rhodomontade, which perhaps she learned of some Gascon pupil while she practised in that delicate school of tenderness the Hotel Dieu.

With respect to our author's ignorance, it might be detected in many articles both of omission and commission: for, whoever expects to find a complete system of midwifery in this book will be miserably disappointed: of all the defective treatises on the art, this is the most deplorably deficient. Indeed it appears that the author's aim was abuse, not instruction. Some palpable instances of her ignorance in commission it will not be amiss to disclose. The very basis of her performance is either a gross mistake

mistake arising from ignorance, or a wilful misrepresentation flowing from a worse motive. She repeatedly declares that the use of instruments is never, no never, required in midwifery. All honest practitioners have owned that instruments are very seldom necessary, and that they ought never to be used except in the utmost extremity : but every person conversant with the operations of nature in general, and with the different conformations of the human machine in particular, know that there are lusus, irregularities, and disorders, for which nature has made no provision ; and which, if left to nature, or the *nimble, shrewd, and sensitive fingers* of the midwife, will infallibly occasion the death of both mother and child. Whoever denies this, must either be dead to common sense, or lost to common candour ; and may as reasonably affirm, that when a child is born with out a perforated anus, it must be left to nature, assisted by the *shrewd fingers* of the midwife. Whoever understands midwifery in any tolerable degree, must know that in some cases the concurrence of a very narrow pelvis in the mother, and a very large head in the child, render the birth absolutely impossible, without the aid of instruments. Suppose, for example, the distance between the os pubis and the jetting in of the last vertebra of the loins should not exceed two inches, and the narrowest diameter of the child's head should extend to above five, how is the five to pass through the two ? as well may a cable pass through the eye of a needle.—Oh ! says Mrs. Nihell, this must be left to nature and the *shrewd fingers* of the midwife, which will mould and lengthen the head so as to fit it for the passage : Nature, doubtless, will make wonderful efforts in this way, and so far as there is any prospect of success, no violence ought to be offered : but nature will not work impossibilities, when there is such a vast disproportion between the passage and the head ; on the contrary, all her efforts, in this case, will serve only to compress the brain of the child, and wedge part of the head so closely in the passage as to bring on a gangrene in the parts of the mother already exhausted by hard labour. We should be glad to know what this learned matron would do in the case of a two-headed monster, a great hydrocephalus or dropical head, a vast diseased protuberant ossification of the cranium, a dropsy of the lower belly, or a tumefied abdomen from putrefaction after death ; or what she would do with an ordinary sized fœtus inclosed in a distorted pelvis, in which the distance between the extremity of the sacrum and the share-bone did not exceed an inch. Many other examples might be specified, to prove that this female critic either does not speak candidly, or is not at all acquainted with her business in its full extent. If she never met with cases of such a nature, notwithstanding the myriads she has delivered.

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in the Hotel Dieu, we pronounce that she is but half learned in her profession ; and that if her share of practice in this country is not very much confined, she will one day find herself in a terrible dilemma, and even be obliged, if she acts according to the dictates of conscience and common sense, to have recourse to the assistance of the male-practitioner, whom she has here so virulently reviled : otherwise should she trust to the shrewdness of her fingers, woe be to the poor patient. The last instance we shall bring of this good woman's want of candour, is, that she inveighs against instruments by the lump, without knowing what they are, how they are distinguished, or in what manner they are used. It is all one to her whether the bistory, crotchet, scissars, or tire-tête, be applied ; they are all equally destructive, and murder and laceration must ensue. Nay, she goes even so far as to say, that if ever the forceps succeeded, it must have been in cases when the fingers alone would have succeeded much better ; because the *long, nimble, taper, broad, sensible, palpating fingers* of an expert midwife, will always surely find admittance, where a clumsy, crooked, iron, steel, windowed and leathered instrument of two blades can be introduced. Now, if she spoke from experience and integrity, she would say, that in some cases when one finger of the hand, though no more than a quarter of an inch in diameter, cannot possibly be introduced ; or, if it were, could be of no service either in turning or bringing down the head of the child, a blade of the forceps being less than half that diameter, may be insinuated one on each side of the head, so as to embrace it with a firm and steady grasp ; and these blades being properly joined at the handles, will give the operator such an advantage, as, if properly managed, cannot fail of having an happy effect on both mother and child.

We will now take notice of some paragraphs in this curious treatise, which will, we apprehend, ascertain the measure of knowledge with which she, or her understrapper, has sat down to write against the men practitioners of midwifery. Page 90. 'A woman practitioner, (says this sage lady) will patiently, even to sixteen, to eighteen hours, where an extraordinary case requires so extraordinary a length of time, keep her hands fixedly employed in reducing and preserving the uterus in a due position, so as that she may not lapse the critical favourable moment of extrusion, or of assisting the expulsive effort of nature.'—Without insisting upon the absurdity of keeping the uterus in a due position with both hands in the vagina, we shall only appeal to common sense for the effects of both hands *fixedly* employed for eighteen hours in the vagina, that part ended (as she herself in another place observes) with the most exquisite sensibility ;



what but inexpressible torture to the woman, fever, inflammation, and probably gangrene, the harbinger of death. Let a husband, or a parent, figure to himself a midwife's two hands thus employed for eighteen hours together, without intermission, for a purpose in itself ridiculous and absurd, and then determine with what reason this good woman exclaims against the cruelty of men-midwives.

Page 98, Mrs. Nibell, or her scribe, fairly attributes to the organ of conception an instinctive influence, which acts as an intuitive guide in the art of midwifery. We should be glad to know in what manner, and by what channel, the directions of this intuitive guide are communicated; whether it operates by the medium of gripes and eructations, like the spirit which formerly inspired the French prophets; or by exciting rapturous sensations in the seats of generation, from whence the brain derives oracular inspiration. This being the case, we suppose Mrs. Nibell will allow, that she whose organ of conception is endowed with the greatest sensibility, will, *ceteris paribus*, turn out the completest midwife. What pity it is, that this intuitive guide should not also have the faculty of distinguishing noxious objects, to the effects of which it is often, in a peculiar manner, exposed. Our author's hypothesis concerning this mystery, is illustrated by the following curious note, which the reader, no doubt, will own is an incontestible proof of her learning and sagacity.

‘It is evidently this universal influence of the uterus over the whole animal system, in the female sex, that Plato has in view in that his description of it, which Mr. Smellie (introd. p. 15.) calls *odd and romantic*, from his not making due allowance for the figurative stile of that florid author. Thus the diffusion of the energy of the uterus, Plato calls its “*wandering up and down thro’ the body*.” A power of activity which, towards conquering the otherwife natural coldness of the female constitution, nature would hardly give to the uterus merely to excite in women a desire, sanctified under due restrictions, by her favorite end, that of propagation, if she had not, at the same time, endowed that uterus with an instinct, beneficial by its influence in the preservation of the issue of that desire. And the real truth is, that there is something that would be prodigious, if any thing natural could be properly termed prodigious, in that supremely tender sensibility with which women in general are so strongly impressed towards one another in the case of lying-in. What are not their bowels on that occasion? It may not be here quite foreign to remark, in support of the characteristic importance

tance of the *uterus* or the *womb*, that in the ancient Saxon language the word *man* or *mon* equally signified one of the male or female sex, as *homo* in Latin. But for distinction-sake the male was called *weapon-man*, (not however for any offensive weapon or instrument in midwifery;) and the female *womb-man*, or man with an uterus: from whence by contraction the word *woman*."

Page 259, we apprehend this learned midwife has forgot herself in the following paragraph: 'As to the preternatural delivery, the better practice is not to delay the extraction of the foetus after the discharge of the waters; nor stay till her strength shall have been exhausted. On the presenting of a fair hold, and a sufficient overture, no difficulty should be made of extracting.' But, suppose a fair hold does not present, what is then to be done?—leave her till nature presents a fair hold. In that case we may stay till the patient's strength is exhausted, and the labour-pains have no longer any efficacy. What is now to be done? Will nature present a fair hold after she is exhausted? Truly, Mrs. Nihell, we cannot see through what overture you will deliver yourself from this dilemma, unless you have recourse to the man-midwife's *bag of hardware*.

This new Cleopatra in the obstetric art; prescribes; in case of 'considerable loss of blood after delivery, followed with faintings and oppressions, that the patient should be stirred; excited to cough and sneeze; contributively to the evacuation of the blood; which otherwise is apt to clot in the uterus; and would suffocate her if not expelled.' If there is any extraneous substance in the womb, which can be supposed to hinder it from contracting; such as a portion of the placenta, or any large mass of coagulated blood, it ought certainly to be removed: but in cases of an hæmorrhage, where the impetuosity of the blood flowing through the orifices of the vessels, hinders them from closing; the method prescribed by our author will, doubtless, increase the impetuosity and the hæmorrhage; and, generally speaking, finish the tragedy; whereas the patient's life might be saved by keeping her quiet and cool, and proper applications to the loins and abdomen.

As a specimen of this lady's boasted delicacy, both in matter and style, we shall insert one of her paragraphs, and leave it to the reader's determination.

'I have myself known women in pain, and even before their labour-pains came on, find, or imagine they found, a mitigation of their complaints, by the simple application of the midwife's hand; gently chafing or stroking them: a mitigation  
 ○ 2 which;

which, I presume, they would have been ashamed to ask, if they had been weak enough to expect it, from the delicate fist of a great-horse-godmother or a he-midwife, however softened his figure might be by his pocket night-gown being of flowered callico, or his cap of office tied with pink and silver ribbons; for I presume he would scarce, against Dr. Smellie's express authority, go about a function of this nature in a full-suit, and a tie-wig.

How far Mrs. Nihell's shrewd, supple, sensitive fingers, may be qualified for the art of titillation, we shall not pretend to investigate. But those women who are pleased with this operation before the pains come on, may certainly chuse their own operator, without affecting the art of midwifery: we cannot help thinking, however, that in this case the male-practitioner would not be the most disagreeable, unless our author has talents that way which we cannot conceive.

P. 333. speaking of Dr. Smellie's chapter on the distortion of the pelvis, Mrs. Nihell says, 'He might as well suppose a frequent vitious conformation of the cheek-bones, as of those that form the pelvis.' If this is not a flagrant instance of ignorance, it must be something worse. Did this woman ever see a collection of skeletons? If she had studied her profession under Dr. Smellie, whom she has so often, and so impotently, and so blindly attacked, she would have seen a great number of female pelves distorted. Had she examined the collection of any professed anatomist, she would have found many cases of mis-conformation in those parts: had she cast around her eyes, and observed such a number of rickety children and crooked women as daily appear in and about this metropolis, she would have known, that the case of a distorted pelvis is no rarity, and, consequently, she could not have drawn such a ridiculous inference as this, *that a vitious conformation of the pelvis is as seldom met with as a vitious conformation of the cheek-bones.* An inference contrary to fact, and to the common reason of things. The cheek-bones are subject to no super-incumbent pressure; but the bones of the pelvis, in a sitting posture, sustain the whole weight of the head and body, consequently, if they are softened by any rickety disorder, they must give way and be distorted.

P. 348. our author's management in case of obliquity in the uterus, is all ridiculous and unnecessary; such as her getting hold of the orifice of the uterus, and supporting it; taking care that the child should not engage itself too much:—*engage itself where? in the uterus, where it is already; or in the passage where it ought to be.* Her ~~introducing~~ <sup>placing</sup> a finger, in order to prevent the pains, and hinder the orifice from sinking; causing her patient's

to

to lie upon their backs, because, if they sat upright, the uterus would overfer. Is it possible that such nonsense as this can drop from the pen of a professed midwife? or, are these only the crude notions of some conceited novice, who shelters himself under her name? Of a piece with this theory, is her directing the footling extraction in all directions where the head does not present; an injunction founded upon ignorance, and pregnant with the most dangerous consequences: Her finding fault with an accoucheur, for endeavouring to forward the birth during the mother's pain, which is the only time most proper for his operation, being an effort of nature which he is to assist: her affirming, that the use of the forceps often compresses the brain in such a manner, that it escapes through the occipital cavity; an assertion that betrays gross ignorance, both of the instrument and the conformation of the human head.

We might instance many other parts of this work, in which the author's nakedness in point of knowledge appears: but what we have said will probably satisfy the reader. With respect to the disposition and style of the piece, if we look for method and matter, we find nothing but confusion and deficiency: if we expect argument, we must put up with the most extravagant raving and declamation against men-midwives, ignorant, clumsy, murderous, indecent Heteropcytes, &c. Abuse repeated in every page, in such a manner, that one would be tempted to believe the book was written by some person broke loose from Bedlam. The language, indeed, is very suitable to the matter, being compounded of gigantic metaphors, foreign idioms, uncouth and affected words; such as *tortorous, palpation, sexual, conceptacle, promptership, cherishment, transitoriness, instinctive repugnance, instrumentarian, occlusion, shrewdness of fingers, revoltingness, deflexions of the uterus, aberration from the right line, detraction, devarication, the head retrograding into the pelvis, premature ablation, effemination, &c.*

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ART. V. *An Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting; and into the Merits of the most celebrated Painters, ancient and modern.* By Daniel Webb, Esq; 8vo. Price 3 s. Dodsley.

IN the preface of this book, which is dedicated to the Rev. Mr. Spence, the author tells us, that the persons for whom he writes are our young travellers, who set out with much eagerness and little preparation, and are apt to be misled by ignorant guides, or bewildered by a multiplicity of directions. He mentions the absurdity of estimating pictures by the general reputation

putation of painters, because, for example, Dominichino may, at times, be ranked with Raphael; and, at times, he is little superior to Giotto.—Certainly nothing can be more ridiculous than the practice of buying pictures on account of the artist's name; or a surer sign of a total privation of taste: for if a man has the least portion of taste, he cannot help judging in some measure from his own perceptions; but, on the other hand, our knowing that a Raphael or a Guido painted such a picture, is a strong presumption in its favour; and this maxim will generally hold good, that an excellent painter will hardly ever produce a piece without some degree of merit. We cannot but highly approve of Mr. Webb's endeavours to make every man of sensibility judge rightly of the merit of painting: but yet, notwithstanding all his judicious remarks and distinctions, dictated by true taste, and conveyed in elegant expression; we apprehend that many of his readers, and these not wholly devoid of sensibility and erudition, will find themselves still puzzled in deciding upon the merits of particular pictures. This art, it is true, appeals in a peculiar manner to the senses, which immediately compare it with its great archetype nature, and form a judgment of that comparison: but before the spectator can be a proper judge of the merit of the piece, he must not only understand nature but beauty, and be acquainted with composition, attitude, colouring, and the conduct of the clair-obscur. This knowledge is not to be acquired by precepts, but by a long habitude of studying pictures and statues, and of comparing one piece with another. For example, a man may be struck with the performance of a second rate artist, and believe that human art could not possibly go farther; until he sees a perfect capital piece, and the other immediately sinks into contempt. Besides, a man's judgment is very apt to be overpowered by a pomp of colours, and a general resemblance of nature, that suddenly flash upon the eye, fascinating the fancy, and taking the reason prisoner. Du Fresnoy, in his celebrated poem, intituled, *The Art of Painting*, advises the artist to expose his unfinished pieces to the view of the populace in such a manner that he may overhear their remarks, from which he says valuable hints may be extracted. This will perhaps be the case with regard to little improprieties, of which the vulgar are judges in their respective occupations. A hackney coachman surveying the famous print called *Guido's Aurora*, will at once perceive that there are no traces to the chariot of the Sun, nor any thing to connect the horses to the vehicle, but the reins held by Apollo; but in general, the mob of spectators are captivated by a general imitation ill understood, and a gaudy glare of ill suited colours. Such persons can never judge rightly  
of

of merit, but will certainly prefer the leaden figure of a Harlequin, in a party-coloured jacket, to the real original statue of the Belvidere Apollo. We have often wondered to hear people recite with marks of rapture, the story of the two Grecian artists, one of whom painted grapes so naturally that the birds began to peck them; while the other exhibited the resemblance of a curtain so exactly, that one of the painters himself attempted to lift it up. We do not think that either of these circumstances was a proof of extraordinary merit in the piece: we know how easily birds are deceived by scare-crows that bear scarce any resemblance to the human form; and we are very certain from experience, that a very good judge of painting, when taken by surprize, may mistake a very bad likeness for the reality itself. We once knew a painter lift his hat and make a bow to the figure of a woman painted in wood, as it stood upright leaning against a partition, though it was so poorly executed as not to merit a place in the garden of a Rotherhithe publican. What we would infer from these remarks is, that although a man's judging from his own feelings, is the first step towards acquiring a knowledge of painting; yet that this without practice, and the habit of comparing, though facilitated by a natural sensibility and skill in other sciences, will never form a consummate or distinguishing taste with respect to the merit of painting.

The work before us is thrown into dialogues, and the first contains a general plan of it, which consists in a comparison between the ancient and modern painters, with respect to the mechanic or executive, and the ideal or inventive part of the art: in examining our capacity to judge of the imitative arts; fixing the limits between taste and science; ascertaining the value of these arts, by their antiquity, their degree of credit with every polite nation, and above all, by their usefulness to society. He then divides painting into its four principal branches, namely, design, colouring, clair-obscur, and composition. In the second dialogue, he defines taste as a faculty in the mind, to be moved by what is excellent in an art; it is a feeling of the truth: but science is to be informed of that truth, and of the means by which its effects are produced. He proceeds to describe the progress of taste, which he illustrates with some beautiful examples.

‘Let us observe its advances in poetry, as we have before in music: this too, will be the more decisive, as poetry is an union of the two powers of music and picture. In this, the

Imagination, on its first setting out, ever prefers extravagance to justness, or false beauties to truth; it kindles at the flashes of Claudian; and flutters at the points of Statius; this is its childhood. As it grows in vigour, it refines in feeling; till, superior to its first attractions, it rests on the tender pathetick of Virgil; or the manly spirit of Lucretius. Exactly parallel to this, is the progress of the eye in painting: its first affections are always ill placed: it is enamoured with the splendid impositions of Rubens, or the theatrical grace of Guido; this lasts not long; it grows chaste in its pursuit; and slighting those false beauties, dwells on the native and mellow tints of Titian; on the unforced attitudes, and elegant simplicity of Raphael. Was this change, in both cases, the result of reasoning, or produced by a growing knowledge of the rules of each art, we should mark its advances; the contrary of which is almost ever the case; so that we are often surprised at this alteration in ourselves, and wonder that the ideas and objects which affected us so warmly at first, should, in a short course of time, act so coldly upon us: nay, some men there are, and those too very capable of judging in other matters, who never rise to this change; but continue, to the last, under the influence of the same boyish and wanton imagination.'

Many other fine arguments are brought to establish this principle, 'that we have all within us the seeds of taste, and are capable, if we exercise our powers, of improving them into a sufficient knowledge of the polite arts.' The third dialogue turns on the antiquity and usefulness of painting. The author observes, that sculpture must have been perfectly understood before Homer, as we learn from that poet's description of the shield of Achilles, the composition of which would do honour to a Flaminio or Algardi. Nay, from one \* circumstance in this description, he discovers, that the art of colouring metals by fire, or by other mixtures, was then known. He afterwards demonstrates the utility of painting and music, by apt examples from ancient history.

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\* The place that Mr. Webb alludes to, is that part of the description in which it is said the earth grew dark or black under the plow. *Ἡ δὲ μέλαινα ἐπισθεν*. This however, is not the only place which implies that the shield was coloured: for the poet mentions fair flocks of white sheep. *καὶ πάντα καλὰ ἄγνων ὄϊα*; and afterwards of black clusters, *μέλαινα δ' ἀνὰ βότρυς ἦσαν*.

4. A. Ovid takes notice of the utility, as well as the pleasure we receive from an encouragement of the polite arts.

Each pleasing art lends softness to the mind,  
And, with our studies, are our lives refin'd.

And Petronius views their effects in a moral light, observing, that violent passions dwell in the rude, but take no hold of a cultivated mind. — Were we then to consider the arts merely as objects of elegant speculation, or as the means of polishing and softening our manners, we could not prize them too highly; but their effects are much more extensive. The powers of eloquence and music are universally acknowledged; so would be those of paint were they as universally exercised. The Athenians passed a law, that none who were not of a liberal birth, should practise in this art: they could not better show the sense they had of its power than in the care they took of its direction. They knew the dominion it had over our passions, and hence were careful to lodge it in the safest hands. Agreeable to this idea, the Greek writers often speak of the drama of a painter, of the moral of painting; expressions which mark, that they considered this art, as on a level, and co operating with poetry. One of the gravest and most judicious of the Romans viewed it in the same light. Picture, says Quintilian, a silent and uniform address, yet penetrates so deeply into our inmost affections, that it seems often to exceed even the powers of eloquence. We cannot doubt the sincerity of this decision, if we consider the character of the person from whom it comes. Cicero was equally sensible of the powers of the pencil, and often sets them in competition with those of his favourite art. Their effects are sometimes wonderful. It is said, that Alexander trembled and grew pale, on seeing a picture of Palamedes betrayed to death by his friends; it bringing to his mind a stinging remembrance of his treatment of Aristonicus. Portia could bear with an unshaken constancy her last separation from Brutus; but when she saw, some hours after, a picture of the parting of Hector and Andromache, she burst into a flood of tears: full as seemed her sorrow, the painter suggested new ideas of grief, or impress'd more strongly her own. I have somewhere met with a pretty story of an Athenian courtesan, who, in the midst of a riotous banquet with her lovers, accidentally cast her eye on the portrait of a philosopher that hung opposite to her seat; the happy character of temperance and virtue, struck her with so lively an image of her own unworthiness, that she instantly quitted her room; and retiring home, became ever after an example of temperance, as she had been before of debauchery. You might tax me with doing injustice

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to the present times, were I to draw all my proofs from the ancient; I appeal, therefore, to yourself, who have had an opportunity to prove it, whether you could look on the death of Germanicus, as painted by Poussin, without feeling a generous indignation at the cruelty of his oppressor, and an equal compassion for unhappy virtue. The representation of a plague, by the same author, melts the soul into a tender participation of human miseries: these impressions end not here; they give a turn to the mind advantageous to society; every argument of sorrow, every object of distress, renews the same soft vibrations, and quickens us to acts of humanity and benevolence.'

The fourth dialogue treats of design; and here, with submission, we think our author has misapplied a fine description from Milton, mentioning from Pliny the old statues that were represented awkward and stiff, *conniventibus oculis, pedibus junctis, brachiis in latera demissis*; he observes that the Egyptians continued to the last, to represent their deities in this manner, ascribing to them a motion which was neither that of walking nor flying. Milton describes it precisely in the following lines.

'So saying, by the hand he took me, rais'd,  
And over fields and waters, as in air  
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
A woody mountain.'——

We cannot think, however, that the poet, when he expressed this idea, had annexed to it that of two awkward figures: on the contrary, we imagine this gliding motion will admit of all the grace and dignity of attitude, like that of Christ in the transfiguration, by Raphael, a figure which is surely not deficient in this particular, though it falls under the censure of our author, on another account. In our opinion there is something awfully sublime, in this idea of a figure gliding through the air by an invisible supernatural power, as well as suitable to the character of a divinity. Mr. Webb, with equal perspicuity and erudition, describes the manner in which the painters of Greece, by drawing scattered excellencies into a more happy and complete union, rose from an imperfect imitative, to a perfect ideal beauty. Among the perfect works of design, he mentions the Laocoon and Gladiator for fine proportions, the Apollo of Belvedere for expressive energy and divine character; and the Venus de Medicis for elegance and beauty. 'These, says he, are the utmost efforts of design: it can reach no farther than a full exertion of grace, character, and beauty. We have thus traced the genius of design from its first essays to its full flight. But there is an enthusiasm in every art. The Greek statuaries felt

felt themselves straitened within the out-lines of nature; they invented new proportions, they conceived new characters. The Jupiter and Minerva of Phidias were subjects of astonishment in the most enlightened ages. It should seem, that the wonderful effect of these statues proceeded from an union of the beautiful with the great and uncommon; thus combining the whole influence of visible objects on the imagination. If we are astonished at the first sight of the Colossal statues on the Monte Cavallo at Rome, a secret and growing pleasure succeeds this amazement: for, though the immensity of their form seems, at first, to set them above the scale of our ideas, yet, so happy is the symmetry of their parts, such a freedom of design, such an aptness for action prevail throughout, that the eye soon becomes familiar with their proportions, and capable of their beauties.'

These are followed by many other curious observations upon the *Nud*, or naked figures of the Greeks, which, doubtless are the archetypes of symmetry and grace, which last the author defines to be the most pleasing conceivable action, expressed with the utmost simplicity each occasion will admit of. It implies the highest degree of elegance in the choice; of propriety in the application; and of ease in the execution. This was the excellence in which Apelles preferred himself to all his contemporaries. In characterising Raphael, Mr. Webb places him far below the ancients in ideal beauty; and censures him in other respects with great freedom\*, giving the palm in point of gracefulness, to Corregio among the moderns; but above all others glorifying the Apollo and the daughters of Niobe, as examples of energy and grace, in favour of the ancients.

The subject of the fifth dialogue is colouring, in praise of which we cannot help thinking our author is rather too sanguine. Certain it is, Du Fresnoy calls the chromatique part, Subdola Lena, a deceitful bawd; and Mr. Webb himself owns it was undervalued by the Roman school.—We may add, that all the passions and affections of the soul, all the grace of attitude, all the beauty of design, may be expressed by simple lines,

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\* Particularly for his being deficient in ideal grace, contrary to the opinion of Du Piles, who expressly praises him for this excellence, in conjunction with Leonardo da Vinci, Julio Romano, Polydore de Caravaggio, and some others. Du Fresnoy says,

'Supreme the miracles of Raphael shine,  
Unmatch'd in grace, amazing in design.'

without the help of colouring; and notwithstanding all the comparisons our author has made in its favour, we apprehend the merit or defect of it will consist in the answer to the following question, Whether good colouring and bad design, is preferable to good design and bad colouring. It has been supposed that Apelles, and all the ancient painters, used but four colours, namely, black, white, red, and yellow: now, as no combination of these can produce a perfect carnation, our author observes, that either Pliny, who mentions these colours, was mistaken, or that the praises bestowed upon Apelles for his excellence in colouring, were not just. That Pliny was mistaken Mr. Webb proves by the following passage from Cicero. *Similis in pictura ratio est, in qua Zeuxim, et Polygnotum, et Timantem, et eorum, qui non sunt nisi plus quatuor coloribus, formas et lineamenta laudamus. At in Actione, Nicomacho, Protogene et Apelle, jam perfecta sunt omnia.* In colouring our author says Raphael was much inferior to Corregio and Titian; but in fresco he was superior to all.

In treating of the clair-obscur, or disposition of lights and shades, our author is very full, learned, and satisfactory. He labours to prove that this branch of the art was well understood by the ancients; and in this particular greatly prefers Corregio to all the moderns. Here too, he defines beauty absolute to be a purity of colours, an elegance in the proportions, harmony of features, and happiness of character.—All these qualities, with submission, we think may combine in a subject which would not be held beautiful. To animate all these, must there not be a certain spirit which we cannot describe; and to borrow an allusion from music, a certain original melody in the original tones?

The dialogue on composition is the longest and the last; and abounds with fine strokes of criticism. The author proves, that the ancients were excellent in composition; and indeed, one great aim he seems to have had in this work, is to establish the superiority of the ancients over the moderns in every branch of painting. With respect to the subject, he observes, that the ancients had great advantages. Their gods, superior in grace, majesty and beauty, were yet subject to all the feelings and passions of humanity. How unequal is the lot of the modern artists? employed by priests, or princes who thought like priests, their subjects are, for the most part, taken from a religion which professes to banish or subdue the passions: their characters are borrowed from the lowest spheres of life: men, in whom meanness of birth, and simplicity of manners, were the best titles to their election. Even their divine master is no where in painting

painting attended with a great idea ; his long strait hair, Jewish beard, and poor apparel, would undignify the most exalted nature, humility, and resignation, his characteristics, are qualities extremely edifying, but by no means picturesque. Let us, for example, compare (I must be understood to mean only as subjects for painting) a Christ armed with a scourge, driving the money-changers out of the temple, to an Alexander, the thunder in his hand, ready to dart it on the rebellious nations. It is not in the sublime alone, that their subjects are deficient ; they are equally so in the pathetic : the sufferings which they mostly represent, are in obedience to prophecies and the will of heaven ; they are often the choice of the sufferers ; and a ten-fold premium is at hand. When St. Andrew falls down to worship the cross, on which he is soon after to be nailed : we may be improved by such an example of piety and zeal ; but we cannot feel for one who is not concerned for himself. We are not so calm at the sacrifice of Iphigenia ; beautiful, innocent, and unhappy ; we look upon her as the victim of an unjust decree ; she might live the object of universal love ; she dies the object of universal pity.

Speaking of Raphael, he seems to think he had nothing of the sublime in his genius. His calm, though fertile genius could better delineate the fine and delicate movements of the mind, which have in them more of sentiment than passion. This was his true sphere, and it is here that we must study and admire Raphael. He treats new subjects ; invents new characters ; the most unpicturesque action composed by him, seems to have been destined for paint : Christ gives the keys to Peter ; how barren the incident ! yet his pencil, like the rod of Moses, strikes a spring out of this rock : Raphael then stands confest the prince of ethic painters.

We are sorry that the nature of our work will not allow us to dwell longer on the particulars of this performance, which is replete with erudition, taste, and manly criticism.

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ART. VI. *The Siege of Aquileia. A Tragedy. As it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Millar.*

WELL hath the inimitable Cervantes chastised the petulances of the Spanish critics, in the story of a madman in Seville, who went about the streets with a hollow cane or reed, blowing up every dog that fell in his way. When he had performed this operation, he always turned to the by-standers, saying,

saying, "Do you think, my masters, it is such an easy matter to blow up a dog?" This apologue, our admirable author applying to the critic, says, *Pensarà vuestra merced cosa que es poco Trabajo hazer un libro?* Does your worship think now, that there is very little trouble in composing a book? The same fable will suit the Aristarchuses of the present age, who roost in every garret, and swarm in every cellar, and may be justly denominated vermin that live upon the blood of merit. A great writer of the last age, observed, that how bad soever the authors wrote, the critics generally judged worse; and the same apothegm will probably hold eternally true in all ages. These general reflections we throw out, because we have heard it whispered, that the performance, now before us, had fallen short of the public expectation. This is generally the fate of all authors, and we are apt to believe, proceeds not so much from a falling off in the poet, as from the caprice of mankind, who are not only fickle and inconstant in their taste, rejecting often an author like a toy out of fashion; but are also apt to wind up their opinions to an enthusiasm of hope, which will be disappointed by every thing short of perfection. It must likewise be observed, that a poet, in his third exhibition, is divested of that novelty which always operates in favour of a virgin muse. There are many rapid valetudinarians in taste, who can no more preserve their attachment to one author, beyond one season, than they can maintain their affection for one mistress after the first winter of possession.

Mr. Home had already entertained the town with uncommon success as a dramatic writer, and, perhaps, it begins to make wry faces, like a wayward child, which has been too much fondled and indulged with sweetmeats.

The fable of this play we owe chiefly to the author's invention; for, though Maximin and his son were actually massacred by their own soldiers at the siege of Aquileia, there is not any foundation for the circumstances of private distress, which Mr. Home has worked up into a tragedy. A similar disaster, if we may believe the Scottish historians, happened to Seton, governor of Berwick, when it was besieged by Edward III. of England. But the author had very sufficient reasons for not allowing his piece to appear under such a title on the English stage. Æmilius, consul of Rome, and governor of Aquileia, has in the place a wife called Cornelia, and two sons, Paulus and Titus, both equally brave, but the elder calm, like Portius, and the younger impetuous, like Marcus, as they are represented in the tragedy of Cato. Titus, hurried on by the torrent of his valour, makes a furious sally upon the troops

troops of Maximin ; but being in danger from a vast superiority in point of number, his brother Paulus flies to his relief ; and, after having performed amazing feats of valour they are surrounded and taken prisoners : here begins the distress of their mother Cornelia, who had been prepared for sorrow by some unlucky omens.

In the second act, this virtuous matron is first of all informed, that both her sons are slain ; but afterwards learns that they are taken : and the tyrant Maximin sends a message to their father, importing, that both his sons shall be immediately put to death, if he does not ransom their lives, by surrendering the city. A noble contest ensues in the bosom of Æmilius, between paternal affection and duty to his country, which last prevails, notwithstanding the tears and pathetic remonstrances of Cornelia, in favour of her children. Maximin's officer, who brought this message, discovers himself to be Varus, the kinsman of Æmilius, who had served in Britain, and been called with his legions to the assistance of the tyrant. He consoles with the consul, and promises to do all that lies in his power for the preservation of the two young heroes.

In the third act, Æmilius having again conferred with Varus, who undertakes to raise a revolt in the army, resolves to propose a truce for three days, binding himself to deliver the city, if it is not relieved before the expiration of that term. This expedient is suggested, by private intelligence, assuring him of immediate aid. In the mean time, part of the relieving army under Gordianus, appears at a distance ; then Maximin advances towards the walls with his whole army, and causing a scaffold to be erected, threatens to execute the consul's two sons, if the town is not instantly surrendered.

In the fourth act, while Æmilius and Cornelia are torn with parental anguish, Titus, their son, is permitted by the tyrant to visit them under the conduct of an herald, Maximin hoping, that his presence and intreaties would prevail upon his father to give up the city. Æmilius supposing him come on the same errand, refuses to converse with him ; but perceiving he pleaded the cause of Rome in opposition to his own and his brother's life, like another Regulus, he clasps him to his embrace ; and a very tender scene is here acted. Varus resolves to make one glorious effort for the safety of the youths, and goes out, in order to declare against Maximin.

In the beginning of the fifth act, Titus is summoned to return to the scaffold, and takes leave of his parents : but before he  
quits

quits the scene, Æmilius is informed that Varus was discovered in his design, and condemned to instant death. While the consul marches out to take advantage of any spirit of discontent that might appear in the tyrant's army, Cornelia enters in distraction, declaring, that her own eyes had seen her darling son executed: but is quickly undeceived by Lucius, who tells her that it was Varus whom she had seen beheaded; that her husband and sons were both victorious, and the tyrant slain. In the midst of her transports occasioned by this happy turn of fortune, Æmilius enters, and after him Titus mortally wounded, supported by his brother Paulus: the scene is closed by the lamentation of Cornelia, who, nevertheless, in the midst of her grief supports the dignity of the Roman matron.

Of the fable it may be said, it is not only important, but also simplex et unum, unincumbered by any insipid underplot, a practice which hath often disgraced our best writers. The language is easy and plain, though sufficiently dignified for the bufkin. The characters are well sustained, though, perhaps, not very strongly marked. The play abounds with noble sentiments and picturesque description; and although some critics may think it deficient in the sublime, all must allow it to be rich in the pathetic. The unities of time, place, and action, are scrupulously preserved; and if not thickened with what is called business, it yet contains many interesting changes of fortune. Were we to find fault with any particular, it should be with the author's disposition of Cornelia, who, notwithstanding all her merit, loses part of her importance by appearing too often on the stage. Her distress, in being continued from the beginning to the end of the play, becomes too familiar to the eyes and hearts of the spectators, until, at length, their compassion and sympathetic horror are considerably diminished; so that they can hardly afford a tear at the catastrophe. It must be owned, indeed, that the poor woman is miserably tormented from the opening to the denouement of the performance.

There is an agreeable wildness of fancy in the following dream, told by Cornelia.

'Tis strange to tell; but as I slumb'ring lay,  
About that hour when glad Aurora springs,  
To chase the lagging shades; methought I was  
In Rome, and full of peace the city seem'd.  
My mind oblivious too had lost its care.  
Serene I stepp'd along the lofty hall,  
Imbellish'd with the statues of our fathers,  
When suddenly an universal groan

Issued

Issued at once from every marble breast.  
Aghast I gaz'd around ! when slowly down  
From their high pedestals I saw descend  
The murder'd Gracchi. Hand in hand, the brothers  
Stalk'd towards me. As they approach'd more near,  
They were no more the Gracchi, but my sons  
Paulus and Titus. At that dreadful change  
I shriek'd and wak'd. But never from my mind  
The spectacle shall part. Their rueful eyes !  
Their cheeks of stone ! the look of death and woe !  
So strange a vision ne'er from fancy rose.  
The rest, my lord ! this holy priest can tell.

The same matron's description of her sons, as they stood upon  
the scaffold expecting death, is highly coloured.

Acquit thy noble sons,  
Too like thyself ; Æmilius, had'st thou seen,  
Thy sons, as I beheld them from the ramparts,  
With head erect, and high, my Paulus stood.  
I knew his stature eminent ; unmov'd,  
And steadfast was his gesture, firm he seem'd,  
Like a strong castle on its rocky base.  
The port of Titus shew'd a mind less calm.  
Around he look'd, and from his scornful eyes,  
Threw on his foes defiance, and disdain.  
At last in earnest speech the brothers join'd.  
I saw them whisper ; Paulus bow'd his head.  
The multitude, long silent at my presence,  
Lamented then ; the weeping mothers clasp'd  
Their infants to their breasts, and look'd at me.  
I left the walls, to find thee out, my husband !  
And lead thee thither, that thou might'st relent.

Perhaps the most interesting scene of the whole piece, is that  
in which Titus pleads against his own life, and persuades his  
father to sacrifice his paternal affection to the honour of his  
name, and the cause of his country.

*Enter an OFFICER.*

*Officer.* My lord, your son approaches.

*Cornelia.* Ha ! my son !

*Officer.* Titus your son, attended by a herald,  
Slow thro' the gazing multitude proceeds,  
Who weep and bless him.

*Æmilius.* Ha ! what change is this ?

*Officer.* The herald as he passes scatters gladness,  
Vol. IX. March 1760. P

Saying



Saying that Titus comes to end the war,  
And to compassion move his father's mind.

' *Æmilius*. Titus! does Titus come to plead compassion?

Now destiny, thou tramplest down *Æmilius*.

Go tell him, herald, that I will not see him;

Let him not come to bear me curse the hour

That made me father of a son like him.

' *Cornelia*. Judge not so rashly, see and hear thy son.

' *Æmilius*. Mention him not; that father has my envy  
Who mourneth o'er his sons in battle slain.

Short-sighted mortals! Let no man repine

When fate bereaves him of the child he loves:

Amidst his anguish let him think of mine,

And that will comfort him.

' *Cornelia*. This is not well,

Nor like my son; yet valour cannot change

Its quality so quickly. He hath prov'd

His dauntless courage. Death in terror clad

Could not dismay him. But his noble mind

Is sway'd by pity of his brother's fate,

In his involv'd.

' *Enter* *TITUS*.

' *Æmilius*. Gods! unabash'd he seems,  
Nor at his most inglorious purpose blanches.

[*Æmilius turns from him.*]

' *Cornelia*. Dear to thy mother still.

' *Titus*. [*To his father.*]

Turn not away,

Nor hold thy Titus of one look unworthy.

' *Æmilius*. Art thou my Titus? Thou that fear'st to die,  
And comes a servile suppliant for life!

With coward prayers to seduce the consul.

No! thou art not my son. I had a son!

Whose only fault was valour to excess,

Whose fatal courage was the source of ills

Which he was bound in honour to sustain.

Thou art not he! thou scandal to thy country!

Thou tool of Maximin.

' *Titus*. Wrong not thy son.

Fast roll the number'd moments of my life,

And I must hasten to redeem my fame.

' *Cornelia*. I fear, but know not what his words portend;

' *Titus*. I have deceiv'd the tyrant, and am come  
No messenger or counsellor of shame.

The cause of honour, of my father's honour,

The

The cause of Rome against myself I plead,  
And in my voice the noble Paulus speaks.  
Let no man pity us; aloft we stand  
On a high theatre, objects I think  
Of admiration, and of envy rather.  
The tyrant and his menac'd deaths we scorn,  
The chearful victims of our sacred country.

*Æmilius.* Hear this! O earth and heaven! my son!  
my pride!

Come to thy father's arms; now, now I know  
My blood again. O bitter pleasing hour!  
For I must lose thee, lose thee, O my hero!  
Now when I love thee best, and most admire.

*Cornelia.* Preserve that virtue which you thus admire,  
My son! my husband! Varus pity me.

*Titus.* This to prevent I came; the force I fear'd  
Of strong affection, and a mother's tears.  
We saw the busy heralds come and go,  
And trembled lest the consul might be won;  
For ebbing resolution ne'er returns,  
But still falls farther from its former shore.  
To aid my father in this trying hour  
Did I assume a dastard's vile disguise.

*Æmilius.* And did I meet thee with reproach and anger?  
With scorn encounter my devoted son,  
Who came to strengthen and support his fire?  
Forgive me, last of the Æmilian line!  
Purge and unstain'd the current of our blood  
Ends as it long has flow'd.

*Cornelia.* O Varus! speak,  
Tell them, thou guardian angel of thy country!  
That Rome does not this sacrifice demand.  
Why should they die in vain?

*Varus.* Thou noble youth,  
Whose life more and more precious still I deem,  
I am the friend of Rome; of yonder host  
No slender part under my ensigns move.  
With them I watch the tyrant's overthrow,  
And guard my country with a stronger power,  
Than Aquileia, and her feeble walls.  
Great is thy glory, thou hast reach'd the top  
Of magnanimity in bloom of youth,  
The Regulus reviv'd of ancient Rome;  
Inflexible to terror, yield to prudence,  
No tongue shall tax thine or thy father's fame.

‘*Titus*. Renowned Varus! often have I heard  
Of thee, and of thy virtues; oft rejoic’d,  
That I could claim affinity with them;  
But not the sanction of thy honour’d voice,  
Not all the credence due to worth like thine,  
Can move my steadfast mind. There is but one,  
One only path which mortals safely tread,  
The sacred path of rectitude and truth.  
I follow, tho’ it leads me to the tomb.  
Forgive me, noble Roman! o’er thy head,  
Perhaps, this instant dire discovery hangs,  
And thou and Rome are lost, and basely lost.  
No, let the consul, as he ought, defy  
The tyrant’s threatening, and rely on heav’n.  
For me, and Paulus too, our hearts are fix’d,  
Deliberation of our state is vain:  
For if the consul should this city yield,  
Inevitable death abides his sons.

‘*Cornelia*. Eternal Gods! thy mystic words explain.

‘*Titus*. A solemn oath determin’d we have sworn,  
Ne’er to survive th’ ignominious ransom.  
Restor’d to liberty, to death we fly,  
And perish mutual by each other’s sword.

‘*Æmilius*. Immortal Gods! who gave me sons like these,  
Forfake them not, but guard your work divine.

‘*Cornelia*. My best-belov’d! my darling! my fond heart  
Bleeds tenderness for thee. But there is something  
So awful and so great, a glory round thee,  
Which dazzles and o’erwhelms me. O my son!  
Is life a burden? Lov’st thou not thy parents?  
Who for the love of thee would gladly die.

‘*Titus*. Think not, O best of mothers, best of women,  
That with unfilial arrogance I speak.  
My heart is full this instant of affection,  
Hard to suppress. Dear to my soul are those  
I leave behind, bitter to me their sorrows.  
But destiny supreme hath mark’d my way:  
And I accept what honour cannot shun.  
By trivial accident, by various ills  
Fatal to man, thou might’st have lost thy sons,  
And they in dark oblivion would have slept:  
But now I see the goal that Jove assigns,  
And glory terminates our short career.  
Be this thy comfort; I avow it mine.  
Admir’d and mourn’d by Rome, for Rome we die,

Of

Of fate secure, immortal is our fame,  
And spotless laurels deck thy childrens tomb.

‘*Cornelia.* Mysterious powers! how strange is my distress!  
Thy virtue, Titus, rends thy mother’s heart!  
Ev’n now the grandeur of thy tow’ring soul  
Exalts my humbler mind to thoughts like thine:  
But when thou goest, alas! I sink again,  
Like the weak Pythian when her God has left her.

‘*Titus.* My father!

‘*Æmilius.* O my son, thou art the judge  
And arbiter of fate. Time, rapid fly,  
And bring a joyful victory to Rome.  
Let me but see the scale of combat turn’d,  
And die in glad assurance of her safety.

‘*Varus.* The hero’s fire invades my secret soul:  
Like his my bosom burns. You shall not die,

[*To Titus.*]

Unaided and alone. Perhaps the Gods!—  
I know not that; but I will raise a pile  
Of glorious ruin. Shine, ye stars of Rome.  
First in the column stand my British bands.

[*To Æmilius.*]

Prepare your squadrons, and protract the time  
Of his return.

‘*Enter PRIEST of JUPITER, and the younger LUCIUS:*

‘*Priest.* Consul of mighty Rome!  
Firm be the purpose of the present hour.  
The sight of Gods a happy sign hath giv’n:  
Trust in the aid of heav’n’s eternal king,  
His adamantine ages Jove extends.

‘*Varus.* Romans and friends, farewell! Undaunted Titus,  
I go to aid thee too with mortal arms. [*Exit Varus.*]

‘*Titus.* Deem me not impious, servant of the Gods!  
Thee, and thy sacred office I revere,  
But signs and omens may our thoughts deceive.  
Men may mistake the purposes of heav’n;  
The shield of Jove guards not the brave man’s life,  
Nor wards his body from the mortal blow.  
A shield there is, that never can be pierc’d,  
The heav’nly armour of a mind resolv’d.  
That mail, who wears, against all force is clad,  
And triumphs o’er the fate by which he falls.

‘*Enter OFFICER.*

‘*Officer.* My lords! th’ assembled citizens demand  
An audience.

214. *Review of the Works of the Rev. Mr. Hawkins.*

*Emilius.* Tell them, No. It will require  
My presence to appease their fearful clamour.  
Retire, my son, and till the herald comes  
A sad but dear society enjoy.' [Exit.

On the whole, this performance will afford elegant and rational entertainment, whether exhibited on the stage, or perused in the closet; and is marked with some touches of what we may call originality, by which Mr. Home's other pieces are also happily distinguished. He is not one of those writers, who, like holiday prentices, amble through the turnpike-road of dramatic poetry, smoothed with the gravel of insipid versification, winding through a labyrinth of cross purposes, embellished with apothegms, and similes like nosegays of flowers in Covent-Garden market, and allies of evergreens cut in fantastic forms. He deviates into the wilderness of nature, where he culls the blossoms, as they blow spontaneous, and joins the warbling choir, whose artless song, inspired by the divinity, resounds from every grove.

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ART. VII. *A Review of the Works of the Rev. Mr. W. Hawkins, late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. And of the Remarks made on the same in the Critical Review for August, and in the Monthly Review for September, 1759. In a Letter to the Authors of both Reviews. By an impartial Reader.* 8vo. Price 1 s. Kinnerley.

THE present review of the works of Mr. Hawkins is supposed to be written by a friend; but when we come to examine the performance, this friend appears pretty plainly to be no other than Mr. Hawkins himself. It seems his works, in three volumes, had passed in review before us in our critical capacity some months ago, and we thought them but indifferent; they paraded it a second time, before the profound authors of the Monthly Review, and they thought them indifferent; they solicited the public attention in the usual methods of publication, and if we may judge by the success, there also they were thought but indifferent: so many witnesses in one story would probably have convinced any reasonable being of his own mediocrity. Mr. H. however, was not to be convinced; he has undertaken to review his own writings; has published a comment that almost no body will read, upon writings that almost no body has read; has survey'd himself on all sides, and thinks himself on every side invulnerable. *O te, volupe ceratris, felicem secernunt divi.*

A

"A man who reviews his own works is indeed a curiosity, and the reader is undoubtedly impatient to hear in what manner he treats himself. Our reviewer therefore sets off with informing us; 'That he is apt to think the candid and judicious reader will acknowledge his stile, whether Latin or English, in verse or in prose, to be pure, easy, fluent, manly, and elegant. It is sometimes perhaps too voluble and diffusive, but, I think, seldom so as to be perplexed and unintelligible. In short, I presume, in this respect, Mr. H's Miscellanies are fit to lie upon the same shelf with the works of the most celebrated modern writers, either in our own or the Latin tongue.—It will be but justice to our author to add, that he sufficiently sustains the compound character both of a verse and prose-writer; the merits of each are as distinct as may be; nor does the one seem to be a whit the worse for the other.' The reader now sees the great difference between us and this gentleman; he is for putting his own works upon the same shelf with Milton and Shakespeare, and we are for allowing him an inferior situation; he would have the same reader that commends Addison's delicacy to talk with raptures of the purity of Hawkins; and he who praises the Rape of the Lock to speak with equal feelings of that richest of all poems, Mr. Hawkins's THIMBLE.

But we, alas! cannot speak of Mr. H. with the same unrestrained share of panegyric that he does of himself; and tho' we despise the crowd upon other occasions, yet we must join them in this instance, and leave this gentleman to his self-applauding singularity. We allowed him, indeed, some small share of merit in a former article; and this is most certain, that whatever he may say of our partiality, or our malevolence, the manner in which his works were treated then, betrayed neither; but bore a greater share of indulgence than our duty to the public should, in strict justice, have permitted. In whatever places we were good-natured enough to make no objections, this gentleman has imagined we had nothing to object: we passed over the merits of his stile in silence, and he has thought proper to regard this as a symptom of malevolence, which was in reality the strongest instance of our moderation.

After he has sufficiently *beduuced* us through several pages, he at last has the tenderness to answer to our particular objections, and that with sufficient prolixity. In this dispute, he at least has the advantage of being as tedious as he thinks proper, because he seems no way solicitous about trespassing on the reader's patience. We must, on the other hand, study conciseness, because we write in order to be read.

The first material objection, which he endeavours to answer, is that made to his endeavouring to prove, by reason alone, the immortality of the soul. We thought, at the time we objected, and think still, that we are obliged to revelation alone for any evidence in this matter; and that those philosophers, who were guided only by reason, vainly endeavoured to prove that immortality which it is our duty to believe. Plato, who is said to have dogmatized more on this than any other subject (as we before observed) brought but very superficial arguments to prove a truth of so great importance to society: we instanced one, viz. that of the different duration of the different parts of the body, and thought this the most plausible argument he makes use of, Mr. H. is of a different opinion; but unfortunately does not give any reasons, nor any quotations from Plato, to prove his sentiments, but says any school-boy may do it. Almost all Plato's reasoning upon this subject, depends upon two *Data*, that of the soul's pre-existing before the body, and that of abstract existences, which he calls ideas; which commentators have pretended to explain an hundred different ways: if we grant him either of these, it is certain his proofs are sufficiently cogent; but it is hoped no Christian divine will grant him the first; and the latter, what is it but begging the question?

But Mr. H. thinks it not only apparent from reason, but as demonstrable as the immortality of God himself; and yet brings no proof of the immortality of God, but that of spirit's not being subject to corruption. Whether spirit is subject to corruption or no, is the whole question in debate; and sure it cannot be called an argument, roundly to assert that it is or it is not; and yet such an argument is all that Mr. H. has thought proper to use. We offered a better, viz. the omnipotence of the Godhead; and if he does not think proper to make use of it, that is his fault, not ours.

Our self-reviewer goes on to praise himself where we thought him only tolerable; to quote from himself where he thinks it will redound to his reputation: a man is indeed hard put to it for praise, and must have but indifferent neighbours, who is thus obliged to commend himself.

After much railing he proceeds to reproach us for having translated him wrong, and for having substituted bad Latin for good. We must confess, the errors of the press are what, in a periodical publication of this nature, it is impossible to remedy. We must own that the line of Horace should have been written, *Jurare in verba magistri*, not *verbi*, as it is erroneously printed; and

and that *vulgis* should have been printed *vulgo*; but who is there that can be mistaken in either? who is there that has not the hackney'd quotation, here mentioned, by heart? and yet such errors as these does this gentleman insist upon! It is true, we undertook no easy task when we attempted to make a man speak sense against his will. Mr. H. it seems wanted to shew that the druids never delivered their mysteries, but in an allegorical manner, and to this effect translated a French writer to support his assertion. *Eorum mos erat vulgus mysteria sua celare, neque per allegorias quid volebant significare*, which literally translated runs thus, It was their custom to conceal from the vulgar their mysteries, and not signify by allegories their meaning. Is this what Mr. H. designed to say? if it be, he talks in opposition to what he intended to prove, and contradicts matter of fact into the bargain. If he meant any thing, he must surely have designed to say, *Eorum mos erat a vulgo mysteria sua celare* (celo often governing an ablative with a preposition) *neque nisi per allegorias quid volebant significare*. This gives an entirely different sense to the passage before us, and we dare still aver, is the sense which was originally intended. But if he is still determined to have it nonsense; if he is still resolved to stick to his old *mumfsimus*, we are content that it is his fault, not ours.

But why has Mr. H. taken so much pains to accuse us of envy and malevolence; was it his fame as a writer that we wanted to remove, in order to make way for our own? That could hardly have been the case with respect to the author of tragedies that were all either damned or refused, or poems that were entirely forgotten! We might have pitied indeed, but we surely could not envy. Perhaps our motive to malevolence might have been, that Mr. Hawkins stood between us and a good living: we can solemnly assure him we are quite contented with our present situation in the church, are quite happy in a wife and forty pounds a year, nor have the least ambition for pluralities. The truth is, Mr. H. like every disappointed author, was angry, and knew none but us to wreak his vengeance upon: he somewhat resembles the serjeant in the comedy, who, whenever insulted by his superior officers, went home to beat his wife.

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ART. VIII. *The Shrubs of Parnassus. Consisting of a Variety of Poetical Essays, moral and comic* By J. Copeywell, of Lincoln's-Inn, Esq; 12mo. Price 3 s. Newbery.

SOME of these, it must be owned, are agreeable shrubs, and flower very prettily; and some of them blossom like young peaches that promise an after-fruit of more exquisite taste and flavour.



flavour. We like the modesty and conceit of this title, which seems to be a proof of the author's good sense and self-denial. How did the public applaud the humility of the ingenious Mr. Robert Doddsley, when he chose for his frontispiece the Tom-tit or the Wren, *the last and lowest of the tuneful train!* We could wish to see some facetious wag write the natural history of Parnassus and Helicon, in the manner of Swift, and the authors of the age classed into the different articles of species of the vegetable and animal world, which their several works seem mostly to resemble, with specimens by way of illustration. There we should see the satyrist typified by the nettle and the bramble; the pastoral writer by the green fumitory and darnel; the elegiast by the sighing reed; the ode and song-monger by the flowering mallow and luxuriant chickweed; the tragic writer by the spungy corktree; and the comedy-maker by tickle-nose or spear-grass.—We should also find our modern bards classed into the owls, the rooks, and jack-daws of Parnassus; the grubs, the spiders, and butterflies of Helicon; the newts, and frogs, and tadpoles of Aganippe. But, in the execution of this work, we would advise the naturalist to have a strict eye on the doctrine of libels and inuendos.

To return from this digression, we have received much pleasure in perusing this collection of poems now lying before us. The author, besides a good portion of poetical genius, seems to possess a considerable fund of humour, and a happy talent at imitation. The following burlesque poem breathes the spirit of John Philips, author of the Splendid Shilling.

‘THE TOBACCO-STOPPER.

‘I, who of late the useful cork-screw sung,  
Or strove to sing, and in poetic verse  
Immortaliz’d the tankard, now prepare  
Alike to magnify that engine small,  
Tobacco-stopper hight, associate fit  
For pipe-enamour’d toper. Bless’d with thee  
How careless does he sit, lolling at ease  
Across the summit of contiguous chair.  
Through the dark alley of the curving tube  
The flavour of the burning weed he draws,  
And at each puff he teaches ev’ry cloud  
In what due poize to ride athwart the air,  
Or curl its spiral head. Each little cloud  
In exaltation climbs the paper’d plain,  
Or horizontal swims along the room,  
Obedient to the blast. Virginian plant,  
To dust consum’d, demands the pressure light;  
Then

Then with a phyz of gravity profound,  
His hand in pocket dives, where thou, perhaps,  
With peace of Birmingham art safely lodg'd;  
Toothpicks and keys harsh-rattling on the ear.  
Haply he finds thee. Strait a sudden smile,  
Caught from internal joy, serenes his brow,  
Seen thro' the smoaky shade. So looks the man  
Wrap'd in distressful thought, misfortune's son,  
As thro' the Mall, for want of chop or steak,  
He faunters at meridian, when perchance  
His roving eye on Splendid Shilling lights.

' Begirt with many a friend, oft-times at eve,  
(Whether with Bacchus, Paynim fabled God,  
The Vine's exhilarating flood I quaff  
With lips impurpled, or descend to drown  
My care-tir'd thoughts in Porter's humble bath),  
O! let me grasp thy waist, be thou of wood,  
Or lœvigated steel; for well 'tis known  
Thy habit is diverse. In iron clad,  
Sometimes thy feature roughens to the sight;  
And oft transparent art thou seen in glass.  
Portending frangibility. The son  
Of lab'ring mechanism here displays  
Exuberance of skill. The curious knot,  
The motley flourish winding down thy sides,  
And freaks of fancy pour upon the view  
Their complicated charms, and as they please,  
Astonish. While with glee thy touch I feel,  
No harm my finger dreads. No fractur'd pipe  
I ask, or splinter's aid, wherewith to press  
The rising adhes down. Oh! bless my hand,  
Chief when thou com'st with hollow circle, crown'd  
With sculptur'd signet, bearing in thy womb  
The treasur'd corkscrew. Thus a triple service  
In firm alliance may'st thou boast. And thus  
Myself I serve, and on occasion due,  
Extend thy use to an embarrass'd friend.'

Here are several humorous pieces of this same stamp; *the Corkscrew, the Tankard of Porter, the Pudding, and the Caxon*: but, as a specimen of the author's talent for works of a more serious turn, we shall insert his poem, intituled,

**' THE MOONLIGHT NIGHT.**

' Hail! Empress of the star-bespangled sky!  
At thy benign approach night throws aside

Her

Her raven-colour'd vest, and from her cave  
 Starts forth to visibility. And now  
 With thy bright edging burnish'd, on the eye  
 The tree-tops glitter; hills, and vales, and plains,  
 Thy softest influence feel, The tir'd ox,  
 Forgetful of the labours of the day,  
 Slumbers at ease beneath thy kindly beam.  
 Tho' now the lamp that late illum'd the day  
 Its blaze withdraws to light up other worlds,  
 I cannot weep its absence while this scene  
 Invites to speculation more refin'd.  
 Witness this canopy of cluster'd stars  
 In dazzling order spread, immensely bright!  
 Witness yon glit'ring mounts and valley streams  
 Dancing beneath thy silver-shedding orb.  
 Mute are the coral warblers of the day;  
 Yet tho' the choral warblers of the day  
 No more symphonious lull attention's ear,  
 And tho' no linnet sings, nor laughing finch  
 Shrill twittles from the spray—O smiling night  
 Still, still thou hast thy charms, while Philomel  
 Is thine. Ah! let me hear th' ecstatic swells  
 By Echo's voice return'd—So sweet's the strain,  
 The nymph enamour'd doubles ev'ry note,  
 Save ever and anon thy softest trill  
 In imperfection dies upon her tongue.  
 If aught of sound the troubled breast can sooth,  
 And from its course avert the tide of grief,  
 'Tis thine, thou sweet musician. Tho' thy dirge  
 Be querulous, yet does it fill the mind  
 With solemn musing and celestial wonder.  
 Nor yet I scorn, O night, thy loving bird  
 As on her ivy-flaunting turret perch'd,  
 Wooing thy brownest solitude, she hoots  
 To some discordant—yet again,—ere morn  
 Affright thine eye, and rob me of thy note.  
 Oh! 'tis a pleasing melancholy air,  
 Which fancy well may melodize. How oft  
 From jarring strings harmonious sounds are drawn.

\* Turn upwards, eyes! and see yon flaming arch!  
 How glows each sacred light! Yon falling star  
 Behold—There view the Deity immense;  
 'Tis he who shines in all, th' Eternal One,  
 Who form'd and rules with awe the wondrous whole.  
 Here let the Atheist tremble as he looks,

And

And blush into belief—But can there live  
 A monster so absurd?—Where art thou, then,  
 O Conscience—What, asleep?—Then must thou wake  
 In torments wrapt, when death disturbs thy dream.  
 For know (poor crawling worm of little faith)  
 Thou canst not die the wretch that thou hast liv'd.  
 Here let me gaze, and in the trance of thought  
 Forget that I am mortal—But behold  
 Alas! the prospect lessens, and each star  
 From the fair face of sun retires, eclips'd  
 With lustre more predominant. Farewel  
 Sweet nurse of Virtue, Contemplation sage!  
 For I must leave thee now. The busy day  
 My lingering chides. I go, till night's return,  
 To plunge into that sea of sin—a bustling world.'

On the whole, though we will not venture to class this author with the first poets of the age, we think it is but justice to acknowledge, that his merit is above mediocrity, and that as a writer he deserves the encouragement of the public.

ART. IX. *Socrates, a Tragedy of Three Acts. Translated from the French of Monsieur de Voltaire. 12mo. Pr. 1s. Dodsley.*

IT has been observed, that a free-thinker, as we generally understand the expression, is the least deserving of such an epithet of any other reasoner; for let the subject be what it will, he is sure to introduce his favourite topic, and to convert every disquisition into an imputation of christianity. In the present tragedy, as it is called by the translator, Mr. Voltaire resumes his favourite topic, and, in the character of Socrates, speaks against popular superstition, bigotry, and priestcraft. He pretends that this piece is only a translation of a tragedy of our countryman the late Mr. Thomson, and would impute all its licences, and deviations from dramatic decorum, to the corruption of our taste. Thus he has not scrupled to mention the Old Bailey in a piece, the plan of which is professedly laid in Athens. A man possessed of his share of fame may play the fool with impunity; but, certainly, if one of us should be guilty of half the littleness and absurdities of the present piece, we could never expect pardon. The characters are,

*Socrates*; *Anitus*, high-priest of Ceres; *Melinus*, one of the judges of Athens; *Xantippe*, wife to Socrates; *Aglae*, a young Athenian maid; and *Sophronime*, an Athenian youth, both  
 brought

brought up by Socrates; *Drina, Terpander, and Stris*, friends to Anitus; *Judges*; and *Disciples of Socrates*.

Anitus, the priest of Ceres, from a detestation which opposite characters generally inspires, meditates the death of Socrates, at the same time he desires to be matched to Aglae, a beautiful maid, brought up by the philosopher, and supposed to be very rich. Socrates, however, contrary to the advice of his wife Xantippe, refutes the high-priest, and gives Aglae to Sophronime, as he was acquainted with their mutual passion. Aglae had been long taught to consider herself as possessed of a very large fortune; but Xantippe, who knew the contrary, produced the will of her father, by which she finds herself left a beggar, and wholly beholden to Socrates for support. This makes the prettiest incident in the whole piece.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Socrates, Sophronime.*

*Sophronime.* Divine Socrates, I cannot believe my happiness. How comes it to pass that Aglae, whose father died so extremely poor, hath yet so considerable a fortune.

*Socrates.* I told you before, she was richer than she thought for: I knew her father's circumstances better than she did. You have both of you, nothing to do but enjoy a fortune which you merit; for me, I must keep the secrets of the dead, as well as of the living.

*Sophronime.* One only fear remains, lest the priest of Ceres, as you have preferred me to him, should revenge on you the refusal of Aglae. He is a man to be feared.

*Socrates.* What hath he to fear who doth his duty? I know the rage of my enemies, I know all their calumnies; but when one seeks to do good to mankind, and offends not heaven, one hath nothing to fear either in life or death.

*Sophronime.* 'Tis true, indeed, but I should die with grief, if the happiness I am indebted to you for, should induce your enemies to put your heroic fortitude to the proof.

## SCENE II.

*Socrates, Sophronime, Aglae.*

*Aglae.* My benefactor, my father, most exalted of all men, I embrace your knees. Second me, O Sophronime, 'tis him, 'tis Socrates who marries us, at the expence of his own purse, who gives me my portion, who deprives himself on our account, of the greatest part of his fortune. No, we will not suffer it; we will not be enriched on such terms. We will learn to imitate the generosity of his sentiments.

*Sophro-*

*Sophonima.* I throw myself with her at your feet, equally astonished, and equally sensible of your benevolence; we love you too well, Socrates, to make an ill use of it. Look on us still as your children, but let us not be burthensome to you. Your friendship is the noblest treasure, the only one we wish. Is it possible that you, who possess but little, should do an action which the rich of this world would not have done; were we to accept your kindness, we should, by so doing, be unworthy of it.

*Socrates.* Your goodness overcomes me. Rise, my children, and listen to me. Ought one not to respect the will of the dead? Your father, Aglae, whom I always looked upon as my other self, did he not request me to treat you as my daughter? I obeyed him. If I had done less, I should have abused his confidence and friendship. I accepted his testament. I now execute it. The little I give is useless to my old age, which hath no wants. In short, if I owe obedience to a friend, you owe it to a father; 'tis I am your father now, and 'tis I who command you by that sacred name, not to load me with uneasiness by refusing me.—But I see Xantippe coming, retire. I have reasons for desiring you at present to avoid her.

*Aglae.* This request is somewhat cruel.

• S C E N E III. *Socrates, Xantippe.*

*Xantippe.* O my conscience! you have done a fine jobb of work e'faith; my dear husband, you must be restrained. Observe, if you please, how simple you have been; here have I promised Aglae to the priest Anitus, who hath great interest among the grand folks; and here have I also promised Sophronime to the great tradeswoman Drixa, who hath much power among the lower sort of people; and you have gone and married these two giddy-headed things together, and not contented with all this, have given them the greatest part of what you are worth. Twenty-thousand drachmas! O Gods! twenty-thousand drachmas! Are not you ashamed? How do you think you are to live when you are threescore and ten? who will pay your physician if you are sick? or your lawyer if you have a suit? In short, what shall I do, when this rogue, this wry-neck'd Anitus and his party, who would have all been on your side, shall unite to persecute you as they have often done before? The devil take philosophers, philosophy, and my foolish attachment for you! You pretend to conduct others, and want leading-strings yourself; you are always reasoning, and stand in need of common sense. If you were not one of the best men in the world, you would be one of the most ridiculous and most insupportable. I have but one word to say; break off this impertinent

pertinent marriage instantly, and do every thing your wife desires you.

*Socrates.* You have spoken very well, my dear Xantippe, and with moderation; but let me have a word in my turn. This marriage was never proposed by me. Sophronime and Aglae love mutually, and are worthy of each other. I have already given you every thing the laws permitted me to give; most of what remains I give to my friend's daughter: the little I keep for myself will answer all my purpose. I have no physician to pay, because I am sober; no lawyer, because I have neither pretensions nor debts. With respect to that philosophy you reproach me with, it teaches me to bear the anger of Anitus, and your calumnies, and to love you in spite of your temper.'

The refusal and disappointment which Anitus meets with increases his resentment; and he at last forms a powerful party, by which Socrates is condemned to die. Socrates's defence of himself has something whimsical in it; but let the reader judge for himself.

### ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Judges seated in the Tribunal of Socrates standing up.*

*Melitus.* Silence,——Socrates attend: you are accused of being a bad citizen, of corrupting the young people, of denying the plurality of gods, of being a heretic, a deist, and an atheist; answer us.

*Socrates.* Judges of Athens, I exhort you to be good citizens, as I have ever endeavoured to be; and to shed your blood for your country, as I have done in more than one battle. With respect to the young people you mention, strive always to guide them with your councils; and above all, by your examples. Teach them to love true virtue, and to shun the miserable philosophy of the schools. The article of the plurality of gods is a more difficult enquiry; but you will easily comprehend me.

*Judges of Athens,* there is but one God.

*Melitus to another Judge.* O the wicked wretch!

*Socrates.* There is, I say, but one God. 'Tis his property to be infinite; no being can share his infinitude with him. Lift up your eyes to the celestial bodies, and turn them toward the earth and the seas; every thing corresponds, one part is made for another, and every being is intimately connected with other beings: all is but one same design, and there is therefore but one only Architect, one only Lord, one only Preserver. Perhaps he hath vouchsafed to create genii and spirits, more powerful and more enlightened than men; if such exist, yet are they but creatures as you are, they are his first subjects, not God: but there

there is nothing in nature that informs us they do exist, though nature through all her works announces a God and a Father, This God hath neither occasion for Mercury, nor Iris, to make his orders known; he need but will, and his will is obeyed. If by Minerva, you understand only the wisdom of God; if by Neptune, only his unchangeable laws that give the seas to ebb and flow; I say, 'tis then permitted you to reverence Neptune and Minerva, provided that in these emblems, you adore only the eternal Being, and don't give occasion to the people to misinterpret them.

'Beware of imputing to your gods and goddesses, that which you would punish in your wives and daughters. If our ancestors have said, that Jupiter descended into the arms of Alcmena, Danae, and Semele, and had children by them, they have imagined ridiculous fables. It is a discouragement to mankind to say, that in order to be a great man, one must be born from the mysterious intercourse of Jupiter and one of your wives, Miltiades, Cimon, Themistocles, Aristides, whom you have persecuted, were as great perhaps as Perseus, Hercules, and Bacchus. The only way of being the children of God, is by endeavouring to be just and to please him. Obtain this title by never giving unjust judgments.

'*Melitus.* What blasphemy and insolence!

'*Another Judge.* What absurdity! One can't comprehend what he means.

The reader sees the materials are rudely thrown together; but whether from a supposition that Voltaire was the author, or from what other cause, we know not, there seems to us some of those strokes which characterize the *master*, and shew an endeavour in the writer to sink beneath his own abilities.

## FOREIGN ARTICLES.

ART. X. *Précis de L'Ecclesiaste, en vers, par Mr. de Voltaire, avec le Texte en François. Edition très-correcte, avantage que les précédentes n'ont pas.* 8vo. Seyffert.

THIS parody is introduced with an advertisement, in which the author tells us it would not have been possible to translate Ecclesiastes from one end to the other, with any tolerable success; so different is our style from that of the oriental inspired writings. This is a very good objection to a literal, but not to an intire translation: for every verse of the whole would bear a parody, as well as those he has selected. Mr. Voltaire's poetical  
Vol. IX. March 1760. Q cal



cal genius is universally known and acknowledged ; and therefore, the only recommendation we shall use, is to say, that there is a very neat copper-plate of the author's head in the title page ; and that we shall insert a few specimens for the reader's amusement.

\* J'ai vu que  
sous le Soleil le  
prix n'étoit point  
pour celui qui  
avoit le mieux  
couru, ni les fa-  
veurs pour l'Ar-  
tiste le plus ha-  
bile. Chap. ix.  
ver. 11.

\* L'Artiste le plus habile  
Fut le moins récompensé ;  
Le Serviteur inutile  
Étoit le plus caressé ;  
Le Juste fut traversé,  
Le Méchant parut tranquille.

Tu viens de trahir l'Amour,  
Et tu ris, Beauté volage ;  
Un nouvel Amant t'engage,  
T'aime & te quitte en un jour ;  
Et, dans l'instant qu'il t'outrage,  
On le trahit à son tour.

J'ai porté mon  
esprit ailleurs ;  
j'ai vu les calom-  
nies, l'innocent  
en larmes, sans  
secours & sans  
consolateur. Ch.  
iv. v. 1.

J'entends siffler par-tout les serpents de l'Envie ;  
Je vois, par ses complots, le mérite immolé ;  
L'Innocent confondu traîne une affreuse vie ;  
Il s'écrie, en mourant, nul ne m'a consolé.

Le Travail, la Vertu, pleurent sans récom-  
pense,  
La Calomnie insulte à leurs cris douloureux ;  
Et du Riché amolli la stupide indolence  
Ne fait pas seulement s'il est des malheureux.

The latter part of this small pamphlet, is the same kind of para-  
phrase, by the same hand, upon the Song of Solomon, exe-  
cuted with true poetical spirit, though it wants the enchanting  
simplicity of the original.

#### TEXT E.

\* J'ai cherché,  
pendant la nuit, ce-  
lui que mon cœur  
aime ; je l'ai cher-  
ché, & je ne l'ai pas  
trouvé. . . . Mon  
bien-aimé a passé sa  
main par le trou,  
& mon ventre a  
treffilli à ce tact.  
J'ai ouvert la porte  
à mon bien-aimé ;  
mais il n'y étoit  
plus :

\* Que son image occupe ma pensée,  
Et qu'il m'embrasse encore à son réveil. . . .

Chère idole que j'adore,  
Mon cœur a veillé toujours ;  
Je me lève avant l'aurore,  
Je demande mes amours. . . .  
Lit sacré, dépositaire  
Des mouvements de mon cœur,  
Des amours doux sanctuaire,  
Qu'as-tu fait de mon bonheur ?  
Eveillez-vous, mes compagnes,

Venez

plus : mon ame  
s'est liquéfiée ; je  
l'ai cherché, & je  
ne l'ai point trou-  
vé.

## REMARQUE.

† La Sulamite  
dit ensuite qu'elle a  
cherché son Chaton  
aux portes de la  
Ville, & que les  
gardes l'ont battue ;  
ce qui ne convien-  
droit guères à une  
épouse de Salomon.

## TEXTE.

(La Sulamite.)  
Je vous conjure,  
filles de Jérusalem,  
si vous trouvez mon  
bien-aimé, de lui  
dire que je languis  
d'amour,

Venez plaindre mon tourment ;  
Près, ruisseaux, forêts, montagnes,  
Rendez-moi mon cher amant.

Je l'ai perdu le seul bien qui m'enchanté....  
Ah ! je l'entends, j'entends sa voix touchante ;  
Il vient, il puvre, il rentre : ah ! je le vois....  
Mon cœur s'échappe & s'envole après toi....

Hélas ! une fausse image  
Trompe me sens égarés :  
Je ne vois plus qu'un nuage ;  
Les regrets sont le partage  
De mes sens désespérés.  
Oh ! mes compagnes fidelles,  
Voyez mes craintes cruelles,  
Adoucissez ma douleur ;  
Dites-moi quelle contrée,  
Quelle terre est honorée  
De l'objet de mon ardeur,  
Quel lieu m'en a séparée.

We hope that Mons. de Voltaire, who had before studied and wrote upon every other subject, has now converted his attention to the study of the scriptures.

ART. XI. *Campagne de Hollande, en 1672, sous les Ordres de Mons. le Duc de Luxembourg. suite.* Becket.

THERE is no kind of reading that affords more instruction than the private letters of statesmen and generals, where we view their undisguised sentiments, the full scope, and the ultimate aim of all their measures. From collections of this nature the historian draws his best materials, and deduces the justest estimate of things, and character of men. By the private dispatches of ministers, and correspondence of generals, he enters into the most hidden secrets of the cabinet, and enjoys a prospect of the operations of a campaign, and the manœuvres that led to any signal event, very different from what it appears from the public accounts, or the relations of inferior officers. The actuating springs of conduct are never seen, till time has rendered it unnecessary to conceal them ; nor is the statesman truly known till after his death, because it is not the least talent of a minister to keep his character mysterious. Men always respect whatever appears problematical ; and they judge that a man who is impenetrable, must be shrewd, sensible, and a deep poli-

tician. Burleigh and Walsingham founded great part of their reputation upon their closeness; and we frequently see private persons of little merit succeed by an attention to this prevailing foible in mankind. Hence it is, that memoirs of recent transactions are generally lame and defective. Such a writer necessarily forms his judgment by the opinion he entertains of the man, and the good or ill success of the measure. His passions are too strongly engaged to advert coolly to circumstances; warped by the prejudices of friendship and interest, or of spleen and disappointment, he views every thing greater or less, more brilliant or obscure, just as inclination holds the glass. His page may glow with the beauties of eloquence; his pen be animated with the share which himself and his friends bear in public occurrences; but his relation will necessarily be tinged with the warmth of passion, and the enthusiasm of party; his judgment blinded and uninformed; and his reputation but of a day, which must vanish with the faction that gave it birth, and make way for the slow and gradual approach of truth. Thus it is, that all those authors who have wrote within the compass of their own memory, have sunk in their value as other documents have appeared; and that neither Clarendon, Commines, or Thuanus, are unexceptionable, or free from those weaknesses inseparable from our nature. All of them bespeak the favour of the reader by an air of candour; yet many of the facts they relate from their own knowledge, have been controverted by subsequent historians, unbiassed by the same connections, or by the publication of papers, which it would be imprudent to usher into light, before time had assuaged the malevolence of party and faction.

In the collection of papers before us, the reader will find many interesting facts, stated in a point of view different from the entertaining narrative of Voltaire's *Siecle*, or of other historians of that period. Nor can the authority of the materials be questioned, as from the diversity of stile and manner, they carry the stamp of truth. The volume consists of Louvois' letters to Lewis XIV. and of dispatches sent, and letters received by that minister from M. de Luxembourg, the duke de Duras, M. Chamilly, M. de Rochfort, M. de Pas, and other officers and envoys of France in the Low-Countries. From this correspondence we have an extreme minute, and circumstantial detail of the operations of the cabinet and the field; a variety of curious anecdotes of the celebrated personages of those times, and several exact descriptions of fortified places, and the then state of the Netherlands, that cannot fail of giving entertainment to an inquisitive mind. One great objection, however, remains to this publication; it is, that the correspondence is too limited in time

time to unfold the labyrinth of intrigue and negotiation in which the court of Lewis was then involved. Several of the most interesting letters are unintelligible, for want of those subsequent to them, or of the answers. The correspondence begins in the month of January, 1672, and breaks off in December the same year: thus some very curious matters are left unfinished, and the reader more dissatisfied, than if he had intirely been excluded the secret. It were likewise to be wished, that the editor had thought proper to acquaint the public, in a preface, or advertisement, by what means these papers came into his hands, which would remove all suspicion about their being genuine.

## ARTICLE XII.

*A Letter to the Authors of the CRITICAL REVIEW.*

London, Dec. 28, 1759.

GENTLEMEN,

**I** Observe that in your Review for November last, you express some doubts concerning the authenticity of a book of travels, intituled, *A Tour through Spain and Portugal*. By Udalap Rhys, Esq; It is not not long since I visited many of the places there described; and it appears to me, from a number of circumstances, that this is not the genuine work of any traveller. You have already detected him in having borrowed his account of the bull feast from the *Lady's Travels thro' Spain*. The same illiberal practice of pilfering has helped him to his description of the Escorial. It is copied verbatim from a book printed at Madrid, anno 1657, intituled, "*Description Breve del Monasterio del sto Lorenzo*," by Francisco Los Santos, which is now out of print; and so servilely are the fragments that compose this work copied, that the letter, not the meaning, of his original, is every where adopted, and this has often involved him in absurdities. For example, Los Santos, speaking of the picture of Christ washing his disciples feet, says, the figures are so free, and the distances in the back and fore-ground so finely kept; *Que parace poderse entrar por el & caminas per su pavimento, & que entre las figuras. ay ayre ambiente*. Mr. ap Rhys translates this passage, You not only see the air between the figures, but think you could walk along the pavement. There are besides these barefaced plagiarisms many circumstances, which when connected together, form a strong presumption he never was in the principal places he describes; for errors so many, and omissions so great, as these that follow, cannot be fairly charged to inaccuracy or inattention, in an au-

thor so very minute in much less interesting particulars. Mr. ap Rhys pretends to have been at Corunna, which he describes. He was then within three short leagues of Ferrol, and though perhaps a sight as stupendous, and yet of a different kind, as worthy the attention of a British traveller as the Esturial, he has not mentioned one syllable of it. Indeed the works at Ferrol are very modern, and have not come into Gregorio Madera's *Excellencias de la Monarquia de Espanna*. He seems to have had few materials for his account of Portugal; so we find him, with a suspicious and very useless precision, fixing the latitude of the small convent of Batalha (page 261) and afterwards passing it over without a word of its beauties, though perhaps one of the most elegant buildings of its kind in Europe. The foliage and ornaments of the Grand-Portal (which is in the Gothic taste) appeared to be too free and flowing (to a brother of the late king's) to be the work of a chisel upon stone; he therefore with his own hands, broke down near two yards of it with a hammer, to convince himself that it was stone and not composition. Various are the errors he has fallen into about the Grand Aqueduct (Aguas Litres.) First, he places it a league from Lisbon, though it is not more than a short English mile; and secondly, speaking of the arches, he says (page 276) the tops of the highest are 235 feet from the surface. Now would not one imagine, when he says the tops of the highest arches are 235 feet, that there was at least two or three of that height? But it is not so. One large arch, 249 feet high and 156 broad, takes up the whole level ground between the two mountains, the rest rising up the side of the mountain, of course grow shorter as they approach nearer the top or level.\* We next find him at Toledo, praising the sword blades made there. In 1757 I was in that city, and had the same idea of their swords that most people who have not been there seem to have. But upon enquiry of the most eminent workers of iron in the place, I was assured that the blades made use of there, came all from Madrid; and this was confirmed to me by P. Manuel Barberon, the oldest friar in town, who declared that he never remembered to have heard of any manufactory of that kind, either at Toledo or near it. Mr. ap Rhys seems not to have seen the famous tapestry at Aranjuez, where the adventures of Don Quixote are finely represented; and yet by his prating some very indifferent landscapes there, it would appear he was in the room. I shall say nothing of St. Ildefonso, perhaps an accident

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\* See a plan of this work, published at Lisbon, 1754, or a print published by Mr. Bowles, in St. Paul's Church-yard.

of some kind prevented his going there. But though none of these suspicious circumstances were alledged, his silence in regard to the miseries he must have endured in such a journey, thro' such a country, are alone sufficient to convict him of imposture. In my judgment, in the fiftieth part of the tour he is supposed to have made, Mr. ap Rhys must have endured hardships scarce to be met with in any other country of Europe; and having gone thro' these, it is improbable he would have suppressed them; past sufferings are always enlarged upon by travellers with pleasure. As I have above quoted Los Santos, I think it not improper to mention, that at some vacant time I hope to give the English virtuoso a translation of his truly accurate entertaining description of that great monument of Spanish magnificence the Escorial. The property of the translation shall be given to one of our public charities; and in it will be given a plan and elevation of that convent and palace, and two sections of the Pantheon. Perhaps when it shall be observed, that above 1600 capital pictures, in oil, above 1200 of which are originals, have been buried here for a number of years, and scarce ever consulted by any foreign master, it will excite a desire in the public to encourage an artist of their own, who has, by his late proposals, shewn himself willing to undertake any journey for the improvement of his own talents, and the taste of his country; and who, by his excellent engravings, from pictures here at home, has shewn himself capable of making us partakers and proprietors of all the beauties in the Escorial, of which the best description of the most accurate traveller will ever give but an imperfect idea.

I am, GENTLEMEN,

Your constant Wellwisher,

EUGENE.

ART. XIII. ENGRAVING.

**T**HAT ingenious artist Mr. Houstoun, has finished an admirable mezzotinto of the most noble Marquis of Granby, from an excellent picture of Mr. Reynolds, whose portraits are universally admired. In this piece his lordship is represented bare-headed, in his regimentals; his left hand supported on his sash, his right upon the pommel of his broadsword, the point of which is fixed in the ground. The resemblance is very happy and striking; the attitude foldierly; and at the same time elegant; and the execution altogether masterly.

## Monthly CATALOGUE.

Art. 14. *An Epistle to the Right Hon. Philip Earl of Chesterfield. To which is added, An Eclogue. By William Dunkin, D. D. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Griffiths.*

**I**N this publication Dr. Dunkin appears at once excessively merry, and extremely sorrowful. His epistle to the earl of Chesterfield is most *familiarly* good humoured ; his eclogue, or Lawson's obsequies, is mournful to the last degree. The epistle may be considered as a smart prologue to a deep tragedy, or a jig before an Adagio, or (to run into his own manner) a plate of pickles before a shoulder of mutton. The death of his friend seems no way to have abated his festivity ; and though he weeps for Lawson in poetry, he laughs with his lordship in prose : in short, were we to judge of the writer by this production, we would give him the same appellation which Chapellain gave to Menage, "the poet with the double face."

His epistle to the earl of Chesterfield begins thus : " My lord, your fast friend, trusty correspondent, and faithful ally, the prince of printers, archibibliopolist, intelligencer-general, and general advertiser of the kingdom of Ireland, having lately discovered, that I had not for many months addressed your lordship by letter, or otherwise, with a very grave face and composed countenance, but a fervour and tartness of stile, unwont to flow from the dispassionate tongue of his most *serene highness*, called me roundly to task, and expressed his august indignation and royal resentment. "What, said he, was it for this, that *we* brought thy labours from the darkness of thy closet into the light of *our* shop, and cloathed thy naked, and neglected name with legible respect, and titular dignity ? What apartment from the base to the summit of our Palladian palace hath not been open for thy reception, and furnished for thy residence ? When was *our* oval table unspread for thy repast ? And when was *our* big-bellied bottle withheld from thy lips ? Hast thou not sat down in *our* presence, even on our right hand, while poets have stood in waiting ? And have *we* not in familiar-wise conversed with thee, while *we* have only nodded unto critics ?"

This *serene highness*, this *we*, is Mr. Faulkener the printer, who, if he speaks in this manner, must be, no doubt, an excessively facetious humorous companion, and well worthy not only the acquaintance of the poet, and his lordship, but also of the public. A great part of the epistle is taken up with this speech, which, whenever the writer takes up the conversation himself, is every whit as humorous as the other. Hear him.

But,

‘ But, alas ! how will the sanguine hopes and expectations of the parties premised be rendered totally null and void, when the bellowing tribe of meagre bards, and lank critics, like Pharoah’s ill-favoured and lean-fleshed line, eat up my best featured and fairest offspring ! What can be wrought, and finished with nicer art and ingenuity, than *Arachne’s* lawn, suspended to the sublime ceiling of a spacious hall, as it were beyond the reach of inferior accidents ? When, lo ! some vile, unthrifty chamber-maid cometh with her anti-christian Pope’s head-brush, and sweepeth down the weaver and her web together.

‘ Such, I fear, will become the downfall and undoing of these my lofty lucubrations, disconcerted, and broken by the callous and clumsy hands of witlings and word-catchers, who from damned poetry have turned their heads to foul criticism, as folks convert their cast coach-horses to dung-carts,

‘ Little will it avail me, that, independent of external aid, I have spun the materials out of my own brains, and laboured whole days and nights, in bringing the work to perfection, when the delicate and tender texture, instead of standing the test, will not even abide the touch.

‘ The dung-carts, and their criticisms may pass well enough together ; and, lest they should object against this comparison of myself to an insect, as mean and creeping, let them hear, what Pliny saith of such industrious and neat spinsters : *Araneorum Genus eruditâ Operations conspicuum*. ‘ The family of spiders are very notable for their curious housewifery.’ But in case they should spare the spider, they will arraign the retailer of this homely similitude for an errant plagiarist : to quash *which* indictment I can offer no fairer plea than an honest confession, that I borrowed the thought with very little variation, from a voluminous Latin and English poem, written purely for the benefit of their fraternity many years ago, although not yet published ; it is dedicated to your *lordship*, and must, I believe, pass for mine, ‘till they can lay it before the door of a better father. Here would I willingly halt, and spread a veil over the poet and spider, but murder and truth will at some odd time or other ebulliate.

‘ Much it irketh me to conceive any thing, that might cast the least unfavoury note of aspersiôn on any member of our faculty.

‘ But what I am going to mention is rather a matter of compassion and pity, than reproach or shame, a distemper, which frequently seizes the body poetical with sudden-fits and starts, and, what is most extraordinary, the violence of the paroxysm, instead of heating, chills the whole mass of blood, ties the tongue, and sinks the spirits.

‘ Some



Some naturalists have ascribed it to the malign influence of a planet, and look upon it as the consequent, and concomitant effect of a verififying itch: but I should rather attribute it to mere fabulous causes; and such accidents will happen, while there are such unclassical things upon earth, as poultry debts, insolent writs, and rude bailiffs; for, although poets may take great licences, yet, alas! Grubstreet is no place of privilege.

Who could have thought, to speak seriously, that such indifferent prose could come from the man who is author of many pretty poetical pieces, among which, this of Lawson's Obsequies is not the worst. The following lines, for instance, are not despicable.

But should he fall? And shall the lonely muse  
The tuneful tribute of her grief refuse?

Refuse to him her memorable tears,

With whom she sported in his tender years?

While, yet unconscious of himself he stray'd,

Unfought, unnoticed, thro' the pensive shade,

With wealth unfavour'd, to no lordly line

Ally'd, but Pallas, and the sacred Nine,

I coul'd him out from all the sable crowd

Of Alma's tribes, indignant of the proud,

The pert, the vain, preferr'd his humble name,

And woo'd his friendship with a pious flame.

We laugh'd at fops, fantastically gay,

The pomp of pride, and impotence of sway;

At scribblers vile, who blurr'd the blacken'd page

With fustian phrensy, for poetic rage,

We laugh'd with Johnson of ingenuous heart,

Who well could act the candid critic's part,

From fruitful fancy start the happy hint

Surprising, quick as flashes from a flint,

Maturely plan the regular design,

Mix wit with ease, and point the glowing line.

There runs, however, through the poem an affectation which it is not easy to excuse, as when the poet has manful eloquence, for manly eloquence; the museful powers, for the mases: such errors, though trifling, give an air of vanity to the whole. The man who is bred at a distance from the centre of learning and politeness, must have a great degree of modesty or understanding, who does not give a loose to some vanities which are apt to render him ridiculous every where but at home. Bred among men of talents inferior to himself, he is too apt to assume the lead, as well from the press as in conversation, and to over-rate

his own abilities. His oddities among his friends are only regarded as the excrescencies of a superior genius; among those who live beyond the sphere of his importance, they are considered as instances of folly or ignorance. There is scarcely a trifling city or university in Europe which has not its great men; characters, who are taught by adulation, to fancy themselves figuring in the republic of letters, and leaving monuments of their merit to remote posterity. If there should happen to be two of this character in the same city, the compliments they mutually bestow on each other are pleasant enough: they attempt to raise each other's reputation by mutual flattery, and establish their little dominion within the circle of all their acquaintance.

A traveller passing thro' the city of Burgos in Spain, was desirous of knowing who were their most learned men, and applied to one of the inhabitants for information. What, replied the Spaniard, who happened to be a scholar, have you never heard of the admirable Brandellius, or the ingenious Mogusius? one the eye, and the other the heart of our university, known all over the world. *Never*, cries the traveller, *but pray inform me what Brandellius is particularly remarkable for?* You must be very little acquainted in the Republic of Letters, says the other, to ask such a question. Brandellius has wrote a most sublime panegyric on Mogusius; and, *pristee*, what has Mogusius done so *deserve so great a favour?* He has written an excellent poem in praise of Brandellius. *Well, and what does the public, I mean those who are out of the university, say of these mutual compliments?* The public are a parcel of blockheads, and all blockheads are critics, and all critics are spiders, and spiders are a set of reptiles that all the world despises.

Art. 15. *The Dramatic Works of Aaron Hill, Esq; Containing* 1. *Life of the Author.* 2. *Elfrid; or, the Fair Inconstant.* 3. *Walking Statue; or, the Devil in the Wine-Cellar.* 4. *Rinaldo.* 5. *Fatal Vision; or, the Fall of Siam.* 6. *King Henry V. or, the Conquest of France by the English.* 7. *Fatal Extravagance.* 8. *Merlin in Love.* 9. *Athelwold.* 10. *Muses in Mourning.* 11. *Zara, to which is added, an Interlude, never before printed.* 12. *Snake in the Grass.* 13. *Alzira.* 14. *Saul.* 15. *Daraxes.* 16. *Merope.* 17. *Roman Revenge.* 18. *Insolvent; or Filial Piety.* To which are added, 19. *Love Letters, by the Author.* 2 vols. Pr. 10s. 6d. Lownds.

Some of these plays have already appeared on the stage, and met with a favourable reception from the public, which, we hope, will also patronize the posthumous pieces of a gentlemen, who, with a considerable portion of genius, and unbounded benevolence

benevolence of heart, survived the power of exercising his generosity, and found himself in his old age subjected to the most uncomfortable reverse of fortune.

Art. 16. *L'Amour A-la-Mode: Or, Love A-la-Mode. A Farce in short Acts.* 8vo. Price 1s. Williams.

From the title to this farce it has probably been bought up for a performance of the same name, lately acted with some applause in Drury-lane. The piece before us is said to be a translation from the French, and not inferior, in our opinion, to many of the entertainments now exhibited in both our theatres. The story is as follows:

Sir William Fainlove, a man of character and understanding, in love with lady Changelove, is deserted by that lady for Sir Arthur Hardy, a conceited coxcomb; who, proud of his imagined conquest, breaks with lady Manners, to whom he was on the brink of being married. Sir William is greatly chagrined at the preference shewn to Sir Arthur Hardy, and the coquettish humour of his mistress. He endeavours to regain her affections, but without success. Lady Manners contrives a stratagem, by which she has her revenge on Sir Arthur; and Sir William discovers the real inclinations of lady Changelove. She advises Sir William to feign a passion for her, in order to console himself for the loss of lady Changelove; and she admits his addresses in the room of Sir Arthur. This gentleman was so fully assured of the impression he made on lady Changelove's heart, that he ordered writings to be made out, and fixed the day for their nuptials; to which she expressed no reluctance, though she entertained not the least regard for him, and was actually in love with Sir William Fainlove. Lady Manners acquaints Changelove of Sir William's address to her, which she discredits, imagining it was impossible he should entertain a passion for any lady besides herself: but on being shewn the marriage-writings, and asked by Sir William that she would permit him to celebrate his nuptials with lady Manners at her house, where the scene is laid, on the same day the proposed giving her hand to Sir Arthur Hardy; she is convinced, swoons away, and discovers her passion for him. Sir William, now assured of her affections, discloses the plot, marries her, and disappoints Sir Arthur Hardy; who is again, on his good behaviour, allowed to renew his addresses to lady Manners.

Here, as in all other pieces of the kind, the servants are made the working tools of the drama; and it must be owned, that lady Changelove's pert woman is not badly hit off.—To conclude, the plot is meagre, and void of incidents; yet as the

characters

characters are tolerably supported, and the dialogue not ungentle, *Love A-la-Mode* may be read without disgust, though it would be seen with languor.

Art. 17. *The Rendezvous, or Covent-Garden Piazza: A Satire.*  
4to. Price 1s. Thrush.

In this little piece there is some merit in the descriptive scenes, and ease in the versification. We could wish, however, the author had been more attentive to the metre. Among numberless other instances of carelessness, we need only quote the following lines:

- ‘ By her kind aid impower’d to waste
- ‘ The ill-got wealth the fires amas’d.
- ‘ With her each female-fashion rose,
- ‘ All ap’d the mode of F——y’s cloaths.
- ‘ To top the whole, the lovely creature
- ‘ Must have her spark, and her toad-eater.

Upon the whole, the *Rendezvous* is not the worst poem we have lately read.

Art. 18. *Remarks on Mr. Robert Dossie’s Institutes of Experimental Chemistry, in a Letter addressed to the Authors of the Review.*  
8vo. Price 6d. Hooper.

The design of this pamphlet is too mean, too illiberal, and too obvious, to impose on the publick. That it was wrote with a view to prejudice the ingenious Mr. Dossie in the opinion of the members of the society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, cannot be doubted, from the unfair manner in which they have mangled, distorted, misquoted, and misrepresented a variety of passages in that gentleman’s *Institutes of Chemistry*. To cover his dirty intention, the writer has addressed himself to the authors of the *Review*, reproving them for the favourable character they gave of the *Institutes*; and lamenting, with an insidious candour, “that they have not exercised the same critical discernment on books of chemistry, as on those of less interesting subjects;” adding, “that their censures upon chemical performances are sometimes just, their commendations generally otherwise.” But our chief fault, it seems, has been, that we have bestowed just praises on Mr. Dossie’s *Elaboratory laid open*, as well as his *Institutes*; though our remarks on the first of these books have passed uncensured for some years, and on the latter for months; and would probably have done so to all eternity, had not that gentleman prefixed his name to the advertisements of these performances, about the time

time he offered himself a candidate for the secretaryship of the Society. We are really sorry to see a person, who professes himself a scholar, engage in a controversy, to which he is unequal, for purposes so illiberal. We lament that science is thus prostituted to mercenary views; and that gentlemen cannot fairly solicit the publick favour, upon their own merit, without depreciating the reputation of other candidates, by the most artful and injurious calumnies. To descend to particulars would be unnecessary, as Mr. Dossie has fully refuted every objection, exposed the letter-writer in his true colours, detected him in a thousand blunders and falsehoods, and undeniably proved this to be the infamous work of a wrong-headed junto, to lessen his pretensions to an employment for which he is certainly qualified. Sufficient it is, we assure our readers; that we were wholly unacquainted with Mr. Dossie's name, when we gave an account of all his performances; and that we are now as much strangers to his person, as we are to the name and person of the letter-writer.

Art. 19. *A Refutation of the Remarks on the Institutes of Experimental Chemistry. In a Letter addressed to the Members of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.* 8vo. Price 1s. Nourse.

This reply of Mr. Dossie's is, with great propriety, addressed to the members of the society of arts, manufactures, and commerce; and is just what we expected from the ingenious author; shrewd, sensible, and candid. He resents, with spirit, the injury done to his character just at the time when he hoped to profit by his literary reputation; he vindicates with equal learning and modesty every material passage in his book to which the critic objected; and he exposes with ability and address the train of illiberal intrigue carried on to hurt him in the opinion of the honourable society whose favour he is now soliciting. We cannot doubt but this insidious attack will be regarded by the electors in the light it deserves; an artful attempt to impose on their judgment, and an insult on them and the public. Instead of lessening it ought to forward the interest of the gentleman attacked in a manner so unprovoked and malevolent. It is certainly an addition to his reputation that he has so ably defended his principles against all the shafts of malice and envy; nor is it a slight presumption of the narrow mind of the critic, that he has endeavoured to rob the publick of a work of so much real utility and merit as the *Institutes of Experimental Chemistry*, merely for private ends, and to gratify personal resentment. We hope, therefore, that such of our readers as have conceived pre-  
judices

judges against this inglorious performance; from the specious manner and presumption of the remarker, will take the trouble of perusing Mr. Dossie's Reply, which is the clearest and most explicit defence of the Reviewers, and vindication of himself, that can be expected in a controversy, where false facts were asserted, false references made, passages distorted and dismembered, ambiguity of expression, and every other little art of low criticism, and dirty sophistry used, to blast the reputation of a performance, in our opinion, the most judicious, clear, and philosophical, that ever appeared on the subject of Chemistry.

Art. 20. *A Second Letter to a Right Hon. Patriot, on the glorious Victory obtained over the Brest Fleet, 1759. And an historical Account of that at La Hogue, 1692: The Antient and Present State of the Venetian and British Navies: Three Scenes; Wherein are introduced, Two of the greatest Names in France: The respective Cases of the Highlanders and Irish Roman Catholics: The late and present State of the British Colonies: Observations on the Grandeur of the Nation, its extensive Commerce, Banks, Opulent Merchants, &c. and the Characters of two high Critics and the malicious Practices of the petty Ones.* By Mr. Grove of Richmond. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Burd.

In return for much unprovoked abuse, interlarded with falsity, perhaps the severest punishment we could inflict upon this author, would be an encouragement to write on; and the contemptuous neglect of the public would severely revenge us upon the choleric Mr. Grove of Richmond: but we have too much christian charity to execute such a cruel design. Seeing Mr. Grove, however, professes to write, as Mr. Ashley makes punch in small quantities, *Pro bono publico*, we would advise him to be speedy in his next publication, and print upon foster paper than fool's cap: for this is the season in which many valetudinarians have recourse to medicated springs, and laxative diet-drinks; so that there will be a great demand for waste paper.

Art. 21. *The Spirit of Contradiction. A New Comedy of Two Acts, as it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.* By a Gentleman of Cambridge. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Lownds.

We wonder that the manager at last found performers whom he could trust with the representation of this darling piece, in comparison with which he looked upon all others with the most supercilious contempt. How far his sentiments may be altered by this time, we know not; but, in our opinion, this comedy of two acts, by a gentleman of Cambridge, is, beyond all contradiction,

diction, one of the most insipid performances that ever appeared on the English stage.

**Art. 22.** *The Question relating to a Scots Militia considered. In a Letter to the Lords and Gentlemen who have concerted the form of a Law for that Establishment. By a Freeholder. 8vo. Price 1s; Cooper.*

This spirited address, first printed in Scotland, is reprinted here, and enriched with a preface, said to be written by an officer of high distinction and merit. Athenians themselves need not blush at such a remonstrance in favour of national liberty and honour. Let the representatives of that country consider it as the instructions of their constituents, as it certainly speaks the sentiments of every free and independent mind in Scotland. 'They will now have an opportunity of wiping off, by their zeal and activity, the reproach to which their long silence has justly exposed them. The time of distinguishing those who have deserved well of the public, or of marking them with infamy who have betrayed the rights of their country, is now just approaching; and the freeholders and burgessees of Scotland are not insensible, that the seasons of their power are only periodical; and that it is but once in seven years that they can reward the public spirit, or punish corruption.' We cannot deny our readers the satisfaction of perusing the following extract.

'Scotland, it must be owned, has always bred a race of fawning miscreants, who have built their own fortunes on the discredit of their country; vile whisperers, who take possession of the ears of the great; and having neither honour nor abilities, make their way to preferment, by fomenting the prejudices of men in power. Men of this character, equally servile and insolent, cowardly and fierce, having often marred the fortunes of private persons, by the odious and false imputation of Jacobitism, are capable of obstructing an establishment for the safety and honour of their country, by secret insinuations of general dissatisfaction. If such men had truth on their side, the friends of the government, it might be thought; would range under them; for in the divisions of a country, zeal burns in proportion to the opposition it meets with. But if they are factious, and yet have no party; if they have power, and yet are not courted; if they have rank, and yet have no influence; if they have fortune, and yet have no friends, the conclusion to be drawn is both certain and obvious.

'It is proper to warn such parricides as these, who would stab their mother to the heart, of the just resentment of all her faithful

faithful sons. Having already experienced the scorn and neglect of all men of liberal minds, let them forecast in their thoughts, whether or not they will be able to bear the strong antipathy and hate of a whole injured nation. In fact, the disaffection of which Scotland has been accused, has chiefly existed in the violence of parties, who have alternately imputed it to each other, in order to depress their adversaries. But the great body of the people have always been zealous for liberty, and the illustrious family now on the throne. At all times it would have been safe to have intrusted this country with arms, because the disloyal have ever borne a small proportion to the loyal. But as the Highlanders, ever prompt to rise in arms, are now out of the question; as the confidence, for which great minds are remarkable, has been successfully applied to win their attachment and fidelity; we can boldly set out the low country of Scotland in competition with any part of Great-Britain, and bid all men defiance to point out any province, division, or county of England, in which there is more loyalty, or less disaffection, in proportion to the numbers of people.

Art. 23. *An Essay towards a Method of preserving the Seeds of Plants in a State fit for Vegetation, during long Voyages. For the Improvement of the British Colonies in America. By the Rev. Mr. Pullein.* 8vo. Price 6 d. Millar.

This little essay we think extremely ingenious; and that it is modest, sufficiently appears from the title. To preserve the vegetative principle of seeds, Mr. Pullein proposes wholly to exclude the air; remarking, that seeds pent up in close bottles lose their vegetative power less from the exclusion of external air, than from the impurity of that confined with them in the bottle, infected by the matter perspiring from the seeds. He is of opinion, that seeds properly dried, and then coated over with tallow, bees-wax, or any resinous substance, might be easily translated from the East to the West-Indies; and thus tea, spices, and other valuable productions of Asia, raised in our own colonies in America. The reader will have a specimen of his method from the following experiment on a hazel nut, which may with small occasional variations be applied to all the larger seeds.

‘First, heat some water in a small tin pannicle to such a degree as will just keep tallow or bees-wax fluid; let it be near full of water, so that it may contain only about a quarter or half an inch thickness of melted wax on its surface; set beside it a small vessel of cold water, and now to perform the coating, you must have a small pair of plyers with sharp points turned  
*Nov. IX. March 1760.* R inward



inward (they may be easily made of a piece of strong tin cut and bended into that form) then take a hazel-nut, and fix it between the two points of the plyers, with its small or germinating end uppermost, and when the wax is melted on the surface of the water, immerge the nut in it with a sudden dip, and then as quickly as you can dip it in the vessel of cold water; thus it will be coated over with wax, without much danger of being hurt by the heat, which will not have time to penetrate the shell, and the germinating end being uppermost will be the shortest time in the heat.

Most large seeds may be coated in this manner, and even the smaller seeds, which are contained in dry coriaceous pods, may have the whole pod covered in the same way, which I imagine will be sufficient to preserve them for as long a time as is necessary; but it should be remembered to let them always have attained a proper degree of hardness and dryness before they are coated, for if it is done while they are too moist, I conjecture that the too great quantity of moisture which it confined, might be of disservice. If melted bees-wax is found by experience to be any way hurtful by too great heat, then melted tallow may be used in its stead, to which I know no objection, but that it might possibly melt in some very hot climates if not kept in a cool place. But as melted tallow just stiffens at 97, or with the blood heat, and is not melted till the heat is raised to 110, I think it the best material, at least for small and tender seed, and it may be made to bear a greater heat without running, by sprinkling powdered chalk over the seed while it is yet fluid on them; and so may other mixtures of oil and tallow which would otherwise run with lower degrees of heat.

*Quere.* Whether, if Mr. Pullein's principle be true, seeds inclosed in bottles exhausted by the air-pump, and close stopped with wax, or hermetically sealed, would not better answer the purpose? The bottles are more easily secured against external heat or cold, germination is equally impeded without being destroyed, and the experiment easy, by only drying the seeds properly, filling the bottle, and then exhausting it in the receiver.

Art. 24. *The Pedlar's Letter to the Bishops and Clergy of Ireland.*  
8vo. Price 1s. Williams.

This shrewd pedlar ascribes the little progress, or rather the decline of the Protestant religion in Ireland, to the ruinous condition of the churches, and the non-residence of the clergy, which furnishes the zealous missionaries of Rome with all the opportunity they can desire of making converts. To remedy this evil, our pedlar proposes appropriating the fines which the bishops receive for the renewal of leases on the estate of the church,

church, to building houses of worship, a parsonage, purchasing glebes, and settling funds for small salaries in the several parishes, for the ease and comfortable maintenance of the clergy. He proves his scheme conformable to law, salutary in its effects, and the only feasible means of producing the so much wished-for union of principles in Ireland.—In a word, the pamphlet is by no means despicable either in stile or argument.

Art. 25. *Genuine and curious Memoirs of the famous Capt. Thurot. Written by the Rev. John Francis Durand. With some of Monsieur Thurot's original Letters to that Gentleman, now in England. To which is added, A much more faithful and particular Account, than has hitherto been published, of his Proceedings since his sailing from the coast of France.* 8vo. Price 1s. Burd.

A vile catchpenny, composed of mangled extracts from the daily papers.

Art. 26. *The Narrative Companion, or Entertaining Moralist; containing choice of the most elegant, interesting, and improving Novels and Allegories, from the best English writers, in two volumes.* 12mo. Price 6s. Becket.

As this collection is made up of extracts from the Spectator, Tatler, Rambler, Guardian, World, Adventurer, Connoisseur, and other collections of periodical papers, it is sufficient to observe, that the Novels are well selected, and this compilation the most innocent and amusing of any we have lately seen of the kind.

Art. 27. *Thoughts on the present War, and future Peace; wherein our present Measures and Alliances are candidly considered.* By a Country Gentleman. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Cooper.

These country gentlemen have lately been the chief supporters of little printers and booksellers, the props of the nation; and the assiduous, clamorous, and officious counsellors of the ministry. The profound politician, now under our inspection, proposes a method of terminating the war, and the civil disturbances in Germany, which the two great men at the helm of affairs will be deemed fit patients for Moorfields, if they reject. It is no other than that the Empress-Queen, and his Prussian Majesty make the easy exchange of Silesia for the Austrian Netherlands, and thereby end all their disputes, satisfy all parties, and no doubt recompense our wise author for starting a project, which, like Columbus's egg, seems so obvious, that it is astonishing no one should ever before have thought of it.

Art.

Art. 28. *A Plan for a Public Library at Church-Langton, in Leicestershire.* By the Rev. Mr. Hanbury. 8vo. Price 6d. Sandby.

The public is already obliged to Mr. Hanbury, for having raised and established a fine nursery, founded on the principles of charity, for the benefit of the poor, and the convenience of the whole country. In order to render this delightful place the more useful and entertaining, he proposes to found a library of books, well chosen, at his own living of Church-Langton, towards which he himself contributes one hundred pounds. Every person admitted as a member is to pay five shillings entrance, and five shillings a year. The library is to be attended by a sub-librarian, with a small salary, and the rest of the profits is to be laid out in the purchase of books, according to the choice made by the trustees. Here are other regulations, which we cannot pretend to particularize: but we approve of the design, and hope it will meet with all due encouragement.

Art. 29. *The Love Plea.* Ode to Sylvia. Townshend.

This is the best plea which a lover can make, when he is no longer possessed of the charms of youth. It is penned with tenderness, elegance, and art; and though the versification is whimsically irregular, there is something originally poetic that runs through the whole performance.

Art. 30. *Edwin and Emma.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Millar.

The story of this little poem is affecting; and the execution masterly. We shall only add, that the profits arising from its sale are intended for a charitable purpose.

Art. 31. *Truth Develop'd, and Innocence Protected: or, the Merits and Demerits of the late Commander in Chief of the British Forces in Germany set forth, and proved from undoubted Facts; and his Character cleared from the accumulated Aspersions which have been cast thereon.* Humbly addressed to both Houses of Parliament. 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Scott.

We must declare, that of all the pamphlets published for and against a late noble commander, this, in our opinion, is the weakest in argument and stile. Heaven protect innocence against the pernicious effects of such lame defences, infinitely more ruinous of the cause they would defend, than the keenest impeachment. His lordship may truly cry out,

— *Pol me occidistis, amici,*  
*Non servastis.* —

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# THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

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For the Month of *April*, 1760.

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## ARTICLE I.

*The Modern Part of an Universal History, from the earliest Account of Time. Compiled from Original Writers. By the Authors of the Antient Part. Vol. XVI.*

**I**N our last Number we gave an account of the preceding volume of this work, which ended with an account of the Hotentots. We are here favoured with an amusing detail of the manners, religion, laws, commerce, &c. of all those kingdoms lying between Cape Negro and the Gold Coast, or second division of the Guiney Coast. In this great tract of western continent, are included the maritime kingdoms, if we may so call them, of Benguela, Angola, Kongo, Loango, and Pombo; and the inland or interior kingdoms of Metamba, Makoko, Mulak, and a variety of others, whose names are probably scarce known to most of our readers. We have besides a curious account of that barbarous people called Giagas, and of that infamous cruel prostitute their queen Zingha, a name terrible to this day in these countries; the volume concluding with an exceeding entertaining account of the slave coast, or first division of the coast of Guiney, and the powerful kingdom of Benin. We shall endeavour to give as distinct and concise an abstract of the manners of these several nations as the limits of an article will admit; for as to criticism it is out of the question, where we know so little of the history: sufficient it is we observe, that the stile is more enlivened than in most of the preceding volumes; the narration less embarrassed with useless disquisitions and notes, which served no other purpose than to gratify the vanity of the writers, in displaying a fund of useless unnecessary erudition; the different characters more strongly marked; the

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reflections more frequent and close ; and the disposition of the materials more distinct and uniform. We may likewise remark the difficulty of compiling a just and regular series of history from the detached writings of voluminous jesuits and voyagers, who adhered to no method, and set down their observations in the manner and order in which they occurred ; a circumstance which alone reflects great merit on the work before us. ' Here (say our authors) is no clue to guide our steps ; no plan of history to serve as a thread for our narrative. Materials are jumbled together, without regard to method or diction, the very perusal of which is more laborious and fatiguing than the whole of the execution besides. Under these circumstances we resolved to form our own plan, and digest the whole in the same order we have hitherto maintained ; hoping that the difficulty of the undertaking will be compensated by the satisfaction the reader will receive in the perusal of the first copious, clear, and authentic annals of this country, even if they should prove deficient in some of those embellishments which constitute the principal care of modern historians.'

Benguela is the nearest kingdom to the country of the Hotentots, on the western side of the great peninsula of Africa. The country is fertile, and abounds in droves of large bees, sheep, and other quadrupeds. It affords copper and elephants teeth for traffic ; some grain, poultry, and other provisions, sufficient to answer the necessities of the ignorant, indigent inhabitants : but we need not dwell on those particulars, as the soil and climate are at least as good as the barbarous race of natives deserve. They are described a brutish lawless people, subordinate to no authority, and regardless of the dictates of humanity, religion, morals, and honour ; but at the same time simple, cowardly, and ensnaring. The men wear skins wrapt round their loins, and copper collars, encircling their necks. This last ornament the women wear of an extraordinary weight, amounting sometimes to 15 or 20 pounds ; and both sexes adorn their arms and legs with bells, bracelets, and a kind of copper buskin ; for such the rings may be called from their enormous breadth and weight. Polygamy is permitted, and sodomy practised ; idols are worshipped, and the sick and aged abandoned in their last agonies. Such are the outlines of this horrid picture, upon which it would be disagreeable to dwell. Providence would not suffer the vices of this people to escape unpunished. A nation more savage, more cruel, and more warlike than themselves, was sent to destroy them. The Gias entered Benguela, and made dreadful devastations, slaying men, women, and children, without pity or remorse.

Before

Before we proceed, it may be proper we give some account of this barbarous people, the scourge of all the western kingdoms; and this our historians ought to have done, as their incursions constitute all that can be called history in their description of Kongo, Loango, &c. and the whole region of western Ethiopia. From what nation of Africa the Giagas are originally descended, is not known. It is probable they came from the frontiers of the empire of Monoemugi, and fixed their first residence in the kingdom of Makoko, north of Loango. Hence they spread themselves along the eastern boundaries of Loango, Kongo, and Angola, still farther east into the very bowels of Metambo, where they founded a monarchy, and southward to the kingdom of Benguela. The Giagas are tall, lusty, strong, active, and swift of foot: they climb the steepest mountains and most rugged rocks, with the agility of wild goats. Even the women are stout, warlike, and both sexes so intrepid, that no enterprize is deemed too arduous. Plunder and prey excite them to the most daring attempts, and nothing can withstand their impetuosity. Zimbo was the first commander who led them to conquest, accompanied by a virago, called Temban-dumba, who served him at once for a concubine, counsellor, and shield: he penetrated, at the head of the Giagas, to the very heart of Kongo, committing the most inhuman butcheries in his way, and leaving nothing behind but devastation and ruin. Accustomed to feed on human flesh, they put their unhappy prisoners to the most excruciating tortures, to give a higher relish to their flesh. Wild beasts, reptiles, corrupted carrion, and the most beastly and loathsome food, were greedily swallowed, when the greater delicacies of human flesh were consumed. After a series of victories, which terminate in a defeat, Zimbo dies, and is succeeded by Temban-dumba, daughter of Dongii, one of the generals of the late king. She was bred under her mother, and at a very tender age discovered such prudence, courage, and presence of mind, that she was admitted into the most intimate secrets of the cabinet, and preferred to the command of armies. Soon she expressed her uneasiness at being subjected to the controul of a mother, inferior in capacity to herself, and at last broke out into open rebellion against her parent. She had already given so many proofs of an intrepid bravery, that her unnatural rebellion, instead of being represented by this barbarous people, was looked upon as a proof of heroic ambition, which gained her the hearts of all men. She forms projects for becoming absolute, and extending her dominions; and succeeds by means the most brutishly cruel.

‘To execute her ambitious project the more effectually, she ordered her whole army to be drawn up in arms before her, and appearing before them in her masculine military dress, prepared them, by a proper preface, in which she acquainted them with her sanguine views of making them victorious and happy under her conduct, and, by their valour and assistance, to lay the foundation of a powerful and glorious kingdom and government, which should eternise her memory, and make them dreaded by all the Ethiopic realms around them.

‘But first of all she told them, that she must and would instruct and initiate them in the laws and rites of the antient Giagas, their ancestors, as the most infallible means to make them as successful and opulent as the late Zimbo their leader, without the danger of exposing themselves to the same disasters and misfortunes. To convince them how much she was in earnest, and expected to be obeyed, she told them she would herself forthwith set them an example worthy of their imitation and valour; unless they were greatly degenerated from the courage and intrepidity of their celebrated race; and, if they were, would infallibly revive it in them. Having thus far raised their expectations, and fixed their attentive eyes and ears on her, she ordered an only son, which she had by one of her paramours, to be brought to her, together with a large pestle and mortar, in which, instead of overwhelming him with the caresses of a young and tender mother, as they might reasonably expect, she, to their great surprize, and without the least shew of remorse, pounded the innocent babe alive, till she had reduced the bones, flesh, &c. into a pulp, among which she brayed several kinds of powders, herbs, roots, oil, and other drugs; and having mixed the whole in a kettle over a slow fire, into an ointment, she stripped herself, and ordered some of her maids to anoint her with it from head to foot, before them all. This done, she resumed her martial dress, and told them, that that was the sovereign balsam which would render them not only strong and robust, and fit for martial exploits, but invulnerable and invincible, and a terror to all other nations.

‘It is hardly to be conceived, says our author, how that unnatural action was admired, and how speedily and universally it was followed by her barbarian subjects; much less to reckon the many thousands of male infants that were butchered in the same horrid manner, and for the same hellish purposes.

‘She presently after made it into a law, that none of her subjects should undertake any thing of consequence, or even consult about any enterprise, till they had previously anointed themselves.

selves with that detestable ointment, which, she told them, would inspire them with wisdom to chuse, and courage and resolution to execute, all their projects with undoubted success: and, that there never might be wanting a supply of it, she enacted some other edicts, by which several sorts of male children were excluded from being admitted into the Kilomba, or camp, or even from being brought up; some of which were ordered to be pounded and boiled for the use above-mentioned, and others, that were either deformed or defective, to be thrown to the dogs; to all which she added those infants which the chiefs and persons of rank should voluntarily offer for the common benefit of the whole, and which, she said, had by far greater virtue and efficacy, when made into ointment, than those of the meaner sort. Neither did she suffer any woman to be brought to-bed in the camp; which, she affirmed, polluted it to such a degree, as nothing could expiate but the death both of the mother and child; so that, to deter pregnant women from it, she condemned them, whether the mischance was voluntary or no, to kill their offspring with their own hand, or to be themselves put to death.

Most of these laws, which she stiled quixillas, are still religiously observed by the Giagas; only the women are prohibited to be killed for food, to prevent the extinction of the species. They are, however, reserved for a purpose little less inhuman, to grace the funeral obsequies of some great personage. Nay, the penalties annexed by law, lays no restraint on the nobility, who glut themselves, without dread, upon female flesh, as much the more delicious, perhaps, because it is forbid by the laws. Our authors mention one chief, Giaga-Cassango, for the use of whose table a certain number of young women were killed every day. Several other laws and customs this hardened Amazon introduced, wholly calculated to extinguish humanity and decency. One, in particular, we shall mention: when any of her officers was ordered upon an expedition, it was expected he should lead his favourite wife or concubine into the most publick part of the camp, and there, in full sight of a numerous circle of spectators, celebrate the nuptial rites, or run the hazard of being dismissed the service; a savage custom, scarcely to be paralleled in the annals of human nature, except in one instance, which the learned Prosper Alpinus mentions of the Arabs at Grand Cairo, whose marabuts go through the same ceremony at the rising of the Nile. At last, after murdering whole nations around her dominions, whole hecatombs of her own paramours, friends, relations, and subjects, this bloody princess was poisoned by one of her gallants, who succeeded to her



crowd. We do not chuse to trace the history of this detestable nation further, which, it were to be wished for the credit of human nature, were entirely fabulous, in which light it may probably appear to many readers.

We now return to the kingdoms of Kongo and Loango, both of which, with Angola, formerly constituted but one kingdom, governed by one sovereign. Kongo is bounded on the north by the famed river Zair, on the south by the Danda, on the east by the kingdoms of Fungono and Metambo, the burnt mountains of the sun, the crystal, saltpetre, and silver mountains; and on the west by the Ethiopic sea, extending about three degrees from north to south. Situated under the torrid zone, the climate must necessarily be hot. It is, however, extremely fertile; and to the indolence of the inhabitants must we ascribe their poverty. A variety of birds, quadrupeds, trees, plants, and other vegetables, scarcely known in other parts of Africa, are produced here in great abundance. Some writers alledge, that Kongo is but thinly inhabited; but Cavazzi, and the best authorities affirm, that the king can raise nine hundred thousand fighting men; and that the proselytes made by the missionaries, exceeded six hundred thousand souls. The fecundity of the women is, indeed, astonishing, the laws and customs of the people humane, so that nothing besides indolence can hinder the country from being populous. Joined to extreme indigence and slavery, the inhabitants are puffed up with pride and arrogance; and, indeed, we find these the usual concomitants on poverty, as if they wanted to compensate wretchedness by conceit and insolence. They imagine that all trading nations are forced to those servile employments, by the unkindness of nature, which denies them a subsistence without labour; and they content themselves with a bare existence, rather than disgrace the dignity of their blood by any kind of occupation or industry. All the laborious employments are punished with death or a fine, but robbery rewarded and extolled, as a proof of courage. The religion of the country is the grossest idolatry, blended with a thousand ridiculous superstitions; their priests the most artful impostors; and the high-priest, or *chalambe*, worshipped as a deity even by the king. The original complexion of the natives was a pale yellow, now faded to a dusky olive, since the intermixture of the Portuguese: their eyes are generally a lively black, sometimes a dark sea colour; their other features resemble those of other negroes, and their stature of a middling size. They are suspicious, jealous, envious, and treacherous; some of which qualities they seem to owe to the first propagators of christianity among them. These few detached

detached features, we think sufficient to convey an idea of the Kongoesse.

Our authors proceed next to relate the origin, antiquity, foundation, and history of the kingdom of Angola; in which the curious reader will find a variety of entertaining particulars.

Angola was formerly but a province of Kongo; now it is an independent monarchy, extending along the Ethiopic coast, from the mouth of the Danda, under 8 deg. 10 min. south lat. to the river St. Francis, under 13 deg. 15 min. In general the kingdom is fertile, populous, and rich in natural productions. The Portuguese missionaries have made a surprising progress in establishing christianity here, and, indeed, they have acquired by their policy, a great share in the government. In natural disposition the inhabitants differ but a little from the Kongoesse, only they are more rich and less arrogant. In the history of Angola, we have an amusing account of the foundation of the kingdom, and succession of the monarchs; of the first arrival of the Portuguese in that country, and their subversion of the monarchy, after deposing queen Zinga, who waged long and bloody wars against them.

Chap. V. contains a description of the situation, extent, and limits of the kingdom of Loango; of the manners and religion of the natives; the incursions of the Giagas, with several other particulars, which the authors sometimes repeat, and often contradict, by relating other particulars, diametrically opposite. But we cannot be surprized at catching them napping in so tedious and laborious a work.

We come now to the kingdom of Benin, situated at the eastern extremity of the Guiney coast, the history of which is replete with entertainment, various passages of which we shall extract for the satisfaction of the reader, and as specimens of the style.

The natives of Great Benin are in general a good-natured, gentle, and civil people, from whom, by kind usage, any thing may be obtained. If they receive presents, they return them by double the value; and will even steal to enable their gratitude. If a stranger makes a request, he is seldom refused, however inconvenient it may be to comply with his desire. In short, their disposition is no less easily worked upon by soft means, than inflexible to all kind of severity and rough usage. By courtesy their pride is flattered, their self-importance raised, and a parasite will succeed in points which a blusterer would try in vain to effect. They are quick and alert in business, greatly attached to their ancient manners, and shocked at any the least innovation. In this alone, perhaps, they are disagreeable,

many of their customs being equally disgusting and unnatural to an European. In their bargains in trade, with strangers especially, their tenaciousness of their own opinions renders it difficult to deal with them. It frequently happens that a bargain for elephants teeth will take up some weeks before it is completed, with so many ceremonious civilities, truly ridiculous, is it preceded; yet with each other, where they repose a confidence, no people make greater dispatch.'

'The government appoints a kind of brokers called Mercadors, or Fiadors, to treat with strangers about all merchandize. These Mercadors speak a corrupt Portuguese, which enables them to converse with Europeans. This qualification is esteemed by their countrymen their only excellency, as without it they are looked upon as the refuse and dregs of the people, because they trade upon borrowed capitals; in such esteem are riches held even among negroes and barbarians, and such is the contempt affixed to poverty. Among themselves all private bargains are dispatched with the utmost secrecy, for fear of exciting the jealousy or avarice of their governors. Their being represented to these as great traders, would infallibly be attended with ruinous consequences; for the governors keep a number of emissaries in constant employment, always ready to accuse those persons they are desirous of sacrificing to their interest and ambition. For this reason those who are out of power, and bear no share in the government, carefully conceal their wealth, putting forth every appearance of poverty, in order to escape the rapacious hands of their superiors. This obliges them all to an artful and cunning civility, in order to avoid accusers, and bribe by respect and deference those men to whom they are afraid of offering money.'

'The king, great lords, and every viceroy and governor, support, according to their ability, a certain number of poor at their residences. The blind, the lame, and infirm, are the objects of their charity; as for the lazy, they are suffered to starve if they refuse to supply their own wants. By this excellent police not a beggar or vagrant is to be seen. The public officers keep the idle to their labour, to prevent their infirmities, the consequence of poverty, from increasing the tax on themselves. This necessary care succeeds so happily, that in spite of their natural indolence, the indigent are but few. Liberality and generosity are distinguishing qualities in the natives of Benin; but they accompany their donations with an ostentation that destroys the grace and beauty of the action. Nay, so intoxicated are they with the love of praise, and the reputation of liberality,

berality; that they often impoverish themselves, and ruin their families, to excite admiration.'

' In general the negroes of this country are libidinous, and much addicted to venery, which they ascribe to the free use of Pardon wine, and good eating. This, however, is an observation which will hold not only in Benin, but in almost all warm climates. Their conversation is pure, and free from all obscenity; the rites of love they hold as sacred, to be spoken of only in places destined for that purpose, in retreats, and in a manner neither to offend the eye nor ear; yet the delicate hint, the well-wrapped double-entendre, is so far from being prohibited, that the person possessed of this talent passes for the first of wits. Hence it is that conversation is continually enlivened with well-contrived fables, and chaste similes, tending however to this point. The pregnant wife is forbid the caresses of her husband till after delivery. If the infant proves a male, it is presented to the king, as properly and of right belonging to him; but the females are the property of the father, are intirely under his power, live with him till marriage, and in this are wholly directed by his will.'

' When a woman bears two children at a birth, it is deemed a happy omen; the king is made acquainted with it, and public rejoicings are ordered to be kept, which they express by a variety of wretched music, vocal and instrumental. As the task of suckling both children is esteemed too difficult for the mother, the father by law is obliged to look out for a nurse, who has lost her own child; and that no advantage may be taken of his circumstances, her price is rated by authority. At Arebo only, twin births are reputed a bad omen, and attended with great grief to the unhappy parents. Here they actually treat the mother with the utmost barbarity, killing both her and the children, and sacrificing them to a certain demon which they are firmly persuaded haunts the village. If the husband happens to be uncommonly fond of his wife, he purchases her life, and sacrifices in her stead a female slave; but the children, without possibility of redemption, are the atoning offering which this cruel and savage law requires. Such an impression have those dismal events made upon the men in general, that those whose circumstances are able to support the expence, usually send their wives to be delivered in another country; whence it is probable that this more than savage custom will one day be abolished. The wood supposed to be frequented by this evil spirit is kept so sacred, that no foreign negro of either sex is permitted to enter it. If a native of Arebo accidentally falls into any path leading

leading to this wood, he is obliged, however pressing his business may be, to pursue it to the end without looking back; the violation of which custom, or of that other cruel one of murdering their wives and children, they believe will be attended with a plague, famine, or some public calamity. Notwithstanding this rivetted superstition, Nyendaël says, that he has frequently gone a shooting here; and, to ridicule their stupid credulity, has frequently turned back before he proceeded half way in the track leading to the wood. At first they imagined he would instantly fall down dead, or be seized with some violent disorder; but perceiving that no bad consequences followed his boldness, their faith was somewhat staggered. The roguish priests, however, destroyed all his endeavours by their artful salvos and subterfuges; affirming, that no inference could be drawn from the practice of a white man, their god not taking any concern about him; and that if a negro were to attempt the same thing, the consequence would most certainly be fatal.

‘As to the religion of the country, it is so fraught with good sense and absurdity, that we are at a loss how to describe it. The Fetiche, of which we shall speak explicitly in another place, is worshipped here, as in all the other countries on the western coast of Africa. They take every thing that seems extraordinary for a god, and make offerings to it. These, however, they consider in a subaltern capacity, acting as mediators between men and the great God, of whom their ideas are less gross and unworthy. To God they ascribe the attributes of omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, and invisibility. They believe that he actuates every thing, and governs the world by his providence. As he is invisible, it would be absurd, they think, to represent him under a corporeal form, to image and worship what we never saw, and cannot comprehend. To every evil they give the name of *devil*, imagining, that an evil-disposed, wicked, and malicious spirit, presides over all that is bad. This being they worship out of fear, and to prevent his injuring them. The devil, however, is not represented by any particular figure or image; he exists wholly in the mind, and the same idol is often worshipped for the great God and the devil.’

The authors come next to the Slave Coast, or the first division of Guiney Proper, under which they describe a variety of kingdoms; but we shall content ourselves with a few curious extracts from their account of the beautiful little kingdom of Whidah. This little kingdom is, perhaps, the most populous, fertile, and pleasantly situated spot in the universe. It is thus described by our authors.

‘Having

Having once got on shore, the scene is soon changed from a dreadful swelling surf to a most beautifully enamelled meadow, covered all the year round with a fine verdure, that nothing can exceed. Round the coast the country is flat, rising by an easy and equal ascent towards the interior parts, that sets the landscape in full view, and presents a most pleasing and rich prospect to the shipping. The height of the ascent is bounded by a chain of mountains that defends the country from its north-east neighbours. All the Europeans who have been in Whidah speak of the country with raptures, and extol it as the most beautiful in the world. The trees are strait, tall, and dispersed in the most regular order, which present to the eye fine long groves and avenues, clear of all brush-wood and weeds. The verdure of the meadows, the richness of the fields, clothed with three different kinds of corn, beans, roots, and fruits, and the multitude of houses, with a dimpling stream, murmuring down the declivity to the sea, form the most delightful prospect that fancy can picture to itself. Every inch of ground is converted into use, except those places destined by nature for pleasure, where the woods spring up spontaneously in the most exquisite rural simplicity. A perpetual spring and autumn succeed each other; for no sooner has the husbandman cut his corn, than he again plows and sows the ground; yet is it not worn out; the next crop puts forth with the same vigour as the former, as if nature here were inexhaustible. Unquestionably certain it is, that the kingdom of Whidah is so populous, that one single village contains as many inhabitants as several intire kingdoms on the coast of Guiney; and yet they stand so close, that one is amazed how the most fertile land on earth can supply the number of people contained in so small a compass. One may compare the whole kingdom to a great city, divided by gardens, lawns, and groves, instead of streets; not a village in Whidah being a musket-shot distant from another. Some are the king's, some the viceroy's villages, and others are built and peopled by particular private families. The former are the largest and best built; but the latter the best cultivated; if there be any difference in a country so uniformly rich and beautiful. In a word, it is the true image of what the poets sing of the Elysian fields; and, to speak all its perfections, though the authority is undeniable, would appear to the reader as if we indulged a warm imagination at the expence of strict historical truth.

• In the capital Xavier, or Sabi, a great market is held every fourth day, in the different streets of the city. In the other towns of the provinces they keep an Aploga, as they term it, or

a fair, where one seldom sees fewer than six thousand merchants. At Sabi the greatest markets are on Wednesday and Saturday. To prevent confusion, and the disturbance that might arise in the city from such a multitude of people, the market is removed at a mile's distance from the walls, to a fine large plain, several parts of which are adorned with groves of rusted trees, which afford a refreshing shade to the people, half stifled in the croud, and scorched under the burning heat of the sun. Here the king's women attend to sell cloths, and their other manufactures. These fairs and markets are regulated with so much care and prudence, that nothing contrary to law is ever committed. All sorts of merchandize are here collected; and those who have brought goods are permitted to take what time they please to dispose of them, but without fraud or noise. A judge, attended by four officers armed, is appointed by the king for the inspection of all goods, to hear and determine all grievances, complaints, and disputes. To oppress liberty, and sell for a slave the man born free, is a crime of a black complexion, and always punished with death.

Bosman says, that the inhabitants of Whidah exceed all the negroes he had seen, both in good and bad qualities. All ranks and degrees of them treat the Europeans with extreme civility, courtesy, and respect. Other negroes are eternally soliciting presents; the Whidans had rather give than receive. When the Europeans trade with them, they expect they should return thanks for the obligation; but their making a present to a white man they value as nothing, and are displeased at any acknowledgment for a thing so trifling. They have an obliging engaging manner of addressing each other, and a degree of subordinate respect proportioned to the quality of the person, that greatly astonished Bosman, among a rude people, as he first imagined them to be. When any one visits or accidentally meets his superior, he immediately drops upon his knees, kisses the earth three times, claps his hands, and wishes him a good day or good night, which the other returns in the posture in which he then happens to be, by gently clapping his hand, and wishing him the same. The other all this while remains sitting, or prostrate on the earth, till the superior departs, unless some urgent business calls him, in which case he makes his apology in the most submissive terms. The same respect is shewn to the elder brother by the younger, to fathers by their children, and by women to their husbands. Every thing is delivered to, or received from, a superior on the knee. Women do the same to their husbands, adding, what is esteemed a mark of still more profound respect, the clapping together of both hands.

hands. When persons of equal condition meet, they each fall down, clap their hands, and mutually salute; the same ceremonies being nicely observed and imitated by their several attendants, a whole retinue of an hundred persons being down at once on their knees, which might easily be mistaken for some public act of devotion. If a superior sneezes, every one round him fall upon their knees, clap their hands, and wish him happiness. In a word, no part of the world is more polite in the external ceremonies than the kingdom of Whidah. How a nation, confined to so small a spot of ground, should differ so far in manners from the surrounding kingdoms, with which they have a constant intercourse, is not so easily accounted for. One would be led to think that this happy little people have a soft, a climate, and a nature peculiar to themselves, and differing from those distant but a few miles from them. The natives of Whidah are in general tall, well made, strait, and robust. Their complexion is black, but not so jet and glossy as those of the Gold Coast, and still less than those of Senegal and the river Gambia. They excel all other negroes in industry and vigilance. Idleness is the favorite vice of the Africans in general; here, on the contrary, both sexes are so laborious and diligent, that they never desist till they have finished their undertaking; carrying the same spirit of perseverance into every action of their lives.

After a circumstantial account of the religion of the Whidanes, and their *snake* worship, the authors speak in the following terms of the female priests:

‘The women promoted to the dignity of Betas, or priestesses, immediately assume dignity, even though born of slaves and the dregs of mankind. They are equally, often more, respected than the priests, and claim to themselves the appellation of *the children of God*. While other females pay the most slavish obedience to the will of their husbands, these arrogate to themselves an absolute and despotic sway over them, their children, and effects. She who yesterday breathed at the pleasure of her lord and master, to-day (such is the force of weak zeal) governs with the pride of an eastern princess, and the arrogance of one unused to power. This makes the men decline those holy matches, and prevent, if possible, their wives being raised to that honour they so much covet.

‘Des Marchais thus relates the ceremonies observed in the election of priestesses. Every year they chuse a certain number of young virgins, who are separated from the rest of the sex, and consecrated to the snake. The old priestesses are charged with this business. They begin at the time when the



corn first buds forth, retiring first to their habitations, situated at a short distance from the town. Armed with clubs, they fall out from thence like furies, enter the town; and run about the streets, crying out, *Nige badinane*, "Stop them; seize them!" All the girls from eight to twelve years of age, whom they are able to catch, are their property by law: and, provided they enter not into courts or houses, no one is permitted to resist or oppose them. Their attack is supported by the priests, who, without pity, kill all those who presume to defend themselves from the blows of those remorseless gorgons. The young captives are conducted by those old bedlamites to their abodes: their apartments are assigned them, where they are instructed in the mysteries of religion, or rather of fraud, vice, and hypocrisy, and marked with the image of the serpent: the parents are made acquainted with the place of their retirement; and, far from lamenting their fate, they are overjoyed with the honour done their family, and the good fortune of their daughter; nay, they frequently voluntarily offer to dedicate them to the snake. If the old priestesses should happen to fail of seizing in the city the number of virgins required, they then make excursions into all parts of the kingdom; which generally continue four or five days. These, in the same manner as those in town, are limited to certain hours of the night.

\* At first the young ladies are treated with abundance of tenderness: they are taught to sing and dance at the sacrifices, and, after a complete education, they are permitted to reside with their fathers, under the restriction of returning at appointed periods to their duty. As for the old priestesses, they are composed of such as have either lost their husbands, or were never married, possessing all the virulence, rancour, and malignity, inseparable from the breast of an old virgin, envying the happiness of others, unworthy of felicity themselves, and equally hated and despised by all mankind. To conclude this account of religion, to the other accomplishments of the young lady are superadded the arts of love and gallantry. They are taught by the old bawds to wheedle, to toy, and to counterfeit the fits and transports of the most violent passion. Thus they raise the price of their favours, share in the booty, and encourage the girls to compliance, by promising them they shall be amply rewarded in the great Fetiche's country; yet, where their interest is not concerned, they are the most vigilant guardians of virgin honour, more out of spite than principle; less from virtue, than envy of those joys of which they can never participate.'——  
Heartily could we wish, that the antient virgins of our own country merited a different character.

In

In the next section we have a description of the civil government, capital laws, laws relative to insolvent debtors, laws of succession, revenues of the crown, and military force of Whidah : the whole concluding with an account of the soil, climate, produce, and, lastly, the revolutions in the kingdom, and its conquest by the brave king of Dahomay, whose intrepidity, justice, magnanimity, and splendid public and private virtues, would do honour to the monarch of the most civilized European kingdom.

The volume concludes with the history and conquest of the kingdom of Ardrah, which was over-run by the same Truro Audati king of Dahomay, whose character our authors delineate in the most striking colours. We shall confine ourselves to a very few extracts from this very entertaining account.

‘ The Ardrafians prefer the language of Alghemi to their vernacular tongue, esteeming it more elegant, sweet, and sonorous. No letters or written characters of either of these languages are in use, but the king and nobility speak, read and write the Portuguese fluently. The vulgar, who can neither write nor read, use a small cord tied in knots, to each of which they affix certain ideas, and by that means convey their sentiments to a distance. It is a kind of cypher, where the parties must settle certain preliminaries, before they are able to correspond. Their is, however, a great deal of genius in this contrivance, and prodigious memory necessary to the execution of it, with a tolerable degree of accuracy ; yet it is surprising with what facility they retain and combine the ideas first annexed to each knot.’

‘ The men have here the same liberty as at Whidah, of taking as many women as they are able to maintain. No great ceremony is observed in matters of love ; the great liberty enjoyed by single women, whose general carriage is loose and lascivious, affords abundance of opportunities for making and receiving addresses. Birth and fortune are seldom regarded. The men of the lowest class pretend to women of the highest quality, love qualifies alone, sets all degrees upon a level, regulates the conduct of parents in unequal matches, and makes all the parties happy. How different this custom from a certain unnatural *ad*, past in a country the most admired for its laws, and the first in rank of any perhaps in the world, for the good sense, the erudition, and the manly freedom of the people ! Notwithstanding this toleration, men seldom look for wives out of their own class : as they chiefly associate with those, so their choice is generally confined among them.’

‘ Writers

‘Writers observe, that the climate of Ardrah is unfavourable to the propagation of the species, it seldom happening that a woman ever becomes mother of more than two or three children. But this we would rather ascribe to their policy, than to any default in the air and climate. The women are married so young, that their charms vanish, they lose the power of exciting desire, and indeed of enjoying nature before the age of maturity in other countries. Besides, the men are enervated with the opportunity which variety affords of indulging their passions; and as they marry while they are boys, they are debilitated before they become men. One extraordinary notion, considering the inequality of births, prevails in this country; it is, that a woman delivered of twins is reputed an adulteress, because they cannot conceive how a woman, who has confined her caresses to one man, should bring forth two children. The men, says Barbot, after having robbed the flower of its chief beauty, the modest blush, do not confine themselves to their own women, but lie on the watch to decoy the wives and daughters of their neighbours; a vicious principle in human nature, that grasps at whatever is without the reach of possession. This author affirms, contrary to the testimony of all other writers, that the women are kept in the utmost subjection, prohibited the sight of men, much more their conversation, and scarcely admitted into the company of Europeans, before the husband is fully satisfied of their morals, and possessed with high notions of their honour and character. Indeed if the manners of the women be such as we have described, this restriction is almost a natural consequence.’

From these extracts we imagine the reader will conceive no unfavourable idea of the execution of this volume. It were, however, to be wished, that more attention were paid to geographical order. We see the history proceed from east to west in the general plan; yet are kingdoms confounded with respect to their relative situations. Whidah, for instance, is described before Ardrah, and Koto and Popo before either, tho’ the natural order requires that first Ardrah, then Koto, Popo, and Whidah, should be described. It were better, perhaps, if the whole of the African history had been divided into certain districts, and large empires, without any regard to the infinity of little kingdoms and states, which helps only to swell the work.

ART. II. *A Chronological Abridgment of the Roman History, from the Foundation of the City to the Extinction of the Republic. Written in French by M. P. Macquer, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences. Translated, and improved with Notes, geographical and critical, illustrating the Antiquities of Rome, by Mr. Thomas Nugent. 8vo. Pr. 5s. Nourse.*

OF all nations the French seem to have studied the Roman History with the most sedulous application, if we may judge by the great number of excellent, political, and historical writings upon this subject in their language. Montesquieu, Vertot, and Mably, have admirably explained the genius of the Roman people, the spirit of their constitution, the peculiar circumstances which contributed to render their sovereignty universal, and the causes of their decline. Rollin, Catrou, Crevier, and twenty more, have written Roman Histories, superior in style and composition to those of other nations; and we may indeed observe, that this is the field where the writers of that country range with the greatest freedom, the most credit to themselves, and profit to their readers. Assisted by the valuable collections of medals in the royal cabinet, and, perhaps, inspired by their vicinity to the scene of so many glorious actions, they emulate each other, who shall best relate transactions which afford the strongest precepts, and most animating examples of the means of acquiring universal monarchy. Policy, as well as inclination, leads that ambitious people to pursue studies so congenial to their disposition, so flattering to their aspiring views, and co-incident with their designs upon the liberties of mankind. How artfully do they seize every opportunity of deducing reflections, which insinuate a tacit compliment to their own government, and vindicate those practices by which they would establish despotism and servitude. 'To do justice to Servius, (says our author, p. 36.) there is reason to believe, that being convinced there is no medium between a pure monarchy and a government intirely republican, he thought it incumbent upon him to prefer the former, for the benefit of his people.' Yet certain we are, that Servius planned a scheme of government, neither wholly republican nor monarchical, part of which Junius Brutus afterwards adopted, on the expulsion of the Tarquins. One would indeed imagine from such a reflection, that M. Macquer had never heard of such a country as England, tho' his name seems to indicate him a subject of that crown. In another place our author affirms, 'that Providence has pointed out a monarchical government to all nations, and that human society is in a state of violence, till this system takes place:

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when once it is established, the ambition of the nobility is curbed, and they are obliged to approach the throne with awful reverence. A monarchical government, by giving a head to the state, grants a sure protection to the freedom and tranquillity of private citizens.' Alas ! how different would our author have found it, had he chanced to have adopted and published contrary sentiments, which would probably have furnished him with an opportunity of finishing the remainder of his Abridgment, in that delightful solitude the Bastille : but we need not insist upon a topic obvious to every one acquainted with French writers, and the nature of their government.

In the Abridgment before us, the author has copied the plan of the president Honault, in his judicious Chronological Abridgment of the History of France. 'To render a short compendium almost as interesting and instructive as a large body of history ; to accommodate the result of several years study, to the lowest capacity, without the least affectation, or shew of art ; to avoid details, yet to omit nothing material, to draw similar characters, yet to give their peculiar features ; to exhaust the subject, yet appear to skim over the surface ; such, says M. Macquer, was the task undertaken by the president Honault,' and such is the ingenious attempt of our author. As the subject required greater extent, he has considerably enlarged the president's plan, without deviating from the principal narration ; like a well-designed landscape, an infinity of objects present themselves, but all connected with each other, and included in the one general perspective. The style is concise, spirited, and well adapted to comprize a number of facts in a small compass, and render them striking to the imagination. His method is the best calculated that can be to the nature of his design ; the whole being digested into exact chronological order, and divided into centuries ; to each of which are subjoined remarks, and deductions from the narrative, which greatly contribute to the satisfaction of the reader, as they improve the judgment, assist the memory, and fix the attention. The tables prefixed to each century, exhibiting a view of the kings and consuls, are useful ; but we could wish he had consulted more accurate systems of chronology than that imperfect work of Brietius, for the columns assigned for cotemporary princes, philosophers, poets, and eminent men in arms and letters. To own the truth, we think these columns intirely unnecessary, and a heavy appendage to so spirited a performance.

M. Macquer has not succeeded so happily in drawing characters : the two opposite portraits will afford the reader a specimen of his talent in this way.

• Histo-

‘Historians tell us, that Cato was a man of general accomplishments; but he seems to have had a more particular talent for the censorial, than for any other office: he was remarkably active in canvassing for it, and he was more vain of this, than of all his other preferments. He took the name of censor which stuck by him, and he caused these words to be engraved at the bottom of the statue, which the people erected to him in the temple of Health: *To Cato the censor, for having reformed the discipline of the republic by his sage regulations.* This was the first time the people did him this honour; and as his friends expressed their surprize, at his not having obtained it sooner, his answer was, *I had much rather you should be surprized at the people’s delaying to erect a statue to Cato, than to hear you ask their reason for erecting it.* In the administration he shewed himself what he had always been, a zealous encourager of order and discipline, an obstinate and inflexible enemy. He drew up a new list of senators, and degraded among others, L. Quintius, brother of the great Flaminius, who had merited a much severer punishment: for this senator had been convicted of committing murder to gratify a courtesan, that expressed a curiosity to see a man die a violent death. He degraded Scipio Asiaticus of his rank of Roman knight, merely out of hatred to the Cornelian family. He was an enemy to luxury, which began to shew itself about this time in Rome; and with a view to suppress it, he contrived a reformation, which was productive of very good consequences. Taxes had been hitherto raised, according to the discovery which the citizens made of their effects; but this did not extend to cloaths, moveables, equipage, jewels, and the usual articles of luxury. Cato included them all: and as the censors themselves used to set a value on goods declared, he made the estimate amount to a great deal more than the original cost, and laid the tax in proportion. He erected a magnificent building in the Roman forum for public uses, which was called after his name, Basilica Porcia. The prevailing taste as yet of this city, was to be fond of public magnificence, and to check the pride of individuals.’

Speaking of Hannibal he says, ‘If this great captain wanted religion, sincerity, and humanity, as he is said to have done, I shall perhaps grant that he had the accomplishments of a conqueror, but I will not allow that he had those of an hero. Between these two characters there is a wide difference, which the vulgar nevertheless find difficult to distinguish, for the very same reason as they confound empirics with men of real knowledge in physic. The loquaciousness and specious appearance of the empiric are apt to impose on the multitude, who, through

want of judgment, go no further than the surface of things, and are naturally captivated by outward show. Were the expression allowed me, I should say that conquerors are empires in heroism ; that their most brilliant exploits are mere exertions of power, which charm the vulgar, alarm nature, and fill the human breast with sentiments of pity and horror.\*

How infinitely short of the merits of the great Hannibal is so languid a portrait ! Livy himself mentions him in terms favouring more of enthusiastic veneration for the great qualities of this barbarian, as the polite Romans were pleased to call their enemies, without distinction ; and yet Livy speaks as a Roman, who has probably by no means embellished the picture with graces that did not belong to it.

M. Macquer's character of Cicero seems to be collected from too warm an admiration of his writings, which is the fault of his elegant biographer, our countryman Dr. Middleton.

‘ It must be allowed in praise of Cicero, that he was a lover of glory and of his country ; a principle in itself honourable, though it made him commit some little failings. His ambition had no other object than glory ; he feared no difficulty conducive to this point ; this is what induced him to take such pains in improving himself in every ornamental branch of life, so as to make it dubious whether his natural, or his acquired accomplishments, were most considerable ; and glory being the object of all his wishes, the least diminution of it gave him the greatest uneasiness. He had not sufficient fortitude to bear with disgrace, therefore he quite lost himself during the whole time of his exile. He who had made so great a figure in his consulate, was grown timorous and irresolute towards the extinction of the republic. He seemed to have lost one half of his existence, when he saw the liberties of his country subverted. Yet he pretended to be a philosopher, and was even more ambitious of this appellation than of that of an orator, perhaps because he was sensible of his not being entitled to the former, whereas the latter could not be disputed with him. He was not made to spread terror and desolation in the field ; but he often faced death in the midst of Rome for the defence of his country ; and at length he nobly laid down his life in the glorious cause. He was not a soldier, yet he had courage ; I do not mean that rough kind of courage by which we are hurried to carnage and slaughter, but that steady resolution which properly forms the characteristic of a great man. The chief failing he can be charged with, is a little vanity, a failing however that borders in some measure on the love of glory. Yet Cicero may still be ranked

ranked among the greatest men that appeared towards the decline of the republic. Pompey had only the outward show of virtue ; Cæsar frequently neglected even to preserve the appearances of it ; Cato carried his to excess ; but Cicero was possessed of real virtue, together with vast abilities, and every shining accomplishment.'

But this was by no means the real character of the Roman orator. In his pleadings at the bar he used all the chicane, the glosses, and subterfuges of a dirty modern pettifogger. In his political capacity he was vain, ostentatious, venal, and pusillanimous, notwithstanding he met death with the magnanimity of a hero. His oration, *Pro lege Manilia*, and several others, distinguish him a fulsome sycophant, and mean time-server ; nor can it be denied, that his heart was open to corruption, if we carefully examine his letters to Atticus. His own words here condemn him ; and he frankly confesses in one place, that a certain preferment in Gaul would have won him over to Cæsar's party. There was, indeed, a strange inconsistency in his character ; an elevation of thought too big for the animal powers, which formed a strong contrast between his speculative and practical conduct, if we may so express ourselves. He was, in a word, what our elegant satyrist calls, lord Verulam, whom he strikingly resembled, " the greatest and the meanest of mankind."

We shall dismiss this article with giving our readers a specimen of our author's political capacity, by extracting the reflections with which he sums up the history of the first century of Rome.

' The origin of empires is generally embellished, or rather disfigured with fables. I thought it my duty to take no notice of those which are told of Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome : *There were kings at Rome, there were consuls, there were decemvirs*, says a celebrated writer : *The people of Rome destroyed Carthage ; Cæsar vanquished Pompey ; all this true ; but when they tell you, that Castor and Pollux fought for this people ; that a vestal, with her girdle, set a vessel on float, which before was aground ; that a gulf was closed as soon as Curtius jumped into it ; do not believe a word of it.* They who tell us that Romulus and Remus were condemned to be thrown into the Tiber, at the instigation of Amulius, who had usurped the throne of Alba from their grandfather Numitor ; that the person entrusted with this inhuman office, was satisfied with exposing them in a wooden trough on the river Tiber, with an inscription declaring the circumstances of their birth ; that this wooden trough was fortunately left safe on the strand ; that a she-wolf, hearing their cries, came



up and suckled them ; that at length Faustus, the chief of the king's shepherds, received them into his cottage, and afterwards took care to have them educated as princes ; they, I say, who tell us such wonders, do not deserve more credit. Away with such idle fables : let us leave them to those shallow understandings, who have no relish for history, but when dressed in the disguise of romance ; and who look upon the marvellous as the only sublime.

• The Roman history has charms enough of its own, without having recourse to foreign embellishments. We are amazed at the low beginnings of that people, when compared to the high pitch of grandeur which they afterwards acquired. We are eager to discover the causes of this surprising progress ; we are inclined to attribute it to the very genius of the founder of Rome, and of the primitive Romans, as well as to the circumstances under which this empire was founded ; and, upon inquiry, we shall find ourselves not at all mistaken.

• At the time when Romulus and Remus laid the foundation of Rome, Italy abounded with a great number of petty states, many of which consisted only of a single fortified town, and a few neighbouring fields. To form a settlement of this kind, might have been the utmost ambition of two young princes, that had no other force or support than a few herdsmen and adventurers, who followed their fortune. Their aim might have been to build a town, and not to found an empire. But Romulus carried his views a great deal farther. After he had acquired the sole command over his little colony, by killing his brother, he set his mind upon increasing his power, and extending the limits of his dominions.

• A little country town, surrounded with a ditch and a wall of no manner of strength, and filled with mean, irregular huts, was, in appearance, a contemptible object ; but Romulus's ambition made him view this little town in a nobler light, and consider these thatched houses, as the foundation of a lasting city. He was in hopes that Rome, by a constant exertion of her strength, might not only be considerably improved, but gradually subdue all her neighbours, and become mistress of Italy. Even the feeble condition of this city seemed to him, in some measure, to preface the grandeur and power which she was one day to acquire. Fortune delights in befriending those, who expect nothing but from her hands, and from their own endeavours. Besides, we are apt to have no distrust of the impotent ; we despise, we neglect them ; not considering that they are continually upon the watch, ready to take advantage of our security,  
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of our indolence, or our mistakes, in order to raise themselves upon our ruins. No doubt but Romulus often made these reflections, and thereon he founded part of his hopes. Every thing shews him to have been a profound politician. Who can but admire his notion of opening an asylum in his little town; an artifice which had luckily the effect, not only of increasing the power of Rome, but also of diminishing that of his neighbours? Who can help being surprized at the means he used to procure women for his subjects, that wanted the commerce of the sex, not only to soften and polish their manners, but likewise for the purpose of propagation? When the neighbouring nations refused to marry their daughters to the Romans, Romulus might have undertaken to oblige them to it by force of arms; but he would have run the risk, either of miscarrying intirely, in case of any unprosperous stroke of fortune, or of seeing an affair procrastinated, that admitted of no delay; and perhaps his kingdom would have ended with the original inhabitants of Rome. The union which this prince devised between the two principal bodies in the state, by establishing the right of patronage; and his prudence in making friends and Roman citizens of all his vanquished enemies, are sufficient to give us an high idea of his profound and extensive policy. But what chiefly characterizes the genius of this founder of the most celebrated empire in the universe, is his forbidding the Romans to follow any other occupation than that of arms and agriculture: the liberal arts were left to slaves; a plain proof that he did not think so much of contributing to the happiness, as to the power and grandeur of the Romans.

The first inhabitants of Rome were a very proper people to promote the views of their founder. A multitude of young adventurers, free booters, fugitive slaves, insolvent debtors, and criminals, who escaped from punishment, and fled to him for refuge, were not so desirous of repose, as of new adventures; they looked upon Romulus not as their king, but as their chief and general; they considered Rome not as a town where they were to live in subjection to a monarch, and to laws, but as a camp, where they might have a conveniency for making excursions into the neighbouring country, and exercising their usual depredations. Romulus must have been pleased to see the bold and martial spirit of his people. War was the only way for him to procure riches, and dominions. Far from checking this martial spirit, it was his interest to excite and encourage it. There would have been an end of Rome, had he been satisfied with keeping its first inhabitants in a state of inaction. Either they would have quickly dispersed, each to return to his original

manner of life ; or, for want of an opportunity of exercising their activity on external objects, they would have destroyed themselves at home, by arming to their mutual destruction. Neither was it less dangerous, to assume too absolute an authority over them. Romulus should not have forgot, that the reason of their submitting to his command, was their aversion from dependance and subordination : either he forgot, or did not sufficiently attend to this circumstance, which was the cause of his untimely apotheosis.

‘ Of all the successors of Romulus, Numa is the only one who did not busy himself in military pursuits. He was more capable of governing, than of founding a state. His whole ambition was to reign peaceably over a people, whose manners he wanted to soften by the great number of religious ceremonies which he instituted, and which were very readily embraced by the Romans. The familiarity which this prince pretended to have with the nymph Egeria, gave a great sanction to his institutions, and flattered the Romans, who were ever a superstitious people, from the same cause that made them fond of military glory. Their pride and their vanity induced them easily to believe, that the gods watched, in a particular manner, over the safety of their empire ; and that they were destined to command other nations. Such a persuasion would have been alone sufficient to make them perform great feats ; and no doubt but Numa’s successors took particular care to confirm them in this notion, so proper to raise their martial ardour. This we see by the conduct of Tarquin the Proud, who persuaded them that a human head, which was found at Rome upon digging the foundations of a temple, foreshowed that this city was designed by heaven to be one day the head and mistress of Italy.

‘ What might not have been expected from a people full of such notions of future grandeur ; a people who, of course, were strangers to any other than military glory ; and who, moreover, were indebted to a chain of circumstances for the increase of their empire ? Had Rome been surrounded by powerful states, she would have continued in her original impotence and obscurity. What probability was there, that she would ever have laid the foundations of her own greatness on their ruins ? What probability, that she could have formed so wild a design ? No plan can be deemed reasonable, if there is not a certain proportion between the cause, and the effect ; now there is no doubt, but in the supposition we are here making, there would be an intire disproportion. But we observed before, that at the time of the foundation of Rome, Italy was only an assemblage

of petty states ; a body formed of an infinite number of parts, ill connected, and ill put together. In those days they had no idea, at least in Italy, of that equilibrium of power, which has since been the object and study of governments. The policy of those remote times did not reach so far. Nations looked on with indifference, while their neighbours were over-run by other powers ; not reflecting, that to be neuter or inactive on those occasions, was lending arms against themselves, and suffering an enemy to acquire such strength, as must overpower them in the end. True it is, that we see a few instances of petty alliances against the Romans, formed by the people of Italy ; but, either they were all quickly dissolved, or they were ill-concerted, and worse supported ; or, in short, their endeavours proved fruitless. Italy should have formed more powerful associations ; the whole country, indeed, should have armed against Rome, or must have expected to be one day obliged to submit to her laws."

To conclude : the translator has enriched the work with some geographical and critical notes, which greatly assist the unlearned reader, and contribute in rendering it one of the best and most entertaining epitomes of the Roman history we have seen.

ART. III. *An Essay on Bilious Fevers ; or, the History of a Bilious Epidemic Fever at Lausanne, in the Year 1755.* By S. A. D. Tiffot, M. D. Translated into English. 8vo. Pr. 2s. 6d. Wilson and Durham.

A Judicious history of diseases, where the symptoms are carefully described in the manner they arise, every variation occasioned by external causes, and the force of medicines diligently marked, forms undoubtedly the most valuable part of practical physic. It were to be wished that this branch of the medical art allowed less range to the imagination, which frequently loves to indulge in the marvellous, where so fair an opportunity offers, and we are obliged to rest our belief wholly on the credit of the writer. Nothing can be easier than to compose histories and novels of diseases which never existed, and yet appear so natural, that we cannot deny our assent. Men of more ambition than practice, have turned this circumstance to their own advantage, and acquired the reputation of accurate observers, by relating a variety of nice little symptoms and discriminations, which had escaped all former writers. The voluminous transactions of our Royal Society, and of all the other institutions

institutions in Europe of a similar nature, furnish abundance of cases formed merely for the sake of some *supposititious* hypothesis, for the gratification of vanity, of some private purpose, or perhaps with no other view than trying the credulity of those learned bodies. We have seen the same temperament of body, the same constitution of the air, the same regimen, and the same disease, described by different writers, in words and effect totally different. In fevers in particular, we have seen divisions, subdivisions, and distinctions without number, which serve rather to perplex than inform. Every writer has called that symptom of which himself was the first observer, the leading diagnostic of the distemper, inasmuch that the number of criterions whereby to judge, destroys all power of judging.

Dr. Tissot has here favoured us with an octavo volume, upon the description, cause, and method of cure, of what he calls a bilious epidemic fever that appeared in Lausanne, a city of Switzerland, in the year 1755. To give this fever certain peculiarities, which may serve as an apology for publishing it, he seems to us to have culled symptoms from every other species of fever, and to have made this a miliary, ardent, nervous, intermitting, or any other kind of fever, as much as a bilious; and to prove that such symptoms may exist, he calls to witness Hippocrates, Celsus, the celebrated Huxham, the immortal Boerhaave, the famous Malpighi, the ingenious Tralles, the excellent Hoffman, the learned Van Swieten, the industrious Bonetus, with a hundred other learned, illustrious, immortal, and inestimable doctors, without regard to the disease they were describing, when they mentioned the symptom. Here we see the paroxysms and intervals of agues, the rigors, full pulse, parched skin, delirium, and universal heat of acute fevers; the flushings, transient chillnesses, clammy sweats, frequently the low, quick, and unequal pulse of nervous disorders; the eruptions of miliary, the cutaneous efflorescences of petechial, and the manifold grievous symptoms of putrid, malignant fevers; in a word, we almost persuade ourselves, that Dr. Tissot has classed his patients in all these different disorders, under one general species, to which he gives the name of the bilious Lausanne fever.

It may be worth while to peruse his sentiments upon the cause of this fever, and to what class it properly belongs. 'I have seen many febrile distempers, and have perused many accurate histories of fevers: and the more I consider the subject in my own mind, the more I am persuaded, that all primary fevers, without any exception, are either intermittent, inflammatory, putrid, or compounded of these. Nor can any objection

jection to this doctrine be drawn from that enormous catalogue of fevers, which has indeed retarded the improvement of physic, but has not in the least, by heaven's blessing, increased the number of diseases. For the very same distemper has been often distinguished by different names; at other times, which is mostly the case, the name has been drawn from the symptoms without any regard to the cause, and this has introduced as many appellations, as there are found violent symptoms in febrile disorders. While, notwithstanding this, every body knows, that the same cause may produce innumerable symptoms, in appearance very different, according to the degree of its violence, the variety of its seat, the peculiar constitution of a patient, the difference of climate, season, and above all, the different methods of practice; and yet all these are to be destroyed by the same weapon: the words of the great Boerhaave, are very much to our purpose. 'It appears that these diseases, infinitely various if we regard their symptoms, do not spring from so complex an origin, nor do they require such a variety either in their remedies or method of cure.'

'It is easy to perceive that this epidemick disease of Lausanne, cannot belong to the class either of intermitten or inflammatory fevers, but that it was of the putrid kind: and our three species agree very well with the triple Syneches of the antients; one pituito-bilious, a second bilious, and the third atrabilious. For in all the patients we found the symptoms of a putrid ferment, or as the immortal Boerhaave chuses to call it, a spontaneous alcali, sometimes more, sometimes less exalted. The origin of such a cacochymy was threefold, 1. A retention of the perspirable matter, which is always of a putrescent nature, and by the laws of the human œconomy generally falls upon the intestines. 2. The relicks of animal food which has a natural tendency to putrefaction; and lastly the bile itself, 'which of all the humours most quickly turns putrid, so that as soon as any putrefaction arises in the primæ viæ, the bile is presently changed,' and whenever it has become putrid, it very quickly corrupts every thing else. Seeing then these three kinds of putrefaction agree perfectly in their effects, the diseases produced by them may not unjustly be termed bilious. 'For where any putrid humour has produced a volatile salt and caustic oil, it is called by the antients acrimonious bile;' and if we compare our epidemick with those which the best physicians have described under the title of bilious fevers, we shall presently discern the similarity; such are the hemitritei and tritophiæ of the antients; the mesenteric of the moderns, nay and all typhi, the lypiria, asôdes, hungaric, gastric, and the ardent fever, all which, physicians

sicians have with one consent attributed to bile accumulated about the præcordia, and have cured with medicines of a quality contrary to bile. A bilious fever with a delirium, resembling ours, has been even described by Hippocrates, in his book *de Affectionibus*. Several like cases are found in his epidemics, and it will be entertaining to quote what we meet with in his book *de Prisca Medicina*. 'If there be an effusion of any bitter humour, which we commonly call yellow bile, what anxieties, heats, and debility ensue? What pains and fevers? and where acrimonious and eruginous humours prevail, what perturbations of mind do they produce? what shooting pains of the bowels and breast, and what depression of spirits?' If we have recourse to the short but elegant descriptions of the illustrious Gorter, we shall find our disease entirely similar to those which he deduces from morbid bile: 'A morbid humour, that is oily, saponaceous, sharp, heating, bitter, and of a yellow colour, is called bilious; this retained in the body creates loathing, nausea, putrid belching, a dry and bitter tongue, anxiety, bilious dysentery, shivering, watchings, a stupidity or delirium, head-ache, deafness, winking of the eyes, tremour, a quick or frequent pulse, a pungent heat, and the want of a crisis.' The celebrated Huxham, to whom upon many accounts physic has been so much obliged, has these words. 'In the month of August 1741, we had many putrid fevers (perhaps mesenteric) chiefly amongst the lower people and sailors, some attended with a high phrenzy, and these were by far the most quickly fatal. Such patients mostly had their bellies swelled and were costive; thus the morbid matter was retained in the bowels. It was particularly wonderful to observe the great quantities of atrabile evacuated upwards and downwards. Excellent observations are also to be found in L. Tralles his useful treatise on the inutility of absorbents. But the excellent F. Hoffman has, in my judgment best explained their generation. I presume it will be altogether acceptable to quote his words. 'Amongst distempers from bile, corrupted and mixed with the blood, particularly fevers, and those named bilious, deserve to be reckoned. And though fevers themselves generate bile, yet there is no doubt that they arise also from corrupted bile. We have for this doctrine the authority of Hippocrates. For in the first place it cannot be disputed, and we find also the consent of antiquity to it, that the proper seat and origin of most fevers, especially intermittent, ardent, and those called bilious, is in the first region of the body, about the præcordia, smaller intestines, cavities of the liver, spleen, pancreas, omentum; because in these parts the circulation of the blood is more slow, impurities are generated, and corrupt acrimonious humours flow from the pancreas

creas into the intestines, and not only excite the spasmodico-febrile complaints common in hypochondriac people, but fevers also: for the symptoms which usually accompany these fevers, begin generally in that region.' Who is ignorant of the symptoms of a spontaneous alcali pointed out by the great Boerhaave, and the excellent illustrations of his pupil. Among physicians who have treated of epidemick distempers, no body has described a disease more like to ours than the famous Walcarenghi, a most successful physician at Cremona; it would be tedious to transcribe the symptoms; he ascribes its cause 'to the various tumults of outrageous bile; and at the same time to intestinal and pancreatick lymph of the worst qualities, which by adhering to the fecerning ducts of the liver, partly the cystic, partly the sides and folds of the intestines, and the stomach itself, chiefly its lower orifice, corrugates in various ways its fibrils, and forces them into violent contractions by its strong irritation. Neither will the violence of the distemper appear surprising, as the bile was predominant in it, for this humour being from its own nature more easily set in motion, more active and penetrating, wherever it is confined, greatly distends the parts, and by its strong ebullitions irritates, vellicates, lacerates, and excites a more ardent fever and more acute pains, by forcing the component fibrils of the solids into more violent vibrations.'

'It now seems to appear very plain, from what we have advanced, that the true cause of the epidemick distemper at Lausanne was a putrid, alcalescent, and bilious humour, endowed with a greater or less degree of acrimony, having its seat in, and irritating the stomach, smaller intestines, particularly the duodenum, liver, gall bladder and ducts, mesentery and the other contents of the abdomen; and by length of time, strength of the disease, or bad management infecting at last all the humours, as is manifest from the history of the disease.'

After dividing his bilious fever into three species, to the first of which boys, women, and old men were only liable; to the second we know not who, for he only says, 'that old men escaped it;' and of the third, only young men from 15 to 40 were the subjects: he then proceeds to the method of curing each, with the same prolixity and ostentation of learning. There are, however, some excellent practical remarks upon the effects of the different medicines commonly used in bilious disorders; and the following canons well deserve the notice of every medical reader.

'The idea of a putrid fever is this. Every putrid humour is acrimonious, and thus stimulates the sensible and irritable parts; from hence there is a two-fold cause for morbid motions, among which



which a fever is to be placed. The putrefaction and fever relax the solids, which produces a new cause of disorders. A putrid humour is unfit for nutrition, and this is a third source of diseases.

Death follows in these distempers; if the fever arrives at that pitch which is incompatible with life; if the putrefaction infects the mass of blood to such a degree, that an entire stop is put to nutrition, while there is a continued wasting; if any vital function is totally interrupted; if a gangrene seizes the internal parts, for from a gangrene follows debility and death.

Putrid diseases are either universal, if the putrefaction has equally infected almost all the humours, and these are called malignant; or they are gastric, if the morbid matter is principally situated in the abdomen. There are several humours in the abdomen susceptible of putrefaction, nor is the corruption of them all equally pernicious, and for that reason all putrid gastric fevers are not alike violent; no corruption is worse than that of the bile, and the fevers generated by it are the worst of them all.

The same method of cure is required in all of them, and therefore he who knows how to cure the bilious fever will treat all the others very properly. Our first species, as I said before, can hardly be reckoned among the bilious, and affords some appearance of variation in the method of cure.

Gastric fevers are either simply putrid, or at the same time inflammatory. In the latter, bleeding is sometimes necessary, and the evacuations are to be postponed till the inflammation is removed.

In putrid fevers, where there is no inflammation, as well the universal as the gastric, phlebotomy is hurtful, as also all oily substances, even emulsions, all relaxing, septic acrimonious and narcotick medicines, nourishing and succulent foods. Diuretics are hurtful in putrid gastric disorders, for they increase the fever; interrupt the intestinal discharges, bring on a delirium, general putrefaction, malignity, purple spots, and after these death.

The diet ought to be more or less thin, according to the degree of the disease: and to consist always of acefcent vegetables, farinaceous substances, greens or fruits. Let butter be avoided. Broth may be made of chickens or young hens.

Let the first step be vomiting and purging; the cure will be completed by antiseptick drink, and purging repeated either now and then, or every day, but let that be promoted gently

gently by means of acefcent laxatives, or the emetick tartar diluted plentifully in an aqueous vehicle. At times it is expedient to purge a little more strongly, if the symptoms shew that the humours are more viscid and concocted with difficulty; but where their tendency to motion is greater, daily but mild purging is better, lest by delay the malignity of the humour be increased, or it be absorbed.

• Clysters are not of so much use here as in inflammatory cases, where the more frequently they are given, so much the better; but in bilious diseases the repeated use of emollients would do harm, and I hardly ever ordered any but such as were purging, particularly with catholicon. Often in the beginning they did little good; towards the end they succeeded admirably by bringing away copious stools.

• Whoever would attempt to cure the symptoms any otherwise than by the general method, would ruin all.

• The infirmities produced by debility are cured by select medicines given regularly in their proper time, exercise, and country air. The remedies whose nature we have explained are seldom requisite.

• Remaining obstructions of the viscera, particularly the liver, are removed by vegetable soaps; such are succory, grags, honey, milk-whey, and butter milk. They grow worse if recourse is had too soon to opening, acrimonious, and stimulating medicines. Alkaline soaps improperly given, bring on a putrid cacochymy: yet I have sometimes used with success the alkaline mineral waters in a small dose for four or five days. When the obstructions are removed, a relapse is prevented by strengtheners.

• All the differences between countries produce no difference in the method of cure, whatever noise ignorant men make on that article. From these varieties it happens that some distempers are more frequent in one, and some in another; but wherever the same disease occurs, the same method of cure is necessary in all countries. The method by which Hippocrates cured bilious fevers is the same with that used in England and Germany, Walcarengli employed the same at Cremona, Mercatus, Heredia, and Zacutus, in Spain and Portugal; the same has succeeded with me, and will succeed always, in all ages and climates.

On the whole, the translator seems to have discharged his duty; and this performance of Dr. Tissot's would shew great reading, application, and good sense, were it not unnecessarily clogged and obscured with scraps and remnants torn from all the physical writers he ever perused, and tacked on with all the clumsy industry of a half German, half Dutch artist.

**ART. IV. Lectures on select Subjects in Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Pneumatics, and Optics : With the Use of the Globes, the Art of Dialling, and the Calculation of the Mean Times of New and Full Moons and Eclipses. By James Ferguson. 8vo. Pr. 7s. 6d. Millar.**

**T**HERE is something so bewitching in experimental philosophy, that we cannot be surprized at the assiduous application of the moderns, or the rapid progress they have made in this delightful branch of science. No other kind of study so much flatters our vanity, or gives such boundless scope to human curiosity : it charms with novelty, and continually opens new paths to discoveries, pleasing, because they are the fruits of our own genius. Hence it is, that natural philosophy seems, of all studies, the best calculated to draw forth the latent powers of intellect, and that men have succeeded here, whose utmost endeavours were mispent on other parts of science. Insensible to the beauty of moral truths, blind to the force of geometrical demonstration, unmoved by syllogisms, and dead to the abstracted refinements of metaphysics, they have pursued eagerly this kind of knowledge, become adepts in it, reasoned with closeness, disclosed a fertile source of mechanical invention, and, at length, acquired a taste for sciences and arts, to which, before they vainly applied themselves. For this reason we would recommend it to the instructors of youth, to initiate their pupils early in the elements of experimental philosophy and mathematics, as the best foundation for the Encyclopædia, the whetter of genius, and the Syren that attracts and fetters the most wavering attention.

It was the advice of an antient sage, that blockheads should be taught geometry ; nor was this meant to depreciate the science, tho' witlings, unable to comprehend its beauty, made that application. On the contrary, it implied the highest epcomium, and meant that geometry possessed the power of opening the understanding, charming the attention, and strengthening the intellectual faculties beyond all other mental employments. Nothing could be remoter from his intention, than insinuating, that parts too dull for polite learning were capable of figuring in this province. Newton and Descartes have displayed powers of fancy, and fertility of invention, equal to those of Homer and Virgil. A system of natural philosophy, or a geometrical problem fraught with beautiful corollaries, perhaps, surpasses an epic poem in variety of incident and force of genius. Imagination is combined with the utmost reach of thought ; one principle,

ciple, arising from the mere workings of fancy, becomes the parent of numberless truths, which, like the poets episodes, diversify, illustrate, and embellish the original principle. To speak our sentiments freely, however they may differ with those of other men, we are of opinion, that the geometrician, or natural philosopher, possesses all the essential qualities of a poet, abstracting from the powers of language; nay, that in the true sense of the word, he is the greatest of poets, his subject being of superior dignity, and the necessary talents similar. Whoever considers with due attention the stupendous structure Newton has erected on the *inertia* and attraction of matter, cannot but confess, that in fancy, and creative power, he has rivalled Homer himself, and given as regular, uniform, and complete a poem in the *Principia*, as the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, or *Paradise Lost*.

The manner in which Mr. Ferguson, the ingenious author of these lectures, has attained his knowledge, is a remarkable proof of what we have been saying of the charms of natural philosophy, and its influence on the mind. At an age when other men have passed through the circle of education, he was wholly illiterate. From a mechanical turn, he applied himself first to experimental philosophy, in which he made surprising advances, and then to other parts of literature, the paths to which were smoothed by the clearness of conception, and steadiness of attention, he acquired in his philosophical researches. At present he is one of the best of our writers upon this subject, his works being particularly well adapted to the capacity of those who have made but little proficiency in geometry. His language is pure, his ideas clear, and the illustrations and plates simple and ingenious. In this work we have the mechanical powers explained in a very satisfactory manner, and a great number of curious remarks interspersed, and engines described, of which the author has made models; particularly of M. Vauloue's curious engine for driving the piles of Westminster bridge. We are favoured with many sensible observations on wheel carriages, and mills of different kinds. Among the hydraulic engines, we find that ingenious contrivance for forcing water through cylindrical tubes, by means of fire; the principles of which our author explains thus:

1. Whatever weight of water is to be raised, the pump-rod must be loaded with weights sufficient for that purpose, if it be done by a forcing-pump, as is generally the case: and the power of the engine must be sufficient for the weight of the rod, in order to bring it up.

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2. It is known, that the atmosphere presses upon the surface of the earth with a force equal to 15 pounds upon every square inch.

3. When water is heated to a certain degree, the particles thereof repel one another, and constitute an elastic fluid, which is generally called *steam* or *vapour*.

4. Hot steam is very elastic; and when it is cooled by any means, particularly by its being mixed with cold water, its elasticity is destroyed immediately, and it is reduced to water again.

5. If a vessel be filled with hot steam, and then closed so, as to keep out the external air, and all other fluids; when that steam is by any means condensed, cooled, or reduced to water, that water will fall to the bottom of the vessel; and the cavity of the vessel will be almost a perfect vacuum.

6. Whenever a vacuum is made in any vessel, the air by its weight will endeavour to rush into the vessel, or to drive in any other body that will give way to its pressure; as may be easily seen by a common syringe. For, if you stop the bottom of a syringe, and then draw up the piston, if it be so tight as to drive out all the air before it, and leave a vacuum within the syringe, the piston being let go, will be drove down with a great force.

7. The force with which the piston is drove down, when there is a vacuum under it, will be as the square of the diameter of the bore in the syringe. That is to say, it will be driven down with four times as much force in a syringe of a two inch bore, as in a syringe of one inch: for the areas of circles are always as the squares of their diameters.

8. The pressure of the atmosphere being equal to 15 pounds upon every square inch, it will be equal to about 12 pounds upon every circular inch. So that if the bore of the syringe be round, and one inch in diameter, the piston will be prest down into it by a force nearly equal to 12 pounds: but if the bore be 2 inches diameter, the piston will be prest down with 4 times that force.

And hence it is easy to find with what force the atmosphere presses upon any given number either of square or circular inches.

These being the principles upon which this engine is constructed, we shall next describe the chief working parts of it: which are, 1. A boiler. 2. A cylinder and piston. 3. A beam or lever.

The boiler is a large vessel, generally made of iron or copper; and commonly so big, as to contain about 2000 gallons.

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The cylinder is made about 40 inches diameter, bored so smooth, and its piston fitting so close, that little or no water can get between the piston and the sides of the cylinder.

Things being thus prepared, the cylinder is placed upright, and the shaft of the piston is fixed to one end of the beam, which turns on a center like a common balance.

The boiler is placed under the cylinder, with a communication between them, which can be opened and shut occasionally.

The boiler is filled about half full of water, and a strong fire is made under it: then, if the communication between the boiler and the cylinder be opened, the cylinder will be filled with hot steam, which would drive the piston quite out at the top of it. But there is a contrivance by which the piston, when it is near the top of the cylinder, shuts the communication at the top of the boiler within.

This is no sooner shut, than another is opened, by which a little cold water is thrown upwards in a jet into the cylinder, which mixing with the hot steam, condenses it immediately; by which means a vacuum is made in the cylinder, and the piston is pressed down by the weight of the atmosphere; and so lifts up the loaded pump-rod at the other end of the beam.

If the cylinder be 42 inches in diameter, the piston will be pressed down with a force greater than 20000 pounds, and will consequently lift up that weight at the opposite end of the beam: and as the pump-rod with its plunger is fixed to that end, if the bore where the plunger works were 10 inches diameter, the water would be forced up through a pipe of 180 yards perpendicular height.

But as the parts of this engine have a good deal of friction, and must work with a considerable velocity, and there is no such thing as making a perfect vacuum in the cylinder, it is found that no more than 8 pounds of pressure must be allowed for, on every circular inch of the piston in the cylinder, that it may make about 16 strokes in a minute, about 6 feet each.

Where the boiler is very large, the piston will make between 20 and 25 strokes in a minute, and each stroke 7 or 8 feet; which, in a pump of 9 inches bore, will raise upwards of 300 hogheads of water in an hour.

It is found by experience that a cylinder, 40 inches diameter, will work a pump 10 inches diameter, and 100 yards long: and hence we can find the diameter and length of a pump, that can be worked by any other cylinder.

For the convenience of those who would make use of this engine for raising water, we shall subjoin part of a table calculated by Mr. Beighton, shewing how any given quantity of water may be raised in an hour, from 48 to 440 hogheads; at

any given depth, from 15 to 100 yards; the machine working at the rate of 16 strokes per minute, and each stroke being 6 feet long.'

Besides the foregoing, several useful hydrostatical tables, calculating the pressure of water upon engines, are exhibited. The following extract, shewing the specific gravity of bodies, may prove entertaining and new to some of our readers.

'The art of weighing different bodies in water, and thereby finding their specific gravities, or weights, bulk for bulk, was invented by Archimedes; of which, we have the following account.

'*Hiero* king of *Syracuse*, having employed a goldsmith to make a crown, and given him a mass of pure gold for that purpose, suspected that the workman had kept back part of the gold for his own use, and made up the weight by alloying the crown with copper. But the king not knowing how to find out the truth of that matter, referred it to *Archimedes*; who having studied a long time in vain, found it out at last by chance. For, going into a bathing tub of water, and observing that he thereby raised the water higher in the tub than it was before, he concluded instantly that he had raised it just as high as any thing else could have done, that was exactly of his bulk: and considering that any other body of equal weight, and of less bulk than himself, could not have raised the water so high as he did; he immediately told the king, that he had found a method by which he could discover whether there were any cheat in the crown. For, since gold is the heaviest of all known metals, it must be of less bulk, according to its weight, than any other metal. And therefore, he desired that a mass of pure gold, equally heavy with the crown when weighed in air, should be weighed against it in water; and if the crown was not alloyed, it would counterpoise the mass of gold when they were both immersed in water, as well as it did when they were weighed in air. But upon making the trial, he found, that the mass of gold weighed much heavier in water than the crown did. And not only so, but that, when the mass and crown were immersed separately in one vessel of water, the crown raised the water much higher than the mass did; which shewed it to be alloyed with some lighter metal that increased its bulk. And so, by making trials with different metals, all equally heavy with the crown when weighed in air, he found out the quantity of alloy in the crown.

'The specific gravities of bodies are as their weights, bulk for bulk; thus, a body is said to have two or three times the specific

specific gravity of another, when it contains two or three times as much matter in the same space.

‘ A body immersed in a fluid will sink to the bottom, if it be heavier than its bulk of the fluid. If it be suspended therein, it will lose as much of what it weighed in air, as its bulk of the fluid weighs. Hence, all bodies of equal bulk, which would sink in fluids, lose equal weights when suspended therein. And unequal bodies lose in proportion to their bulks.

‘ The *hydrostatic balance* differs very little from a common balance that is nicely made: only it has a hook at the bottom of each scale, on which small weights may be hung by horse-hairs, or by silk threads. So that a body, suspended by the hair or thread, may be immersed in water without wetting the scale from which it hangs.

‘ If the body thus suspended under the scale, at one end of the balance, be first counterpoised in air by weights in the opposite scale, and then immersed in water, the equilibrium will be immediately destroyed. Then, if as much weight be put into the scale from which the body hangs, as will restore the equilibrium (without altering the weights in the opposite scale) that weight which restores the equilibrium, will be equal to the weight of a quantity of water as big as the immersed body. And if the weight of the body in air be divided by what it loses in water, the quotient will shew how much that body is heavier than its bulk of water. Thus, if a guinea suspended in air, be counterbalanced by 129 grains in the opposite scale of the balance; and then, upon its being immersed in water, it becomes so much lighter, as to require  $7\frac{1}{4}$  grains put into the scale over it, to restore the equilibrium, it shews that a quantity of water, of equal bulk with the guinea, weighs  $7\frac{1}{4}$  grains, or 7.25; by which divide 129, (the aerial weight of the guinea) and the quotient will be 17.793; which shews that the guinea is 17.793 times heavier than its bulk of water. And thus, any piece of gold may be tried, by weighing it first in air and then in water; and if upon dividing the weight in air by the loss in water, the quotient comes out to be 17.793, the gold is good; if the quotient be 18, or between 18 and 19, the gold is very fine; but if it be less than  $17\frac{1}{2}$ , the gold is too much alloyed, by being mixed with some other metal.

‘ If silver be tried in this manner, and found to be 11 times heavier than water, it is very fine; if it be  $10\frac{1}{2}$  times heavier, it is standard; but if it be of any less weight compared with water, it is mixed with some lighter metal, such as tin.

‘ By this method, the specific gravities of all bodies that will sink in water, may be found. But as to those which are lighter than water, as most sorts of wood are; the following method



may be taken, to shew how much lighter they are than their respective bulks of water.

Let an upright stud be fixed into a thick flat piece of brass, and in this stud let a small lever, whose arms are equally long, turn upon a fine pin as an axis. Let the thread which hangs from the scale of the balance be tied to one end of the lever, and a thread from the body to be weighed, tied to the other end. This done, put the brass and lever into a vessel; then pour water into the vessel, and the body will rise and float upon it, and draw down the end of the balance from which it hangs: then, put as much weight in the opposite scale as will raise that end of the balance, so as to pull the body down into the water by means of the lever; and this weight in the scale will shew how much the body is lighter than its bulk of water.

There are some things which cannot be weighed in this manner, such as quicksilver, fragments of diamonds, &c. because they cannot be suspended in threads; and must therefore be put into a glass bucket, hanging by a thread from the hook of one scale, and counterpoised by weights put into the opposite scale. Thus, suppose you want to know the specific gravity of quicksilver, with respect to that of water; let the empty bucket be first counterpoised in air, and then the quicksilver put into it and weighed. Write down the weight of the bucket, and also of the quicksilver; which done, empty the bucket, and let it be immersed in water as it hangs by the thread, and counterpoised therein by weights in the opposite scale: then, pour the quicksilver into the bucket in the water, which will cause it to preponderate; and put as much weight into the scale as will restore the balance to an equipoise; and this weight will be the weight of a quantity of water equal in bulk to the quicksilver. Lastly, divide the weight of the quicksilver in air by the weight of its bulk of water, and the quotient will shew how much the quicksilver is heavier than its bulk of water.

If a piece of brass, glass, lead, or silver, be immersed and suspended in different sorts of fluids, its different losses of weight therein will shew how much it is heavier than its bulk of the fluid; *that* fluid being the lightest, in which the immersed body loses least of its aerial weight. A solid bubble of glass is generally used for finding the specific gravities of fluids.

Hence we have an easy method of finding the specific gravities both of solids and fluids, with regard to their respective bulks of common pump water, which is generally made a standard for comparing all the others by.

In the lectures on pneumatics and optics there is nothing new, and, indeed, but little in any of the preceding; their chief

chief recommendation consisting in the simplicity of the experiments. This affectation of rendering himself obvious and plain to every understanding, has led Mr. Ferguson into some errors, and false illustrations, as may be seen in his explanation of the principles of the wedge, of central forces, and of tides, on the particulars of which we cannot enter without diagrams, and more room than our limits will admit.

Subsequent to the foregoing lectures, we find a description of the use of the terrestrial and celestial globes, of the armillary sphere, and the principles of dialling, laid down in a very intelligible and distinct manner; to which are annexed very ingenious tables, shewing the sun's place and declination in degrees and minutes, at the noon of every day, after the second year of leap year, which is a mean between those of leap year itself, and the first and third years after. The volume concludes with tables and examples for the calculation of new and full moons, tables of mean lunations, of the mean motions of the sun and moon from the ascending node of the latter, with examples and tables to find the period and return of eclipses. On the whole, we have not seen a more useful and entertaining compendium of experimental philosophy than this, which may be read without almost any previous knowledge of geometry, and with little more assistance than the rules of common arithmetic and decimals.

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ART. V. *A Treatise on the Gout: from the French of M. Charles Louis Liger, M. D. Professor of Physic in the University of Paris.* 8vo. Pr. 5s. Griffiths.

NUMBERLESS are the volumes written upon this disease, which has hitherto baffled all the endeavours of physic and philosophy. It has furnished more opportunities for the exertion of genius and talents formed for observation or conjecture, than any other malady incident to the human body; yet still there remains open a spacious field of inquiry for the curious. True indeed it may appear to some, that the subject is exhausted in these profound lucubrations of the ingenious Doctor Liger; yet we fear that his system, round, and hard, and solid as it is, will thaw before the fire of some future genius; or phoenix-like, supply only the *nidus* and *pabulum* of a new hypothesis raised out of its ashes.

After clearing the ground, and pulling every thing down that obstructed his view, or impeded his design, the enterprising

ing Frenchman lays a new foundation for the gout, upon which we shall bestow a few remarks, as soon as we have given our readers an abstract of it. But it may be necessary first to take notice of his modest insinuation, that Hippocrates, Galen, *Ætius*, *Oribasius*, *Trallianus*, *Fernelius*, *Sydenham*, *Boerhaave*, in a word, all the ancients and moderns who ever wrote, knew nothing at all of the matter; the glory of having discovered the causes and methods of curing this excruciating distemper, being reserved for our author. It is pleasant to observe the review and refutation he has given of their sentiments; in a manner that would puzzle the clearest-sighted among them, to lay claim again to their own opinions. Can any thing be more accurate and judicious than this reflection, with which he winds up the doctrine of Hippocrates: 'One reflection still remains to be made on this author's method of cure, which I very much approve, namely, that he allows very different remedies to be made use of; and strongly exhorts to the prosecution of those which appear to have been successful.' This induces me to think that in his time, experience, and observation had not yet ascertained what were the most proper remedies for curing this distemper; perhaps it was not then very common, nor might the cause of the disease be truly known.' How strange is this! Hippocrates exhorts to the use of remedies known to be successful; yet our author conjectures from hence, that experience had not yet ascertained proper remedies. This is ascribing a blunder to the Greek sage, which ignorance herself might blush at in one of her children. But is it really Dr. Liger who puts this absurdity in the mouth of Hippocrates; or rather is it not the profound Mrs. G——hs, whose indefatigable application to the business of criticism, has somewhat impaired her faculties, and brought her prematurely to the dotage of literature. Let us, however, wave all cavilling, and proceed to the doctrine of our author.

Dr. Liger's first position is, that the gout is both endemial and epidemical, notwithstanding we find it in every country in Europe, and under every variety of air and external circumstances. The cause he asserts to consist in the use of made liquors and aliments, which contain too great an abundance of mucilage, which alone, in his opinion, accounts for all the phenomena of the gout. 'All aliments, says he, contain a greater or lesser quantity of mucilage; those also which contain the most are more nutritive than those which contain less. This mucilage appears to be the vehicle of the nutritive particles, that is, of the particles which are to be assimilated, so as either to become organical parts of our bodies, or, at least, to contribute

bute to their support and increase. This mucilaginous matter is of very easy digestion, and can only hurt by its superabundance, which occasions an inspissation in the mass of humours, or in the blood in general. This inspissation is more considerable in the fibrous or lymphatic parts, with which it has most analogy, than in any other.

‘ When this inspissation is become such as to obstruct the circulation of the blood, nature herself endeavours to throw off the incumbrance. The circulation, after being for some time impeded, becomes swifter; the secretions are increased, and especially in the present case, those of the synovial glands; the superabundance deposits itself there, the diameters of the vessels belonging to those articulations being proportioned to this humour; and because there is doubtless in the synovial glands a particular mechanism for this secretion; as there is in the kidneys for the secretion of the urine, and another in the liver for the bile; as may be readily conceived, seeing the humour secreted by the synovial glands is purely mucilaginous.

‘ Hence it appears that the gout is occasioned merely by a superabundance of lymph, too much inspissated by mucilaginous substances, which nature generally endeavours to free herself from, and this it performs by a kind of depuration.’

The sum of his whole chapter upon this subject is, ‘ that the *germ* of the gout, both acquired and hereditary, is an inspissation of the blood, especially of the lymphatic part, which is of a mucilaginous nature; that this germ is not sufficient to produce a fit, without the concurrence of a superabundance; and this superabundance not *imbued with any virulence*, as otherwise it would produce a very different distemper. Yet the superabundance of humours will never give the gout, without the gouty germ exists at the same time. Of this the persons addicted to the greatest excesses, without being invaded by the gout, are a convincing proof; though, on the other hand, these excesses bring on more terrible and more dangerous distempers than the gout itself.’

To own the truth, this is a doctrine we do not clearly comprehend. In one place we see the mucilaginous lymph, the sole cause of the gout, and a superabundance only a concurring circumstance. In another a gouty germ of we know not what, must impregnate the mucilaginous lymph, before it is capable of producing the gout, whether acquired or hereditary. What is this gouty germ? Does it arise from the virulence contracted by the stagnated humours, or is it conveyed into the body by infection, in the acquired gout? In the first instance,

instance, the progress of the gout would be gradual, and the first paroxysm rise to a greater height by gentle degrees, in proportion as the humours grew more virulent from long stagnation, and the supervening inflammation: but this is contrary to experience, as the patient feels the greatest pain and heat during the first night of the distemper. In the other case, the gout would be contagious, which is equally contrary to experience.

The next chapter was certainly wrote, with a political view, to extol the French wines, particularly Burgundy and Champagne, which Dr. Liger does not scruple recommending, as the surest preservatives against the gout. It is only your liquors of low price, that add but little to the revenues of France, and your Spanish, Portuguese, and Greek wines, which communicate this distemper. In a word, to such a rage of patriotism is this ingenious writer carried, that he sickles not to affirm, that thin, weak, and sour wines contain a larger proportion of mucilage, than the stronger bodied, and are consequently more liable to bring on the gout; and yet he allows that the great, and persons living in affluence, who drink only the latter, are more subject to the disease, than the poor, who can arrive at most but at the former, or perhaps beer, a more mucilaginous liquor than any wine whatever.

In enumerating the diagnostics of the gout, our author takes notice of one, which it is surprising should have escaped the observation of all former practitioners, especially as it immediately indicates the cause and method of cure. This is no other than a mucilaginous transudation, all round the part affected; a viscous, fizy, pellucid exudation peculiar to this distemper, and inseparable from it. From this appearance, neither the physician or patient can ever be at a loss to distinguish the gout from every other distemper, or accidental wrench or hurt; though, unfortunately for English physicians, they have often found the skin round the affected part, dry, tense, hot, and hard, without any of that lubricating, soft mucilage here described. A little after, indeed, our author has seen gouts where the transpired matter round the disordered part was fluid, *tenuous*, and of a consistence very different from the former, containing a great quantity of water in a small volume, just as our author, or more probably his translator, has contained a great quantity of nonsense in a small volume.

The method of cure laid down is of three kinds; either when the fit is occasioned by a real superabundance of gouty humour; or when it is partly caused by a superabundance of the

the humours in general; or lastly, when it proceeds from a false superabundance of the gouty humour; a cause which our author would do well to explain. In the first case, bleeding, on the first appearance of the fit, if the gout be simple and uncompounded, is prescribed. Diluents, clysters, light food, but if the last, Burgundy or Champagne are ordered. Opiates may be taken with caution, to assuage the pain, and procure sleep, weak purgatives preferred to strong, and the *juncus odoratus* recommended as a diaphoretic, though in England the *sweet-rush* is supposed to possess no medicinal quality, and is deemed an useless ingredient in the mithridate and theriaca. In the second species of cause, first, sudorifics are to be administered, and these to be succeeded by purgatives, to which two remedies the whole treatment may be confined, except where bleeding is found necessary. As to the third cause of the gout; namely, from a false superabundance, we have the following curious recipe: 'If the fit has been brought on by a sudden gust of passion, I know nothing better than common small lemonade, made by slicing a lemon, and infusing it in about two quarts of water, and sweetened with a little sugar, pouring it briskly several times from one vessel into another.'

As to topical applications, of whatever kind, they are almost totally rejected, and perhaps in many instances with good reason. The following case deserves notice: 'On the 14th of May 1749, I was consulted by a gentlewoman of about forty-six years of age, who had been subject to the regular gout from her thirty-seventh year, of a strong but phlegmatic constitution, and who had never indulged herself in any excess. Her fits had hitherto been only the most simple; but vexed and fretful at being afflicted with this distemper so undeservedly, she consulted all except physicians; and all, as is too common, were very liberal of their advice. She embraced that given her by a person, who persuaded her that her gout was occasioned by a coldness in her feet, to which she was very subject, so as even to feel it for a considerable time after she was in bed; but that it might be easily removed, by causing a globular vessel of tin, filled with hot water, to be put in her bed, for by this means her feet would be kept in a proper degree of heat, and effectually prevent all gouty symptoms. The patient made use of this remedy during the winter of 1749, and passed the month of February without any regular fit, though they constantly used to attack her at that time; but the uvula, the basis of the tongue, together with all the internal and posterior parts of the mouth, became gradually so obstructed, that  
by

by the first of March she was no longer able to swallow either fluids or solids, without long convulsions; by which means she was reduced to support life by only an ounce of bread, and an equal quantity of wine, so that she was terribly emaciated. She little imagined that her disease was an irregular and repelled gout, having too good an opinion of this remedy, to imagine it could produce such terrible consequences.

Our author allows, however, that some external applications have their use; for instance, the urine of a child something under ten years of age; and he might have added, with as much reason, the limpid stream flowing from a beautiful virgin of sixteen. Nor is the beauty of the damsel to be neglected, however ludicrous it may appear; for it is unconceivable how much the virtues of the water are thereby augmented, the imagination fired, the spirits put in motion, the circulation enforced, and consequently the humours attenuated, obstructions removed, perspiration increased, and finally the patient enabled to take up his bed and walk.

To secure the patient against fresh attacks, more active medicines than the urine of a child are thought necessary. Restitious purgatives, and the diaphoretic *sweet rush*, are again recommended; or the following form; *R. diagrad. gr. iij. jalap. gr. viij. ipecac. gr. ij. vel j. pulv. sen. gr. xv. rhubarb. gr. x. Reduc. in pulv. et add. q. s. syr. spin. cervin. f. pillula. Capiat. sing. diebus.* Several other forms to much the same effect are prescribed; and the utility of a milk diet wholly set aside. In its stead, and in the room of every other medicine, the medicinal soup, compounded of a pure alkaline salt, prepared with quick-lime, and very pure oil of olives, is recommended as a true specific: indeed, whatever contains a large proportion of salts, whether animal or vegetable, is highly extolled in this disorder. Upon the whole, Dr. Liger seems to be a better writer than practitioner, had his translator done him common justice. Many of his opinions are ingenious enough, though they will neither stand the test of criticism or experience. He appears to be but a superficial chemist, though it was particularly necessary he should be an adept, to support his doctrine and assertions, so contrary to the received notions in physic; in one word, we perused his book with considerable satisfaction, but we will follow his prescriptions with caution.

ART. VI. *A New Estimate of Manners and Principles; Being a Comparison between Ancient and Modern Times, in the three Great Articles of Knowledge, Happiness, and Virtue, both with Respect to Mankind at large, and to this Kingdom in particular.* 8vo. Pr. 2s. Millar.

SHOULD it enter into the brain of a phlegmatic alderman to open Pindar, it is probable he would regard the flights of that poet as the extravagancies of a disturbed imagination, and his admirers as the dupes of prejudice and superstitious veneration for antiquity. From the very first line he would conclude him a milk-sop, and prefer the pertness of a *Marriot*, or the solid dullness of a *Richmond Groves*, to the impetuous fire and luxuriant fancy of the Greek. Dead to all sensibility, and the warm emotions of the heart, vainly should we strive to give his tasteless soul a relish of the beauties, or convince him that genius ever existed out of the counting-house, or taste out of Billingsgate and Leadenhall-market. We should equally mispend our time, and lose our labour, should we attempt to communicate feelings, which nature denied to this new estimator of manners, who seems fraught with too much conceit and academical sufficiency to think with the rest of mankind. When we took up the book, we expected to have met with an answer to Dr. B——'s *Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times*; but no such matter: our author goes farther, and proves irrefragably, that the antients were but pigmies in history, poetry, oratory, ethics, war, and what not, to the moderns; giving the most persuasive instances of this in his own performance, in which, like Longinus, *he is himself the great sublime he draws*. The intention of his work will best appear from his own words.

'The end then proposed in the present treatise, which I have ventured to lay before you (dean of Lincoln) and the publick, is, first of all, to 'vindicate the ways of God to men;' by opening to their view, in some degree, a regular plan of his proceedings with them; from which I hope to make it appear, that there has been a continual tendency to the better in all human affairs. The manner in which I have attempted to do this, is by making the fairest estimate I could, both of those principles, under which mankind seem to have acted at different periods of their existence; and also of those manners which have characterized the several ages of the world.'

He begins this *Estimate* with assigning certain reasons, 'why men have been generally of opinion, that the world is growing worse;'



worse ;' and, among other causes, takes in the practice of the poets, ' which has ever been uniform in favour of early times ; the necessary simplicity, fragility, and temperance of which, have been the finest subjects imaginable for them to display their fancy upon, when they had a mind to paint the virtues of mankind, and give us the picture of a golden age : whereas, on the other hand, all their satyr has necessarily been always pointed at times present ; which, otherwise, would lose its edge and point of rancour.

It is for this reason, that the writers, of Farce and Comedy only, present us with living characters ; whereas the Tragedians, and Epic poets travel in search of their's into the remotest antiquity : for, it being the business of the first to represent men, as they are, with a large mixture of imperfection always, and often of ridicule belonging to them ; their end is best answered by giving us such descriptions, as are most suitable to what we daily see, and converse with. But the aim of the other being to represent men, as they neither do, nor ever did exist ; to give us certain complete patterns of virtue and perfection ; they must needs endeavour to lay their scenes at as great a distance, as they can, that the improbability may not shock us too much by an immediate comparison ; and the farther they get out of sight, for this reason, the better it is ; for their characters being merely, or in a great measure, fictitious, if they did not throw them much into shade, the imposition would be too visible and glaring : being thus forced to have recourse to antiquity, they have taken care amply to repay the assistance, they derived from it, by bestowing upon it in return the highest encomiums they could.

This, however, we may observe, is as true of those we call antients, as of the moderns ; for though Aristophanes, Terence, and Moliere, all present us with characters of the times, in which they wrote ; yet Sophocles and Euripides no more describe the actions of the living heroes, than Shakespear or Corneille.

It may be worth notice here, in passing, that though all these authors describe characters of past ages, yet they must be supposed to have drawn their ideas of those virtues, which they deck them out with, from the age, in which they themselves lived. If this be true, how infinitely do the moderns excel the antients ; through whose solemn scenes, there stalks a certain stubborn heroic kind of virtue, armed with a few principles of justice and moral rectitude, and attended by a set of stage decorations ; but whose stern countenance banishes all those milder graces, that affect the heart, that force the involuntary sigh,

fish, and teach the reluctant tear to flow? Those will in vain be sought for in the antient drama; where the tragedies have scarce any other marks of being such, but a few *laches*, *owps*, occasionally dispersed about in them; and the actors in general are merely a sort of unfeeling burlesqued philosophers, who deliver in a tedious uninteresting kind of dialogue their imperfect maxims to be commented upon by the chorus; whose business it is to prevent either their being moved themselves, or moving you; for which indeed there generally seems but little occasion for them to exert much care.

The most pity-moving character of any I remember among them, is that of *Electra*; but compare that, as described by either of the poets, with the gentle *Elfrida*; and you will soon perceive, how far beyond what the antients ever knew, the moderns have carried all the milder virtues of humanity, that delicacy of sentiment, that tenderness of disposition, and soft complacency, which are the peculiar characteristics of a refinement in manners.

Hitherto I have only mentioned the tragedians, but the epic poets have also availed themselves of the same advantage: nor can I in the least doubt, but that a great part of that universal homage, which is paid to *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton*, is owing to the antiquity of their subjects. And if the last of the three has really excelled the other two, I suspect it is in nothing so much, as in having gone beyond them in this article.

If instead of *Man's first disobedience*, &c. *Milton* had sung of *Their first disobedience*, *who*, by a passionate struggle for liberty, had wellnigh brought about the slavery both of themselves and their posterity; (though a subject this of a most interesting nature to us of this kingdom, and one, with which he must have been most thoroughly acquainted,) he would have found it extremely difficult, with all his force of numbers to have secured himself from being placed upon the same shelf with prince *Arthur's* poet; and might perhaps have stood there, as little noticed.

Nay, the divine *Homer* himself, were he to come to life again, with the very same powers he had before; and attempt to sing the wars of *Germany* during the three last campaigns, with all the noble exploits of *Frederic* and *Ferdinand* for his materials, would never be able to produce a work of equal estimation with the *Iliad*,

— *Ades sanctam vetas omne!* —

Though

Though such a poultry business, as the taking of Troy, would not have been a work of ten days to one of our modern armies; in which the hero Achilles would not, without much instruction, have military skill enough to rank as a subaltern.

‘But ten long years of siege some thousand years ago, or a war in heaven, (the very sound of which, by the way, almost staggers sober reason, without an absurd enumeration of particulars) sets admiration on the wide gape, and with that on his side, let the poet raise what monsters he will, they all go glibly down.’

After a faint acknowledgment that the antients excelled in architecture, statuary, and their appendent arts, he adds, ‘but they seem to have employed their genius and industry, chiefly in some of the inferior parts of science; and appear to have been principally busied; to have spent most of their time and attention, in ornamenting the inlets and gates of knowledge; as if conscious, it was not permitted to their unhallowed feet to enter into her temple. Their goddess wore a veil, and they either durst not, or did not, attempt to pull it off. They knew scarce any thing, as we do. They never searched into the hidden sources of science. Their knowledge like the Nile was divided into different channels, but they knew nothing of it’s head. They wrote laws, but they understood nothing of the *spirit of laws*. They reasoned, but they were intirely unacquainted with *the powers of the mind, or how it acquired it’s ideas*. They saw matter, and they saw motion; but they were quite ignorant of the *nature* of the one, and of the *laws*, by which the other was governed. Their knowledge, in short, was drawn rather from their own brain, than from nature. They trusted more to fancy, than to facts; and, like those ingenious architects, who begin their building from the roof, they framed curious hypotheses, which had no foundation to support them. Whereas we, leaving the airy flights of imagination, have taken the surer, though more humble path of sober reason and chastized reflexion; and ground our deductions on correct experiments, and accurate observation. Their knowledge extended only to a few particulars; we know somewhat of almost every thing, that can be known, the boundaries of learning having been as much enlarged by late discoveries, as those of the habitable globe have been by the addition of a new world. The powers of mechanism, and other parts of useful science have been carried to such perfection, as former times could never have conceived possible; to such indeed, as the present may hardly esteem credible. To enumerate particulars

particulars is impossible; the very catalogue and mere index of our improvements would fill as many volumes, as heretofore contained all the knowledge, which mankind were possessed of.

Next he proceeds to give the preference to modern elocution, and to some of the modern languages, without entering upon particulars, a task that might be attended with some difficulty; and then goes on to poetry, which he divides into didactic, elegiac, and dramatic.

‘To give an instance of comparison (says our author) in each of the three sorts, can it be at all doubted, but that Pope’s *Ethic Epistles* far excel every thing of the kind in ancient poetry? Will not Milton be allowed to stand at least, upon the same level with Homer and Virgil? And may not some Odes, lately published from Strawberry Hill, justly claim the precedence of any in Pindar? The second sort then is the only one left, in which the excellence can be disputed with us. And even in this, with regard to the *elegiac*, one need not be afraid of meeting with much contradiction, if one should say, that no age or country ever produced an elegy, comparable to that in a *Country Church Yard*.

‘But in point of dramatic perfection, it seems on all hands agreed, that the moderns must give way to the ancients. If we ask, why? it will be answered, because we have no chorus in our plays; which however, it must be owned, got it’s place in those of the ancients more through necessity, than choice. It had the right of prior possession, which could not easily be set aside. Plays at first, were nothing but little interludes, made to diversify certain choral songs, in honour of Bacchus, the first species of the drama, that appeared. When these were improved into more regular and perfect pieces, the chorus still maintained it’s place by virtue, of it’s age, and the deference, which was paid to it on that account.

‘That it adds a dignity to the drama, must perhaps be allowed; and to those, who are fond of shows and processions, it would no doubt greatly enhance the merit of a play. That it is the guardian, or rather parent of the unities, is another point, which cannot well be disputed: for as it consists of a number of persons, got together in a great measure by accident, it cannot well be supposed, that these can be kept together long; or be easily removed from place to place. But then how confined, in respect to variety, must this needs render the drama? for how few actions, or plots are there of any importance, which will admit the supposition of being completed in

two, or even in twelve hours, or in one and the same place: and if you once begin the magic of scene-shifting, it may as well be extended from the palace to the forum, as from one room in the palace to another.

• They too, who judge from nature, and not from rules laid down by Aristotle, and a set of critics, whose aim it has been to follow him, rather than nature, will not perhaps be inclined to think, that probability is much consulted by the introduction of a chorus. An *acting audience*, which seems to be the true character of the chorus, may, in itself, be no very improbable thing; but an *acting audience*, which at the same time supposes another, *hearing*, audience present, whose judgment it is to inform and regulate, is an utter outrage against all probability. Besides this acting audience, which is to direct the other's judgment, (of the propriety and good tendency of which, to the manners of the common people, a great deal has been said) is generally so mysterious in delivering its own, that it is usually the most difficult part of the play to be understood: the songs of the Sybils themselves could scarcely be more obscure, than some of the Greek choruses must needs have been to common understandings.

• It is still more absurd to suppose, that a set of persons fitted for the purpose, should all be got together, without any apparent or previous reason for it, prepared with the finest flights of poetry; such, as do not seem to spring from any sentiments of the heart, excited by the turns and incidents of what is transacting, but are merely the visionary work of imagination, carried into too long a train of distant ideas to arise from any present, momentary impulse: and these, to take the business still farther out of nature's path, are to be accompanied by the highest strains of harmony, and all the pomp of music.

• That they too, who constitute the chorus, should either follow the principal character into his private apartment, where he might properly deliberate; or that he should deliberate aloud in an open court-yard, before fifty different persons; who are all to be made acquainted with the inmost secrets of his heart; and yet are to interfere no otherwise, than by advice; when perhaps the very worst of actions and designs are carrying on; are all of them matters, which accord but ill with the common notions of what constitutes the probable.

• Lastly, that a set of inferior characters, (such as the chorus in most cases must consist of, that the upper parts may be filled

filled with proper dignity) should have influence to controul; authority to dictate; or understanding to advise, and to deliver the great precepts of truth; is such a stretch to all seeming, as nothing, but the poet's licence, *quidlibet audendi*, can possibly give a sanction to.

• Many other particulars might however have been taken notice of; such as, one person's expressing the sentiments of twelve, or any number of others, without any mutual consultation; which is the case of the *adting* part of the chorus; or, a number of persons delivering the same sentiments in precisely the same words, which is the case in the *singing* part. The circumstance of an Omines, in one of our plays, agreeing in the same form of expression, has frequently afforded matter of just ridicule to the critics; how much *more* justly might this same circumstance have provoked their censure in the chorus; where it is carried to a much greater height of absurdity? Such a parcel of lifeless mates too upon the stage, (which could be but ill avoided by making a first and second chorus) must hang like so many dead weights upon every movement; especially in the Greek theatre, where, by being masked, they could not even shew the concern they had, in what was going on, by their looks and features.

• Perhaps, if we must have a chorus, the only way of remedying all these inconveniencies, would be to form it of certain Genii, Sylphs, or Gnomes, — who might easily be supposed to be perfectly acquainted with all human transactions, without having any right to interfere in them; and yet might take a pleasure in hymning their sentiments about them. The sons of those imaginary beings, might give as many breathing times to the poet and his audience, as he thought proper; (for it is not easy to see the necessity of their being precisely five; though both Greek and Latin authority has determined it so). And being intirely under his management, he might take care to let them sing only just so much, as would be to his purpose.

— *Quod propositio conducatur, & habeat apte?*

An excellent scheme this, though we fear it will turn out but little to our author's advantage, as we conjecture he will never obtain a place among the *genii* of the stage.

But what must fully convince the reader of this extraordinary writer's taste, is an honest acknowledgment, 'that the great Thunderer's nod, in Homer, has no charms for him; and that the only line of the Iliad, which he ever read with pleasure, is

that in which the pensive unhappy father is described, after his suit had been rejected.

“Βῆ δ' αὖτις παρὰ θύα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης.”

Even the merit of this scene he destroys, by saying that the pathos in it is more accidental than designed. ‘The circumstances, which give the heightening to it seem to be principally the place, where the old man takes his walk; (the sea-side being peculiarly adapted to melancholy contemplation;) and the contrast between his grief-bred silence, and the noise of his beating surge, strongly conveyed to the mind by the epithet, πολυφλοίσβοιο. But as for his walking by the sea-side, there was probably nothing more intended by it, than merely to signify the going out of the camp, which was situated just by. To shew, that the poet did not choose this piece of scenery, as peculiarly suited to his purpose on this occasion, we may observe, that he makes the Greeks do almost every thing there — *παρεθίνα*, or *ἐπὶ ῥηίμῃ θαλάσσῃ*, they eat, fight, and play. And as for any peculiar beauty in the epithet, πολυφλοίσβοιο, his using it always indiscriminately, whenever the metre requires such a word, inclines one to think, that it owes the propriety, which it has in this place, more to our ideas, than to his; who seems to have meant nothing more by it, than he does by his *ῥωπαῖα*; *τὰ μελαιτῆ*; or indeed almost any other of his epithets; which appear, in general, to be chose more on account of their being dactyles or spondees, than for any other assignable reason whatever. Why else do we hear of *ποδας ὤκεις Ἀχιλλεύς*, or *κορυβαίολος Ἑκτωρ*, when the business is only to make a speech? where *ὑποδάειδαν*, or *χλωμένον κηρ* might have a propriety, but the others none. Thus we have πολυμήκης Ὀδυσσεύς, when his honourable employment is no more, than what the greatest idiot might have performed, as well as himself; only to take those by the heel, whom Diomedes had knocked down, and drag them out of his way.’

After so much judicious criticism, and refined taste, will the reader doubt, that our author deserves a place on the same shelf with the learned Wotton, a member of the same seminary, and the worthy hero of that waggish performance, called the Battle of the Books.

ART.

ART. VII. *Genuine Letters and Memoirs, relating to the Natural, Civil, and Commercial History of the Islands of Cape Breton and Saint John, from the first Settlement there, to the Taking of Louisburg by the English, in 1758. In which, among many interesting Particulars, the Causes and previous Events of the present War are explained. By an impartial Frenchman. Translated from the Author's original Manuscript. 8vo. Pr. 6s. Nource.*

WE have received great satisfaction in the perusal of these sensible Letters, the publication of which is extremely seasonable at this juncture, when men are divided in opinion, whether the retention of Cape Breton, at a general peace, would be attended with any considerable national advantage; a point which can only be determined by an exact description of the country, its productions, and influence on the commerce of the French and English colonies on the continent of North America. Here we have this subject disclosed to full view, in a method the most entertaining and instructive. The journal of a survey of both islands is minutely accurate; the description of the manners, inclinations, and prejudices of the Indians is masterly, and replete with such reflections as distinguish the author deeply read in the human heart, and may prove of great use to our traders with these barbarians. Several curious remarks on the French government established at Louisburg, anecdotes of the principal officers, and an examination of their conduct, are interspersed through these memoirs. We are presented likewise with a view of the several commercial schemes formed by the court of France, together with the most circumstantial detail of the siege of Louisburg, that has yet appeared. It is with pleasure we undertake to give an abstract of this spirited and elegant performance.

Cape Breton lay desert and uncultivated till the year 1714, when the French of Newfoundland and Acadia made some settlements on it. Necessity, the mother of invention, put them on trying whether they could not put the islands of Cape Breton and St. John in such a condition, as might partly repair the great loss they had sustained in that long war against the confederates; and the inducement was so much the stronger, as it was of the utmost importance to them, not to be entirely driven out of the cod fishery. It was likewise their interest to be within a proper distance for observing the progress of the English colonies in that neighbourhood; as it was besides incumbent on them to preserve a post, which enables them to command the mouth of the river St. Laurence, whereby a communication with



with Canada is kept open, and a convenient harbour maintained for their shipping in distress of weather, which in those seas is very common: motives, which we apprehend ought to operate strongly with our ministry against the demolition of the fortifications of Louisbourg, a measure so lately talked of.

The island of Cape Breton is situated in the Atlantic ocean, and gulph of St. Laurence, about 200 leagues from Quebec, the capital of Canada, to whose jurisdiction it belongs. From Nova Scotia it is parted by a narrow channel, and is distant about 15 leagues from the island of Newfoundland. In length it is about thirty-six leagues from north east to south west, in its greatest breadth about twenty, and nearly one hundred and five leagues in circumference. The winter is severe at Louisbourg, the frost setting in at Christmas, and the earth covered with snow during the season; yet the air is wholesome, and the melancholy dreary gloom of winter soon dispelled at the approach of the summer's sun, which succeeds without an intervening spring. What adds to the horror of the winter season, is a kind of meteor seldom observed in other countries, which the inhabitants distinguish by the name of *Poudrerie*. It is a species of very fine snow, which insinuates itself into every hole and corner, and even into the minuteft crevices. It does not seem to fall upon the ground, but to be carried away horizontally by the violence of the wind, so that great heaps of it lie against the walls and eminences; and as it hinders a person from distinguishing even the highest objects, or to open his eyes for fear of being hurt; it not only deprives him of sight, but almost of the power of respiration.

Before settlements were made in this island, it was covered with trees, abounding in almost every kind of wood, except oak, of which there is but little. On the top of a species of white fir, grows a kind of mushroom, by the inhabitants called *garigue*, which the natives use with great success against pains in the breast, &c. Four sorts of firs grow here, one of which is called the white thorn, producing small protuberances on the bark, of the bigness of a kidney-bean, which contain a kind of turpentine, of excellent service for healing all sorts of wounds, and even fractures. It is also said to be a kind of specific in fevers, as well as disorders of the stomach and breast. Some alledge it is cathartic, for which purpose the natives sometimes use it. It is imported to France under the name of *white balm*, and taken in the quantity of two drops in a little broth. With respect to grains, the country is but barren, though our author conjectures the soil would produce

duce oats to good advantage. In every kind of pulse and culinary vegetables it is prolific, but the seed must be brought from Europe or New England.

Besides the beaver, the islands of Cape Breton and St. John abound in other curious quadrupeds, of which naturalists have given but an imperfect account. Among these the *original* deserves mention. This is an animal of the size of a mule, with thick hair, of a dark brown colour in summer, and almost entirely white in winter, by many supposed to be a species of elk. The *caribou* comes next. It is a kind of deer, whose head, like that of the *original*, is ornamented with very large stag horns, the branches of which are flat. The *quinquajou* is the inveterate enemy of the *original*. This creature, resembling a large cat, has hair of a red brown, and a tail so long, that when he turns it up, it makes two or three curls on his back. With it he entwines his prey, after first seizing it with his paws; then he gnaws the *original* under the ear, and never lets go his hold till the animal drops down dead. In searching his prey, he is assisted by the fox, who facilitates the attack, by surprizing or decoying the enemy. 'Thus,' says our author, 'you see it is not our species alone that gets the better of force by cunning and stratagem. Nature is uniform throughout the whole range of beings; and doubtless to render us more sensible of her liberality in the dispensation of favours, she distributes evil with the same impartiality.' Reflections such as these are every where scattered up and down, which must be allowed to be useful and entertaining in an epistolary form, however improper they might be in just historical composition. The bones of the *original* the natives reduce to powder, which they afterwards boil in water. They then skim the fat that rises to the surface, and from thence form a kind of tallow, as white as snow, and solid as wax, which they call *Cacamo*, and use for provision in their hunting expeditions.

After enumerating a great number of other quadrupeds, we are favoured with the method of curing cod-fish practised in that country by the French, and preferred by our author to the English manner. He next describes the natives in a way extremely entertaining and philosophical; and, after exhibiting an 'entertainment added on ceremonial visits, relates the following thanksgiving oration made by the grateful visitor: 'O thou, who heapest thy favours on us, who excitest the transports of our gratitude, thou art like unto a tree, whose wide spreading roots support a thousand little branches. Thou art like unto a benefactor whom we meet with on the borders of a

lake : thou resemblest the turpentine tree, which in all seasons imparteth its juice. Thou may'st be compared to those mild pleasant days, which we sometimes behold in the middle of the rudest winters, and whose benign influence gladdens our hearts. Thou art great in thyself, and so much the more, as the remembrance of the signal exploits of thy ancestors does not degrade thee. And indeed thy great great-grandfather, whose memory is still recent amongst us, was conspicuous for his skill and agility as a huntsman. What wonders did not he perform in the jovial chace; and in pursuing the *originals* and the *caribous*? His art in catching those animals was not superior to ours : but he had a particular agility in coming upon them by surprize. At the same time he flew at them with such rapidity, that notwithstanding they have such great strength and activity, and are even better able to skip over snowy mountains with their legs, than we with our rackets, yet he used to run them down. He would afterwards bleed them himself, and feast us with their blood; then he fleeced them, and gave us the whole body of the beast.

‘ But if thy great great-grandfather used to distinguish himself in this kind of chace, what feats hath not thy great grandfather done in the hunting of beavers? He outstripped the industry of those animals that are almost equal to men. By his frequent watchings round their huts, and by the repeated alarms with which he used to beat up their haunts even in one night, he knew how to oblige them to retire to their form, or bed, by which means he calculated the number which he had seen in the day. Nothing could equal his sagacity, for he could tell when they would come to load their tails with earth, and to cut such particular shrubs with their sharp teeth, in order to raise their dikes. Nothing could be more surprizing than his faculty of distinguishing in what spot those animals were housed. In regard to thy great-grandfather, was not he a most clever man at making gins for linxes and martens? He had particular secrets to oblige these animals to run into his snares, preferably to those of others. He had likewise so great a quantity of furs, that he was never at a loss to oblige his friends. Let us come to thy grandfather, who has made a thousand presents of sea-wolves to the youths of his time. How often have we had the pleasure of greasing our hair with oil upon those happy occasions in his cottage? How often has he invited, and even forced us to go home with him, upon our returning with empty canoes, in order to repair the damage we had sustained? But did not thy father distinguish himself in every branch? Was not he thoroughly possessed of the art of shooting at game, either

ther flying, or at rest; and was not he always sure of his aim? But above all he was excellent in drawing the bustards towards his statues. We are all of us pretty well versed in the art of counterfeiting the cry of those animals; but he surpassed us in particular inflections of the voice, so as to render it difficult to distinguish his cry from that of a bustard; as he excelled in other finesses by which he was sure to succeed. We were all ashamed, whenever he returned from the chase. True it is, that the use he made of his plenty of game, banished all envy from our breasts, and filled us with sentiments of gratitude.

‘In regard to the encomiums I might bestow on thyself, I confess, that loaded as I have been with the favours thou hast just now conferred upon me, I want words to express them. Therefore thou may’st read my sentiments in my looks, and be satisfied with the thanks which I give thee, by squeezing thy hand.’

Next to the manners of the savages, follows a description of the government and military establishment; of the supreme council, and other jurisdictions; and of the hospital, priests, monks, and missionaries on the island of Cape Breton. We have then a distinct view of the commerce which is or ought to be carried on at the islands of Cape Breton and St. John, the traffic of the French colony with New England, the contraband trade, and the great abuses in this respect.

Letter 15 contains some very sensible reflections on the state of Louisburg, before it fell into the hands of the English; a scheme for rendering it impregnable, with plans and means proposed to the court of France by the count de Raymond. In the two subsequent letters we have a short account of the war between the Mickmac, Marichite, and Abenoki savages, and the English, with reflections on the origin of the present war between France and England, which we wish we could quote, for the benefit of the Grubstreet fraternity, who would here find the outlines of pamphlets for half the season. Whether the detail that follows, of the capture of the Alcide and Lys by admiral Boscawen, of the surrender of fort Beauséjour, and the siege of Louisburg, be strictly agreeable to the most authentic accounts already published, is what we cannot presume to determine, on the strength of our memory. All we shall venture to say, is, that these facts are described in a copious and spirited manner. In a word, these letters abound with entertainment, and we need not hesitate to recommend them as the best account of Cape Breton and St. John, the nature and importance of the trade of these islands, the cause and origin of the present war, and of a variety of other cu-  
tions

rious particulars, that we have seen. Possible it is, however, that the reader may think the reflections too frequent and prolix; but they are such, in general, as shew a mind turned for speculation, and cannot fail of improving an attentive peruser. Let us add, that the letters begin at the year 1752, which are continued down to the taking of Louisburg; and that although the author is said to be a Frenchman, he writes with the freedom, the spirit, and impartiality of a Englishman.

ART. VIII. *The Actor. A Poetical Epistle to Bonnell Thornton, Esq; 4to. Pr. 1s. Dodsfley.*

THERE are in every art and science some striking precepts, which, properly attended to, with common sense in the observer, will be sufficient to direct him towards excellence: these precepts the poet now in view has judiciously selected from numberless others that might be used on the same occasion, and has conveyed them with precision, elegance, and humour. They are not thrown out at random, but particularly pointed at the present fashionable errors of our players, and seem calculated to correct what the vulgar applaud as beauties. The universal fondness of our second-rate actors, for imitating some eminent actor, rather than attempting to take their manner from nature only, comes first under the poet's notice.

' No settled maxims of a far'rite stage,  
No rules deliver'd down from age to age,  
Let players nicely mark them as they will,  
Can e'er entail hereditary skill.  
If 'mongst the humble hearers of the pit,  
At some lov'd play the old man chance to sit,  
Am I pleas'd more because 'twas acted so  
By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago?  
The mind recalls an object held more dear,  
And hates the copy that it comes so near.  
Why lov'd we Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone?  
In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.  
A Garrick's genius must our wonder raise,  
But gives his mimic no reflected praise.'

Such an admonition was certainly never more wanted than at present, when all our rising actors seem to place their whole merit in imitation; when they attempt to copy after a model, whose peculiarities of tone and gesture may be easily taken off, but whose striking excellencies it is not in the power of imitation

tion to equal. To be quite explicit: Mr. Garrick, tho' perhaps the best actor in Europe, is by no means a proper model for a young actor to study as a pattern of excellence. His peculiar talents lie in an exquisite sensibility, always guided with good sense, added to features quite obedient to every emotion. If a young actor does not find in himself this ductility of soul, it is in vain to start, strain, and throw his voice into the most unnatural tones, merely to resemble what is, by no means, Mr. Garrick's excellence. One would think to hear them thus echoing each other, upon the very same key, that they were acting the two Sofias, and endeavouring to mimic an individual, but not drawing from nature. The poet goes on to observe, that the player's profession

' Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start,  
Nature's true knowledge is his only art.  
The strong-felt passion bolts into the face,  
The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace?  
To this one standard make your just appeal.  
Here lies the golden secret; learn to FEEL.  
Or fool or monarch, happy or distress,  
No actor pleases that is not *possess'd*.'

An old actor used to observe, that he could feel any thing new with as much sensibility as others; but after he had read a fine speech, or delicate sentiment, long enough till he had it by heart, he could feel its beauties no longer: and yet we may justly observe, that the actor, who cannot feel even after the thousandth repetition, is not cut out, by nature, for the stage. This mechanical impulse, which a good player can give his soul, even in the presence of the most striking assembly, distinguishes him from the second-rate actor, who mixes the idea of the audience with the part he acts, and only feels his poet by halves.

' Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,  
Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes;  
However foreign from the poet's art,  
No tragic hero but admires a start.  
What though unfeeling of the nervous line,  
Who but allows his *attitude* is fine?  
While a whole minute equipoiz'd he stands,  
Till praise dismisses him with her echoing hands.  
Resolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pause,  
By perseverance to extort applause.  
When Romeo sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,  
With eager madness bursts the canvas tomb,

The

The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,  
Which please the vulgar, make the critic laugh.'

There is scarce a spectator but must have felt the absurdity here complained of: what writhings, distortions, and painful postures, as if the strong passions were used to throw men into such figures, and keep them there! so far from this that anger, surprize, and sorrow, are ever changing, and their appearance is best represented by quick and violent transitions. An observation of Mr. Addison upon the acting of Nicolini, in which he praises him for borrowing, upon proper occasions, the most beautiful attitudes of the most beautiful statues of antiquity, has probably led our actors into more mistakes in this particular, than even imitation itself could have done. The statues of antiquity are never distorted without reason. When an Hercules lifts up Anteus, his body is naturally in a labouring posture, and the distortion is just. When Laocoon attempts to break the knots of the serpents which infold him, he is drawn in a labouring attitude; but simple passions are not expressed with all this exaggerated force; the Mirmillo dies, Apollo sends off his angry shaft in easy, we may be permitted to say, graceful attitudes: but Romeo, with his lifted staff, no more creates our surprize than one of St. Dunstan's figures with his club. But to proceed:

'The voice all modes of passion can express,  
That marks the proper word with proper stress.  
But none emphatic can that actor call,  
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.

'Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measures roll  
Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,  
Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong.  
Their words, like stage-processions stalks along.'

It must be owned, that the slow drawling manner, which younger actors call just speaking, is most insupportably disagreeable. When the gay sprightly Comus comes with a dismal face, and emphatical voice, to preach up debauchery; when Jaffier sinks all the harmony of his conversations into emphasis and prosaic period; while the whole runs off like unmusical prose, we feel a pain we know not how to express, and ascribe as a fault to the poet what only lies in the actor. Our author goes on:

'He who in earnest studies o'er his part  
Will find true nature cling about his heart.  
All from their eyes impulsive thought reveal,  
And none can want expression, who can feel.

'There

‘ There is a fault which stirs the critic’s rage,  
A want of due attention on the stage.  
There have been actors, and admir’d ones too,  
Whose tongues wound up set forward from their cue.  
In their own speech who whine, or roar away,  
Yet unconcern’d at what the rest may say.  
Whose eyes and thoughts on diff’rent objects roam  
Until the prompter’s voice recal them home.

‘ Divest yourself of hearers, if you can,  
And strive to speak, and be the very man.  
Why should the well-bred actor wish to know  
Who sits above to-night, or who below.  
So mid th’ harmonious tones of grief or rage,  
Italian squallers oft disgrace the stage.  
When with a simp’ring leer, and bow profound,  
The squeaking Cyrus greets the boxes round ;  
Or proud Mandane of imperial race,  
Familiar drops a curtsie to her grace.’

This is, indeed, a fault much more common abroad than in England; yet even here it is coming into fashion. This insipid method of cringing for praise, is every whit as paltry as that of the hornpipe dancers at Sadler’s Wells, who, when their jig is over, scrape round to the company for halfpence. The remark which follows is extremely just.

‘ But in stage-customs what offends me most  
Is the slip-door, and slowly-rising ghost.  
Tell me, nor count the question too severe,  
Why need the dismal powder’d forms appear ?

‘ When chilling horrors shake th’ affrighted king,  
And guilt torments him with her scorpion sting ;  
When keenest feelings at his bosom pull,  
And fancy tells him that the seat is full,  
Why need the ghost usurp the monarch’s place,  
To frighten children with his mealy face ?  
The king alone should form the phantom there,  
And talk and tremble at the vacant chair.’

Poor Otway was obliged to conform to the times ; the taste was then to introduce ghosts into every play, no matter whether with propriety or no. In his *Venice Preserved* he was resolved to indulge his audience in all their absurdities, in low buffoonery, and the trap-door. But surely, such perversions of taste are not necessary now : the ridiculous Senator’s part has been omitted, it would be kindness to discontinue the Ghosts in the same



same manner. We are sorry the few lines, with which we shall close this article, are at one of the theatres, entirely disregarded.

‘ O ne’er may folly seize the throne of taste,  
Nor dulness lay the realms of genius waste.  
No bouncing crackers ape the thundrer’s fire,  
No tumbler float upon the bending wire.  
More natural uses to the stage belong,  
Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song,  
For other purpose was that spot design’d;  
To purge the passions and reform the mind,  
To give to nature all the force of art,  
And while it charms the ear to mend the heart.’

ART. IX. *Memoirs of the Life of the late George Frederic Handel. To which is added, a Catalogue of his Works, and Observations upon them.* 8vo. Pr. 3s. Doddsley.

THE lovers of harmony will, no doubt, be highly delighted with memoirs, which, indeed, contain but few interesting particulars of the life, but great variety of pretty observations on the compositions of this sublime artist. Not to rob them of any part of their satisfaction, we shall proceed, without adding any remarks of our own, to give as compendious an abstract as the nature of the performance will admit. George Frederic Handel, was the son of an eminent practitioner in physic at Hall, in Upper Saxony. Intended for the study of the civil law, he discovered so early a propensity to music, and exhibited such astonishing proofs of genius at the age of seven years, that his father, with some difficulty, was prevailed on to yield to the boy’s inclinations. For improvement he travelled to Berlin, Ham-burgh, Florence, Venice, Naples, and Rome, where he was received with all those honours and marks of distinction due to an artist of his class. Correlli, Scarletti, and the greatest composers and performers Italy, the soil of taste, ever bred, were filled with admiration at the genius of young Handel, both as a composer and performer; the latter, in particular, courted his friendship, and pursued him through different peregrinations, as if to catch his genius. The opera of Rodrigo was composed at Florence, for which he was presented with a sum of money, and a fine service of plate, by the Grand Duke. He was discovered in Venice at a masquerade, while he was playing on a harpsichord in visor. Scarletti was present, and affirmed, that either it must be the young Saxon or the devil. His opera of Agrippina was composed at the request of several Venetian nobility, and

and performed twenty-seven nights successively, with expressions of applause altogether extravagant. Enchanted with his melody, combined with the utmost grandeur and sublimity of harmony, *Viva il caro Sassone!* resounded from every part of the theatre; insomuch that a stranger, who should have beheld the manner in which the audience was affected, would have concluded their senses were distracted.

After a residence of six years in Italy he returned to his native country, and went from thence to the court of Hanover, where his Electoral Highness immediately settled a yearly pension on him of 1500 crowns, as an inducement to stay. He obtained leave, however, to visit the court of the Elector Palatine, and to pass a year in London, where he arrived in 1710, at the age of twenty-six. His compositions; and vast execution on the harpsichord and organ, had already spread his fame over Europe; it cannot therefore be questioned, but his arrival in England was matter of joy to all admirers of his elegant art. He was soon introduced at court, and honoured with marks of the Queen's favour. Many of the nobility were impatient for an opera of his composing, and to gratify their wishes, he finished *Rinaldo* in a fortnight. Its success was answerable to its merit; the admired Nicolini sung in it, and the whole town flocked to hear the finest singer chant the most sublime and correct performance ever exhibited in London. His engagements at Hanover obliged him to leave England, to the great regret of all lovers of music; but towards the end of the year 1712, he procured leave to make a second visit, on condition that he limited it to a reasonable time. In this particular Handel's conduct seems blameable. Enamoured with England, where he was highly caressed, he forgot his engagements to the Elector, never returning to that court; but had the good fortune to obtain his pardon on the accession of that prince to the throne of Great Britain, and to have the pension of 200 l. per annum, granted by the late Queen, now doubled. Here we have an entertaining account of the musical factions formed among the nobility; the one side patronizing Handel with as much zeal as the others supported Buononcini: by dint of merit Handel carried it against all opposition; a musical academy was founded, and, for the space of ten years, this art flourished in greater perfection in England, than in any other part of the world. At last, the rough manners of Handel occasioned disputes between him and his best performers; a new faction raised its head, engaged the inimitable Faranelli, and after a stout resistance, drove our hero to Hibernia, where he was received with the honours due to Apollo himself."

In

In the year 1741-2 he returned to London, and recommenced those oratorios at Covent-Garden with great success, which, but a little time before were exhibited in the same place to very thin audiences. From this æra we may date his prosperity, and uninterrupted good fortune. Upon this change his first care was to apply some part of it to the relief of objects exposed to the miseries of perpetual confinement: it was afterwards consecrated to the service of the most innocent and helpless of the human species; and the Foundling Hospital, in some degree, owes its continuance, as well as prosperity, to the beneficent and public spirit of Handel. In 1751 a gutta serena deprived him of sight, and, for a time, sunk him into the deepest despondency. Towards the close of his life, his mind was frequently disordered, though, at intervals, he remained in the full vigour of all his faculties, till the 14th day of April, 1759, when he expired.

Such are the outlines of this entertaining sketch of Mr. Handel's life, replete with curious anecdotes and remarks, and penned in a style not inelegant, or unlike the hand of the ingenious author of a pretty performance on musical expression. The critique on Handel's style and composition, speaks rather the writer of taste than the master in harmony; it is pleasing, airy, and superficial, well adapted for the reading of a gentleman, but little calculated to improve the scholar. His character of Hæssle and Buononcini, favours strongly of biographical partiality, which would make every other artist in the same way sink under the superior merit of his hero. Their pieces are by no means of that thin flimsy texture, which our author insinuates, tho' the harmony be less full than in many of Handel's performances. In the operas of Dido and Semiramide, Hæssle excels Handel in the delicacy of the recitative and irresistible sweetness of the air, as much as he is excelled by him in any part of composition. Buononcini's Funeral Anthem may be esteemed a master-piece of the happy union of melody and harmony; superior indeed to any thing in this kind by Handel, or indeed any other master, unless we except the *Stabat Mater* of the imitable Pergolesi. There can, indeed, be no parallel drawn between these elegant composers and Handel; however, we may venture to say, that if he exceeded them in fertility of invention, in sublimity of thought, and strength of genius, they as far surpassed him in delicacy of feeling, in flight of fancy, in passion, and that power of fine imagination which melts the soul, and dissolves it in dying extasy of sound.

ART.

ART. X. *The Secret History of Colonel Hooke's Negotiations in Scotland, in Favour of the Pretender, in 1707. Including the original Letters and Papers which passed between the Scotch and Irish Lords and the Courts of Versailles and St. Germain's. Never before published. Written by Himself. With a Translation of Letters, containing a Narrative of the Pretender's Expedition into Scotland in 1708, and his Return to Dunkirk, transmitted to the French Court by the Commanding Officers of the Squadron.* 8vo. Pr. 3s. 6d. Becket.

ALTHOUGH we harbour no doubts about the authenticity of these memorials and letters, we entertain different sentiments with the editor, concerning their importance. After the most attentive perusal, we do not find that they contain any thing materially different from what was known and believed of the prevalency of the spirit of jacobitism in Scotland. Nay, we are persuaded, that Col. Hooke was either too sanguine in his expectations of a general insurrection in favour of the Pretender; or that he voluntarily deceived the French ministry, in order to draw from them such supplies as might possibly have terminated to the wish of the disaffected, in the exhausted languid state of the nation after a tedious war. He always speaks of Scotland in general terms, as if the whole were united in the same design of affecting a revolution; yet we do not find, upon any authority, that the resentment of the Scotch against the union, ever carried them to such a length as to make them unanimous in their views. It is even certain, that many lords of the greatest weight, influence, property, merit, ability, and integrity, were no way concerned in this plot, which seems to have been contrived by the same heads, and established on the same basis, as the rebellion in 1715. The dukes of Athol and Gordon, (for Hamilton was suspected of intrigues with the court) the lords Errol, Panmure, Kinnaird, Stormont, Kilsyth, Mar, &c. and a few more; some private persons, besides the Highland clans, were all who either signed the memorials to the Pretender, corresponded with him by letter, or kept up an epistolary intercourse with the French ministry. Their promises of entering England with 30,000 men, appear altogether extravagant; their representation of the state of that kingdom exaggerated, and the substance of all their memorials false, with respect to the comparative strength of parties; so that, in fact, we can form no judgment of the spirit of the times, from papers framed merely for the purposes of private views, and penned in that strain of enthusiastic zeal which ever takes possession of a faction determined upon desperate measures. For instance, in

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one of the memorials, we find this paragraph, "The Scots are certain, that Ireland waits only for their example to take arms, and the inhabitants alone of the north of Ireland, who are Scots, will directly furnish 20,000 men, completely armed, under a commander of great reputation among them, who has thereto engaged himself." We are no where told who this great commander was; and it is probable, that his abilities must have stood in the room of half the Scotch-Irish here promised. But what discredits these memorials, with respect to the state of the kingdom, beyond all denial, is the phlegm with which they were received at Versailles. Lewis never stood more in need of a powerful diversion in his favour than at that time; but he plainly discerned, that the hopes of the party was sanguine beyond its strength; and that Col. Hooke, in particular, strove to enhance his own services, and gain a pension, by setting in the best light the success of his embassies to the disaffected. This appears by the hint given at the end of almost every letter to M. Chamillard. To conclude, the reader will, however, not be disappointed in a curious fund of entertainment, though he ought, perhaps, to credit these papers *cum grano salis*.

ART. XI. *A LETTER to the Authors of the CRITICAL REVIEW, with an Account of the Works of Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, Moschus, and Musæus, translated into English, by a Gentleman of Cambridge. 12mo. Price 3s. Newbery.*

WHenever I receive any pleasure from perusing the works of genius or erudition, it is a gratification to myself to communicate that pleasure to the public; and therefore, I shall here give a few specimens of the performance abovementioned; which is undoubtedly the most pleasing method of elucidating an author. These translations are happily finished; they flow with a peculiar ease, and a delicate turn, which makes them seem more like originals than copies. See ode 30th.

*CUPID taken prisoner.*

Late the *Muses* Cupid found,  
And with wreaths of roses bound,  
Bound him fast, as soon as caught,  
And to blooming Beauty brought.  
Venus with large ransom strove.  
To release the god of love:  
Vain is ransom, vain is fee,  
*Love* refuses to be free:

Happy

Happy in his rosy chain,  
Love with Beauty will remain.

See also the 41st ode.—

Now let us gayly drink and join  
To celebrate the god of wine,  
Bacchus, who taught his jovial throng  
The dance; and patroniz'd the song;  
In heart, in soul, with *love* the same,  
The favourite of the Cyprian dame.  
*Rosely* he nam'd his heir;  
The *graces* are his daughters fair;  
*Sadness* in Lethe's lake he sleeps;  
*Solicitude* before him sleeps, &c.

The 43d ode on the *grasshopper* is very delicate.

Thee, sweet grasshopper, we call  
Happiest of insects all,  
Who from spray to spray can't skip,  
And the dew of morning sip.  
All, whatever thou can't see,  
Herbs and flow'rs belong to thee;  
All the various seasons yield,  
All the produce of the field:  
Thou, quite innocent of harm,  
Lov'st the farmer and the farm;  
Singing sweet when summer's near,  
Thou to all mankind art dear, &c.

The 46th ode, *on gold*, and the 61st, on the same subject, are admirable. The 65th, *on himself*, is very beautiful; it contains a pleasing droll picture of the merry old bard; and was never before translated.

I am no judge of what sort of words are proper in composition for music, but should imagine a master would find many of these little odes proper for his purpose, as the subjects of them are agreeable, and the language musical. Give me leave to instance an ode of Sappho's *on the Rose*.

Would Jove appoint some flow'r to reign  
In blooming beauty on the plain,  
The rose (mankind will all agree)  
The rose the queen of flow'rs should be:  
The pride of plants, the grace of bowers,  
The blush of meads, the eye of flowers:

Its

Its beauties charm the gods above;  
 Its fragrance is the breath of love;  
 Its foliage wantons in the air;  
 Luxuriant, like the flowing hair;  
 It shines in blooming splendor gay,  
 While zephyrs on its bosom play.

Notwithstanding what I have said above, I think the *Idylliums* of Bion and Moschus the most valuable parts of the performance. That on the death of Adonis is excellent throughout; I beg leave to give an instance in a very few lines, beginning at verse 43.

The mountains mourn, the waving woods bewail,  
 And rivers roll lamenting through the vale;  
 The silver springs descend in streams of woe  
 Down the high hills, and murmur as they flow:  
 And every flow'r in drooping grief appears  
 Depress'd, and languishingly drown'd in tears;  
 While Venus o'er the hills and vallies flies,  
 And "Ah! Adonis is no more," she cries;  
 Along the hills, and vales, and vocal shore,  
*Echo* repeats, 'Adonis is no more.'

The beginning of Moschus's *Idyllium* on the death of Bion something similar to this passage:

Ye woods, with grief your waving summits bow,  
 Ye Dorian fountains, murmur as ye flow,  
 From weeping urns your copious sorrows shed,  
 And bid the rivers mourn for Bion dead:  
 Ye shady groves, in robe of sable hue  
 Bewail; ye plants, in pearly drops of dew:  
 Ye drooping flow'rs, diffuse a languid breath,  
 And die with sorrow at sweet Bion's death;  
 Ye roses, change from red to sickly pale,  
 And, all ye bright anemonies, bewail:  
 Now hyacinth, thy doleful letters show  
 Inscrib'd in larger characters of woe.  
 For Bion dead, the sweetest shepherd swain:  
 Begin, Sicilian muse, begin the mournful strain!

Take one passage more from the same *Idyllium*, ver. 145.

Alas! the meanest flow'rs which gardens yield,  
 The vilest weeds that flourish in the field,  
 Which dead in wintry sepulchres appear,  
 Revive in spring, and bloom another year:

But

But we, the great, the brave, the learn'd, the wise,  
Soon as the hand of death has clos'd our eyes,  
In tombs forgotten lie; no suns restore,  
We sleep, for ever sleep, to wake — no more.

The poem on the loves of Hero and Leander is very tender, pleasing, and interesting. Pray read the speech which a lover made to his mistress near two thousand years ago. — This faithful pair being greatly enamoured of each other, and she having enumerated many difficulties and obstructions which might prevent their happiness, he says,

For thee, dear object of my fond desire,  
I'll cross the ocean, though it flame with fire;  
Nor would I fear the billows loud alarms,  
While every billow bore me to thy arms;  
Uncheck'd, undaunted by the boisterous main,  
Tempestuous winds should round me roar in vain;  
But oft as night her sable pinions spread,  
I through the storm would swim to Hero's bed.  
Let but my fair a kindly torch display,  
From the high turret to direct my way;  
Then shall thy daring swain securely glide,  
The bark of Cupid o'er the yielding tide,  
Thyself my haven, and thy torch my guide;  
And while I view the genial blaze afar,  
I'll swim regardless of Boötes' car,  
Of fell Orion, and the northern wain,  
That never bathes his brightness in the main:  
Thy star more eminently bright than they,  
Shall lead the lover to his blissful bay.  
But let the torch, O nymph divinely fair,  
My only safety, be thy only care;  
Guard well its light, when wintry tempests roar,  
And hoarse waves break tumultuous on the shore,  
Lest the dire storms, that blacken all the sky,  
The flame extinguish, and the lover die.

CANDID.

To these remarks of our correspondent, we shall only add, that however pleasing the task of pointing out the beauties of an author may be to the critic, it is no less useful to his readers that he take notice of the blemishes, in order to direct them what they ought to avoid, as well as what to imitate. From the slight perusal we gave this translation, we are of opinion there is room for both, it being in many places unequal,



equal, and loaded with a great number of notes. We must likewise say, that of all kinds of poetry the Anacreontic measure is the least adapted to musical composition, without it be a catch, or ballad, as it affords no place for that slow harmony, and solemn expression of sound, which forms the pathos in composition.

## FOREIGN ARTICLE.

ART. XII. *Traité de la Nature de l'Ame, et de l'Origine de ses Connoissances. Contre le Système de M. Locke et de ses Partisans.* 2 Vols. 8vo. Sold by Becket in the Strand.

HOWever pleasing to the mind novelty may be in most other instances, it is by no means so in literary or religious opinions. The fundamental principles of both being early ingrafted, take deep root, and prejudice acts with all the force of reason. Our pride is alarmed at any endeavours to subvert notions which have grown old with us; it is demonstrating, that we have been all our lives in an error; our passions are too strongly engaged to give fair play to the arguments pressed upon us; and when we are unable to reply, we obstinately shut our ears to the force of truth. With what reluctance did one system of philosophy make way for another; what rivers of ink were spilled in defence of error! Newton and Locke, though their writings may appear to us to carry the conviction of self-evident truths, were opposed by the greatest men of that age; but they have now so firmly established themselves, that to controvert any of their opinions is deemed apostacy from those principles in which we were bred. Is it probable then, that a disciple of Locke can peruse with candour and due impartiality, a treatise written expressly against that great philosopher, whom he has been taught to regard, as infallible in all points relative to the human faculties and understanding, of which he has sketched out the most lively, consistent, and beautiful history that ever was attempted?

We must acknowledge, that we took up this performance with the prejudice usual in such cases: it was difficult to persuade ourselves, that a writer of merit could, at this time, employ his talents against Mr. Locke's doctrine, so long and so universally received. Curiosity, however, led us from one page to another; we discovered marks of strong sense, and depth of thought as we proceeded, which encreased the farther we advanced;

vanced ; our prejudices subsided, and we finished the performance, if not with retracting our sentiments of Mr. Locke's doctrine, at least with a high opinion of the learning and ability of his critic. He inquires with great closeness and precision into the nature of the soul, and the origin of human knowledge : he traces the mental operations, either abstractedly or relatively to the body, with accuracy : he examines, like an able critic, Mr. Locke's doctrine of sensations, upon which the whole theory of ideas rests, and advances stronger arguments in support of innate ideas, than we have any where met with : in a word, he is a learned, a candid, and judicious polemical writer, whose performance will, at least, be useful in explaining some parts of the treatise *On the Human Understanding*, not generally well understood. Some future occasion may possibly furnish us with more leisure to be explicit on the merits of this valuable work, while we content ourselves, at present, with pointing out the book to our metaphysical readers.

## Monthly CATALOGUE.

Art. 13. *An Introduction to Botany. Containing an Explanation of the Theory of that Science, and an Interpretation of its Technical Terms. Extracted from the works of Dr. Linnæus, and calculated to assist such as may be desirous of studying that Author's Method and Improvements. With twelve Copper Plates, and two Explanatory Tables. To which is added An Appendix ; Containing upwards of Two Thousand English Names of Plants, referred to their proper Titles in the Linnæan System. By James Lee, Nursery-Man, at the Vineyard at Hammettsmith. 8vo. Pr. 5s. J. and R. Tonson.*

THE title page to this performance faithfully expresses the contents. It is a kind of botanical dictionary, drawn from a close application to the works of the celebrated Dr. Linnæus, explaining not only the terms which occur in this science, but the sexual system of botany. Mr. Lee's method seems to be well calculated for those who would become proficient in the Linnæan system, though we must confess ourselves not competent judges of the execution. He has, in a sensible preface, explained the principles upon which this doctrine was founded; the first hint of which, he says, was suggested by our countryman Sir Thomas Milington, and, after passing through the hands of Catterarius, Moreland, Geoffroi, Vaillant, Blain,

Jussieu, and Bradley, was at length reduced into system by Linnæus.

Our author divides his system into classes, orders, genera, species, and varieties; the three first divisions being established on the fructification, which composes the first part of his work. In the second part we have the whole theoretic part of the system, and a full explanation of the classes, orders, and genera: and in the third and last part, the root and herb are described. To this are annexed tables, by means of which the reader may find the class and order of any plant, after he has informed himself of its botanic name: but without enlarging farther, we need only give the following extract, in proof of Mr. Lee's good sense.

\* It now only remains for the author to say something concerning his own part in the labour of this undertaking. He is far from desiring the world should conceive, from the appearance of his name in the title page, that he is of sufficient strength to undertake a work of this kind without assistance. Though it has always been a pleasure to him to study the theory of his profession, as far as the business of it would allow leisure for, he is very sensible of his own inability to put the materials of such a work into a form correct enough to come under the eye of the public; and, were he permitted, would readily acknowledge the obligations he has to those who have kindly helped him in this undertaking; but as some injunctions oblige him to be silent on this head, he must content himself with having said thus much to clear himself from any imputation of presumption or arrogance.

Art. 14. *The Complete Brewer; or, the Art and Mystery of Brewing explained. Containing plain and easy Directions for Brewing all Sorts of Malt Liquors in the greatest Perfection. Also the Construction of a Brew-House, and the Choice of Brewing Vessels. Compiled from the most valuable Receipts in Brewery, now corrected and improved for the Benefit of the Public. By a Brewer of extensive Practice.* 12mo. Pr. 3s. Coote.

A Practical treatise on the art of brewing, if well executed, would, undoubtedly, be a work of extensive utility. Whether this little performance deserves to be regarded in that light, we are not competent judges. All that we can affirm is, that it is written intelligibly, and comprehends every particular of the art.

Art.

- Art. 15. *The Elements or Theory of Arithmetic : Containing all its Rules in whole Numbers ; Fractions, Vulgar and Decimal ; and the Doctrine of Circulates and Logarithms : Demonstrated in a new and familiar Method. As also Practical Arithmetic : or, its Application to Computations necessary at the Custom-House, Excbequer, and in the several Concerns of Life. With the Weights, Measures, and Money of the ancient Jews, Greeks, Romans, &c. reduced to the English Standards. By James Hardy, Teacher of Mathematics, and Writing Master at Eton College. 8vo. Price 4s. Payne.*

It will not be expected that we should peruse this treatise with the same care as others, where we may expect to receive some improvement, or at least satisfaction. Sufficient it is, that we make ourselves acquainted with the general plan of the author, as the whole value of a compendium of arithmetic consists in the perspicuity of the rules, and the brevity and neatness of the examples, in which particulars Mr. Hardy seems to be upon a footing with many preceding writers.

- Art. 16. *A Second Letter from Liberty and Common-Sense to the People of Ireland greeting. 8vo. Price 6d. Burd.*

Happy Hibernia, with whom these heavenly beings deign to correspond, and, like the dæmon of Socrates, and pigeon of Mohammed, whisper in thy ear the tidings of salvation. May the wisdom of our legislature contrive means to import, with thy butter and thy tallow, a small portion of the sage admonitions thou receivest from the lips of those tutelary beings, prudently substituted in the room of thy legendary Saint Patrick. Hadst thou sooner inclined thine ear to the voice of Liberty and Common-sense, thy magistrates would not have been turned into scorn by the people, and the defence of thy sea-port of Carrickfergus left to the prowess of one boy, who, with his single arm, did, by stones and brick-bats, gloriously withstand for a time all the efforts of the pirate Thurot, rendered fierce as a ravenous wolf by pinching cold and hunger.—May the example of this youthful hero sink deep into the hearts of thy children, so shalt thou mock the boasts of the great King, and set at defiance all the terrors of Breit and Toulon.

- Art. 17. *A Letter to the Right Reverend Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Shuckburgh.*

The letter was wrote before Dr. Warburton's promotion to the see of Gloucester. It is a genteel and sarcastic attack upon some

some opinions advanced by that right reverend gentleman, in the dedications to the last edition of the *Divine Legation*. Our author begins with that addressed to lord chief justice Mansfield, where Dr. Warburton says, "I had lived to see—It is a plain and artless tale I have to tell—I had lived to see what lawgivers have always seemed to dread as the certain prognostic of public desolation, that fatal crisis, where religion hath lost its hold on the minds of a people!"—He observes, that the degeneracy of the times have been topics of declamation in all ages; that the general tendency of this address reflects on the revolution; that it even reflects on the present royal family; that the irreligion of which the right reverend writer complains, is not the effects of virulent attacks upon church-power; that the existence of religion in the minds of men, has no manner of connection with the prerogatives of the clergy; that Dr. Warburton, of all men, has the least reason to cry out against the general neglect and disregard of clerical merit, &c. He then proceeds to some remarks on a book published by Dr. Warburton, intitled, *The Alliance between Church and State*; and concludes with some reflections on the Bishop's Address to the Jews, prefixed to the second volume of the last edition of the *Divine Legation*.

Art. 18. *The History of Ophelia. Published by the Author of David Simple. In two Vols. 12mo. Pr. 6s. Baldwin.*

The author of this performance would seem to have the *Female Quixote* in view; but the character of Ophelia is supported with less humour. The novel, however, preserves that delicacy peculiar to female writers; and we may venture to say it affords as much entertainment, and harmless recreation, as most productions of this kind.

Art. 19. *Louisa: or, Virtue in Distress. Being the History of a Natural Daughter of Lady \* \* \* \*. 12mo. Pr. 2s. Corbett.*

The sagacious author of this elaborate piece remarks, in the preface, 'that our modern critics, who send their monthly productions into the world, are oftentimes very severe on books of this kind; but their criticisms, however cutting they may appear, are not of any great consequence, since I have observed that they have recommended novels, which, had they allowed themselves leisure to peruse, their praises would, I am persuaded, have greatly dwindled.' Our criticisms then are of no great consequence, because *you have observed*; but till the world has likewise observed, that we have stamped our *imprimatur* on novels of less merit than *your's*, we shall beg leave to decline your award,  
This

This we will venture to affirm, that even the recommendations of Mr. Richardson, which you so fawningly solicit, will never procure this production of yours a place but in a circulating library, or men a palate to relish the most insipid and tasteless of all novels—your Louisa.

Art. 20. *Explanatory Remarks upon the Life and Opinions of Triftram Shandy; wherein the Morals and Politics of this Piece are clearly laid open*, by Jeremiah Kunaastrokius, M. D. 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Although we were pleased with the reading of this humorous rhapsody, we must own we are tired with the encomiums bestowed on Triftram Shandy by those half-witted critics, who echo public report from coffee-house to coffee-house, and suspend their own opinion till the signal is made by a wit of superior rank. We would caution the author and his friends against raising the public expectation of the subsequent part, too high. Every thing in this country is directed by caprice; we praise and depreciate in extremes, and a new writer must either be at the top or the bottom of his profession, for a season. To own the truth, we harbour some suspicions that the author himself is here giving breath to the trumpet of fame; and, under the form of explanatory notes, pointing the finger at some of those latent strokes of wit in Triftram's life and opinions, which may perchance have escaped the eye of the less discerning reader. The same turn of humour appears in this as in the former production; and the short sketch of Mr. Profound's character is indeed admirable.

‘I tell you, gentlemen, (says this coffee-house oracle) Triftram Shandy is one compleat system of modern politics, and that to understand him, there is as much occasion for a key as there is for a catalogue to the Harleian library: I own, that I should not myself have penetrated so far as I have, notwithstanding my great reading in works of this nature, if I had not had the opportunity of supping the other evening with the author, who let me into the whole affair. I advised him to publish a key, but he told me it was too dangerous.—What is the siege of Namur, which he often mentions, but the siege of Foot St. Philip's in Minorca?—or, the wound his uncle Toby received there but the distress the nation was thrown into thereupon? His application to the study of fortification, and the knowledge he therein gained, means nothing else but the rectitude and clear-sightedness of the administration, which afterwards took up the reins of government. This is a master-piece of allegory, beyond all the poets of this or any period what-  
ever.

ever. There is but one fault to be found with Mr. Tristram Shandy as a politician—that is, making Yorick's horse so lean—but then he is armed at all points—I think too he should have told us the horse was white, to have made the symbolical application:—but he did not dare declare himself so openly upon this head—he told me so. Gentlemen, (continued he) I will only read to you one passage more, and leave you to make your remarks.

Art. 21. *Four Elegies: Descriptive and Moral.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Buckland.

There breathes a pleasing strain of pious contemplation thro' these elegies, clothed in versification not inelegant. The first was written at the approach of spring; the second, in the sultry heat of Summer; the third, in Autumn; and the fourth, at the approach of winter.

ELEGY III. Written in Harvest.

Farewel the pleasant violet scented shade;  
The primros'd hill, and daisy-mantled mead;  
The furrow'd land, with springing corn array'd;  
The funny wall with bloomy branches spread:

Farewel the bow'r with blushing roses gay;  
Farewel the fragrant trefoil-purple'd field;  
Farewel the walk thro' rows of new-mown hay,  
When ev'ning breezes mingled odours yield;

Farewel to these—now round the lonely farms,  
Where jocund plenty deigns to fix her seat;  
Th' autumnal landscape op'ning all its charms,  
Declares kind nature's annual work compleat.

Art. 22. *Elegies by Mr. Delap.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Doddsley.

These two elegies are a pretty imitation of Mr. Gray's upon a country church-yard. The merit of his and Mr. Hammond's performances in this way seems to have led succeeding elegaists into the same kind of verse; and the alternate heroic measure seems now peculiarly appropriated to this sort of writing. Yet if we might be permitted to form the ear of another by our own, there seems something insupportably tedious in this measure. The heroic stanza is the most solemn and slow that our language perhaps is capable of admitting; but this method of making the rhyme alternate, and yet preserving the number of syllables, renders it still more tedious; and the thought which is generally spread out into four long lines, that in other cases is commonly

commonly couched in two, must necessarily be loaded with epithets, and abound with what Horace calls the *verbis lassas onerantibus versas*.

If the second and fourth lines of every stanza, instead of ten, were made to consist of eight syllables only, this would give more strength to the style and relieve the ear. This would then entirely correspond with the *versus impariter juncti* of the ancients, and, if turned with art, would produce inexpressible sweetness. But to our poet: his description of the miners, which runs thro' almost the whole first elegy, is picturesque and poetical.

Lo, at her presence, the strong arm of toil,  
With glittering sickle, mows the prime of May;  
While yon poor hirelings, for the mine's rude soil,  
Leave to their sleeping babes their cots of clay.

With sturdy step, they cheerly whistle o'er  
The path that flings across the reedy plain,  
To the deep caverns of that yawning moor,  
Whose baggy breast abhors the golden grain.

There, in her green dress, nature never roves,  
Spreads the gay lawn, nor lifts the lordly pine,  
They see no melting clouds refresh the groves,  
No living landscape drawn by hands divine.

But many a fathom from the sunny breeze,  
Their painful way in central night they wear;  
Heave the pik'd axes on their bended knees,  
Or sidelong the rough quarry slowly tear.

Yet while damp vapours chill each reeking brow,  
How loudly laughs the jovial voice of mirth;  
Pleas'd that the wages of the day allow  
A social blaze to cheer their evening hearth.

There the chaste housewife, with maternal care,  
Her thrifty distaf plies, in grave attire;  
Blest to behold her ruddy offspring wear  
The full resemblance of their sturdy fire.

The second elegy is to sickness, where the poet still shews the same strength of imagination which he discovered in the preceding: we are sorry however to find himself the subject of his complaint, and that this gentleman should be incapacitated by sickness from feeling those beauties of nature himself, which he is so well qualified to make others feel in his description.



Art. 23. *The Apparition to a Gentleman, &c.* 4to. Pr. 6d. Pyle.

Enter admiral Byng in a violent passion, and calls aloud for justice. Not the great orator of Clare-market, whilom famed for true-suburban eloquence could speak flower.

    Pull back that saving arm, the blood of thousands  
    Cries aloud, my trampled blood crys louder  
    Yet for his, ten thousand widows, orphans;  
    Imperfect conquest, and defrauded glory,  
    A whole year's war, a German winter's waste,  
    The tainted summer, sword, and dog-star rage,  
    The dreadful scale of battle yet unpoiz'd  
    By fate, and Europe's long-suspended doom;  
    O shall he then escape!—my gored bosom!—  
    Minorca will not weigh!—take down that shield,  
    That regal buckler from before his breast,  
    And pierce his guilty heart like mine.  
    Hot vengeance shall be ask'd, and Britain smile,  
    And even I shall sleep in place eternal;  
    Ha! fence off that northern gust, see justice  
    Is disturb'd!

Now, gentle reader, perhaps you may think that it is impossible to give a more exquisite sample of the true spirit of balderdash than this quotation; and yet we can assure you, that this example may be out-balderdashed in twenty other quotations from the same poem.

Art. 24. *Odes on the Four Seasons.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Millar.

As the poet in his preface assures us that these are the productions of an infant muse, it would be cruel to discourage a young beginner: they appear indeed throughout to be the productions of that age, when the imagination, new to the world, runs riot, unbroke by reason, as a poet expresses it. We have here, as in most poems of the kind, new-born Zephyrs, flowery borders, trembling rills, smiling vales, and airy hills; the lark Philomel, and the whole poetical vocabulary, help out the picture, and form a piece despicable, if written by a man; commendable, if only the production of a boy.

Art. 25. *Two Lyric Epistles.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Dodsley.

If there be merit in being unlike any thing that was ever written before, these pieces will not want admirers; they may be considered as a literary adventure, where the poet has many chances against him. To speak our own feelings, we cannot put ourselves among the number of those who have a taste for this kind of writing; a species of composition in which the author sits down and delivers whatever comes uppermost, who, when

when he wants a simile, will catch at a conundrum; who leads his reader through all the train of a fantastic imagination, without scarce one striking object in view. Amidst multitudes of puerilities, there seems now and then an opportunity of selecting something in this poem not entirely despicable; as when, in giving ladies directions how to behave in the company of their admirers, he says,

‘ Meekness and pride alike inflame desire,  
A truth well known amongst the wenchers;  
So oil or brandy thrown into the fire,  
Are neither of them quenchers.  
Take that which suits you best, my gentle dames,  
Either will do, to set a house in flames.  
’Tis not sufficient to inflame,  
You must provoke, but you must tame.  
Observe the anglers,  
They don’t take every fish that comes;  
So many of your dangles,  
Are but bull-heads and miller’s thumbs.  
A captain or some pretty fellow,  
May dangle with you at a rout;  
Just as they fish for salmon with a menow,  
Or a red clout.  
But when you walk with Strephon arm in arm,  
And feel all over new-milk warm,  
Whilst he complains of penalties and pains;  
You’ll seem  
Like an iced cream  
If you have any brains.’

Art. 26. *The Tears of Music, a Poem, to the Memory of Mr. Handel. With an Ode to the River Eden. By the Reverend J. Langhorne, 4to. Price 1s. Griffiths.*

We have had frequent opportunities of doing justice to Mr. Langhorne’s merit on former occasions, and on none has he had more just pretensions to our approbation than at present: there is something so truly musical in the flow of his numbers, his transitions of passion are so artfully managed, and his epithets in general so new and just, that he really deserves an high rank among our modern poets. This may be truly said of him, that though he abounds with faults, though he sometimes spins his thoughts too fine, yet in all his attempts he scatters some poetical strokes that are entirely natural and new. The repetition of the epithet *long* in the following quotation may be ranked among the number.

— All silent now.

Those airs that breathing o’er the breast of Thames,  
Led amorous Echo down the long, long vale.’

The description of the different movements in music are equally new.

‘ I feel, I feel the sacred impulse ——— hark !  
 Wak’d from according lyres the sweet strains flow  
 In symphony divine : from air to air  
 The trembling numbers fly : swift bursts away  
 The flow of joy ; now swells the flight of praise.  
 Springs the shrill trumpet aloft ; the toiling chords  
 Melodious labour thro’ the flying maze ;  
 And the deep base his strong sounds rolls away,  
 Majestically sweet.’

There is a variety in the numbers of the following passages that must please every ear.

‘ But, hark ! what pleasing sounds invite mine ear,  
 So venerably sweet ? ’Tis Sion’s lute.  
 Behold her hero ! from his valiant brow  
 Looks Judah’s lion, on his thigh the sword  
 Of vanquish’d Apollonius — The shrill trumpet  
 Thro’ Bethoron proclaims th’ approaching fight.  
 I see the brave youth lead his little band,  
 With toil and hunger faint ; yet from his arm  
 The rapid Syrian flies. Thus Henry once,  
 The British Henry, with his way-worn troop,  
 Subdued the pride of France — now louder blows  
 The martial clangor, to Nicanor’s host,  
 With threat’ning turrets-crown’d, slowly advance  
 The ponderous elephants. —  
 The blazing sun, from many a golden shield  
 Reflected, gleams afar. Judean chief !  
 How shall thy force, thy little force sustain  
 The dreadful shock !  
 The hero comes — ’Tis boundless mirth and song,  
 And dance and triumph, every labouring string,  
 And voice, and breathing shell in concert strain  
 To swell the raptures of tumultuous joy.  
 O master of the passions and the soul,  
 Seraphic Handel ! how shall words describe  
 Thy music’s countless graces, nameless powers !’

The ode to the river Eden has nothing in it, either striking or new : the author himself is modest enough to observe that it is only added by way of ballast ; but as it contains nothing that we can commend, so is there nothing to be found in it that we can censure ; a striking proof that we should judge of every work by the greatness of its excellencies, and not the fewness of its defects.

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# THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

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For the Month of *May*, 1760.

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## ARTICLE I.

*The Modern Part of an Universal History, from the earliest Account of Time. Compiled from Original Writers. By the Authors of the Antient Part. Vol. XVII.*

**T**HE subject of this volume is interesting, and the manner entertaining. To the division described here, is almost the whole of the European commerce with Africa confined; it cannot therefore fail of proving agreeable to a judicious reader, to see the geography of this coast more accurately laid down, the humour and disposition of the different nations more nicely characterized, and the produce and staple commodities more fully described, than has been attempted by any former writer. In this light it appears to us; but whether or not the authors have been misled by false authorities, amidst the multiplicity of voyagers, travellers, and compilers, they have consulted, is what we cannot pretend to determine; that talk belongs to persons who have resided in the country, and from long observation entered perfectly into the manners of the natives, and peculiarities of the various kingdoms of Africa.

SECT. I. contains an historical account of the origin of the French, Portuguese, Dutch, English, Brandenburg, and Danish commerce to the coast of Guiney; in which the claim of the Dieppers, to the honour of having first led the way to the African trade, is examined, and the progress of the Dutch and English companies, erected on the ruin of the Portuguese commerce, concisely related. Speaking of the Portuguese, they did not (say our authors) confine themselves to the extirpation of the French only; the same severities they used against other Europeans,

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Europeans, and even against the private merchants of their own nation, who were hardy enough to encroach on their privileges. Their ships and cargoes were confiscated, and the crews put to death. One instance in particular is given of a Lisbon ship, the cargo of which was condemned to the king's use, the ship to the company's, and the crew to death. The Dutch were the only Europeans who continued firm to their interest, in contempt of dangers and difficulties. Their perseverance was crowned with success, and at last they made themselves masters of the forts of Elmina and Axim, obtaining that security by their courage, which the Portuguese had lost by their insolence and cruelty. In what manner they used their good fortune, is a point we shall at present pass over. Certain it is, that if any credit be due to the Portuguese historians, neither natives or foreigners had any reason to rejoice in the change of masters; as to the pride and barbarity of the Portuguese, the Dutch added a species of cool brutality, peculiar to that phlegmatic people. The rebels, says Vasconcelos, speaking of the Dutch, owed their success more to debauchery and drunkenness, than to courage. They stuck at no means to accomplish their ends; fraud and force were the same to them, so that they arrived at the same end. They first ruined the morals of the natives and perverted their understandings, after which they became the fit tools of their wicked designs. Wine, spirits, and the indolence of the Portuguese, were in fact the true instruments of their good fortune. By these they raised themselves to be masters, or rather pirates, so formidable by their numbers, that they seized the forts of Bourtri, Cora, Cormantin, Aldin de Fuerto, and Commendo. In the end they got possession of Elmina itself, and for the space of many years carried on so peaceable and profitable a commerce, that their returns from thence amounted to little less than two millions in gold, besides other commodities. The quantity of merchandize, which they exported thither from Europe, and the good bargains they gave the negroes, raised them high at first in the esteem of those barbarians, who soon found reason to consider their fair and honest dealing as a bait to lead them to their destruction. Such are the words of Vasconcelos, an historian who may be supposed strongly prejudiced against the Dutch; although it must be owned, that his report of their conduct here bears but too strong a resemblance of their behaviour in the Indies, and wherever they proposed to settle colonies.

The character of the Dutch is pursued, and not badly hit off in the following extract:

After

After the reduction of Elmina, the Dutch doubted not but the whole trade of Guiney would soon center there, and fall into their hands. Van Ypren was ordered by the company to reside at that important place in quality of governor-general of Guiney and Angola. He applied himself assiduously to the reparation of the fortifications; he enlarged the chief building, increased the number of the houses, and was no less careful to give strength and beauty, than conveniency to the place. At first he treated the natives with great indulgence, but as soon as the English expressed an inclination to share in the trade of the country, and had for that purpose applied to the negroes for leave to establish colonies, then was the kindness of the Dutch altered for a severity and cruelty unbecoming a nation that owes its being to commerce, and forms pretensions to civilized humanity. They even presumed openly to attack the English by seizing upon Fort Cormantin, where at that time the governor usually resided; a barefaced usurpation, that became one motive of the war in 1666, between England and the United Provinces. To keep the natives in more absolute subjection, they erected forts at Bourtry, Sama, Cape Coast, Anamaboa, and Akra, under pretence of protecting them against the frequent incursions of the inland natives, their constant enemies. Not contented with this, they assumed to themselves a right of confining the commerce of certain places solely to themselves; even the fish caught by the poor negroes of certain sea-ports, they prohibited, under severe penalties, from being sold at any price to other nations; although to cheapen it they have suffered it to rot in the market. In a word, the government they erected was the most despotic and arbitrary that could be, taking cognizance of all affairs civil and criminal, and rendering themselves the sole judges of property, liberty, life, and death. Notwithstanding this, they still continued to pay the lawful sovereigns a small tribute for the lands on which they built their factories; but this they soon reimbursed themselves in, by the most unfeeling extortion, and corrupt perversion of justice.

The discontent and disaffection of the negroes rose so high, when Barbot resided in the country, that having come to an open rupture with their imperious masters, they kept the director general blocked up in Elmina. This quarrel, which continued for ten months, ended, after two assaults were given, in the loss of four men only on the side of the Dutch, and about fifty on that of the negroes. However, had those barbarians had perseverance enough to continue the siege longer, St. George Elmina must probably have fallen into their hands, and been for ever lost to the Dutch. Barbot thinks their resentment

against the Dutch but too well founded. He relates some of the most cruel and savage punishments inflicted upon those miserable wretches for faults merely trifling, by the Hollanders, who ought rather to have smiled at their simplicity, had they been possessed of the bowels of humanity. Hence it was, that the author was daily implored to procure them the protection of France, and assist them to throw off a yoke altogether unsupportable. Such has been the conduct of this phlegmatic people invariably, in all their conquests and establishments, whether in Asia, in Africa, or in America. They would monopolize the whole trade of those countries, without deserving any share of the favours of the natives; they would insinuate, cajole, flatter, and cringe, that they might rule, domineer, and play the tyrant, both tending to the same ends, self-interest, and the *love of gain*.

The history of the English company is still more entertaining, because it is more interesting to a British subject. The sketch, indeed, is but short, but not the least animated part of this work. Having presented the reader with a view of the rise and progress of the trade, from the reign of Elizabeth to the accession of William III. they proceed to relate the disputes between the company and private adventurers.

The revolution introduced a number of interlopers in the African trade, to the great prejudice of the company. Those adventurers diminishing the price of European commodities, and raising that of slaves, ivory, and gold dust, obliged the company to implore the aid of parliament; but a majority appeared at that time in the house for an open trade. For three years the trade was made free to all the merchants of Great Britain, upon paying to the company ten per cent. on their exports and imports, from port to port in Africa. Thenceforward the decline of the trade became sensible, and so low was it reduced in 1700, that the company, after setting forth the prejudice they had received from the encroachments of adventurers, proposed, as the only resource, to enter, upon a treaty of neutrality with the French company, for all the establishments between Cape Verd and Sierra Leona. This, however, did not take effect, and the act for laying the trade open being expired in 1712, all the remonstrances of the company to parliament did not prevent a renewal of it. Then the directors again changed their measures, and began to think, that the decline of commerce was owing rather to the warm opposition and rivalry between them and the adventurers, than to the act, which laid the trade open. In fact, this opposition only served to irritate both parties, now so highly inflamed, as to stick at no means to accomplish the ruin of

of each other. The company spoke of the adventurers as pirates, and treated them as such as often as they had it in their power; while the private merchants retorted upon them, by asserting that they fattened upon the spoils of the nation, and restricted the trade, in order to raise the profits. Now at length, the company finding every other endeavour fruitless, began to chime in with their rivals, and to insinuate, that by a coalition the profits of each might be augmented, the trade extended, and the encroachments of foreigners prevented. By means of their forts, and the facility with which they could penetrate the navigable rivers, the company in one respect maintained great advantages over their competitors. They could easily push their trade into the inland countries, and procure a variety of commodities in greater abundance, and at a lower price than their rivals. But the adventurers, on the other hand, balanced these by equivalent advantages. They fitted out shipping at less expence; they carried on the trade by correspondents, without the expence of forts, governors, factors and servants. Hence they were able to undersell the company, particularly in the slave trade, and to make three returns from the American colonies, while the others performed two voyages. All these reasons concurred in persuading the directors of the company, that their best method was to join issue with some of the most wealthy among the adventurers. In truth, they could not expect but to be losers, while the nation in general were gainers, and this it was that put it out of their power to maintain their forts and establishments. But as it was unreasonable, that they should support the expence, while the rest of the nation shared the advantages of their forts, the company, in proposing a coalition, demanded an equivalent for this. The matter was referred to the board of trade, and all the particulars examined by a special committee. The resolutions of this committee were, that the trade should be free, and exempted from all expences whatever, and that the crown be at the yearly charge of 10,000 l. for maintaining forts. The company complained that this sum was insufficient, and made it appear from their books, that in factors, agents, repairing, interest of money, and other expences, near three times the money would be necessary to put the commerce upon a right footing. This they more fully proved by the examples of France and Holland; but notwithstanding all these measures, things remained in the situation we have mentioned till the year 1730, when some new regulations, of little consequence, were made.

We are next favoured with a geographical view, a description of the inhabitants, produce, European settlements, trade, and



other particulars of the several kingdoms which compose the Gold Coast. Speaking of the settlement at Elmina, the authors make this curious remark :

‘ The Portuguese supported all the inconveniencies of the climate much better than the Dutch. This most travellers have attributed to their temperance and sobriety ; but the women are more susceptible of diseases peculiar to the country ; numbers of the most healthy and robust being carried off in a few months, weeks, and frequently in two or three days. It would be difficult to explain this phenomenon, and it is the business rather of the physician than the historian. We can easily perceive why the Dutch should be less healthy than the Portuguese ; the change they undergo from a cold to a hot, from a moist to a dry, and from a dense, heavy, to a thin, fine, and rarefied atmosphere, must occasion correspondent alterations in the fluids and solids : but why the Portuguese females, whose habit is lax, fibres delicate, and perspiration free, should be more sickly than the males, is what we find so difficult to explain, that we must either doubt of the fact, or ascribe it to some irregularity in their manner of living.’

However complete and accurate the method of our authors may be, it is certainly too copious and prolix for a work of such extent as an *Universal History*. They have first described the particular manners, the trade, and produce of each distinct kingdom, and then the general manners and traffic of the inhabitants of the whole coast. We must likewise observe, that marks of haste too frequently occur, both on the part of the writers and of the printer : notes, for instance, are sometimes misplaced, the same remarks repeated, and the style not always correct ; to which we may add the inaccuracy of the titles to the sections ; many of which promise what is to be found in the next section, as if the division was made rather by accident than from a general plan. With these trifling blemishes, unavoidable in a work of great length, there is really a great fund of entertainment in this volume, some specimens of which we shall communicate for the reader’s satisfaction.

After describing the persons of the negroes, our authors proceed to the qualities of the mind. ‘ They have a quick apprehension and ready memory, together with a surprising presence of mind upon the most sudden and alarming occasions ; but such is their indolence, that only necessity can oblige them to use those talents given them by nature. Neither prosperity nor adversity make any impression upon them ; and although they are greedy in amassing wealth, yet are they perfectly indifferent to the loss of it. In general they are crafty, fraudulent, and vil-

villainous, seldom to be confided in ; and no opportunity is passed over of cheating an European, or indeed of cozening each other. They are dissemblers, flatterers, thieves, gluttons, and drunkards ; equally incontinent and covetous, to gratify either of which passions they stumble at nothing. An instance of their insensibility is, that, if they obtain a victory over their enemies, they return home dancing and singing ; if they are defeated they do the same, round the graves of their friends and fellow soldiers. The same joy appears on either occasion, and a stranger cannot distinguish a victory from a defeat, but by their shaven pates after the latter. M. Foequenbrog says of them, that they rejoice at funerals ; and were they to see their country in flames, they would cry out, ‘ Let it burn,’ not permitting the misfortune for a moment to suspend their riotous mirth and drunkenness. Like the old philosopher, every negro has his maxim, *omnia mea mecum porto* ; their whole care is concentrated in their own persons. In a word, they are perfectly insensible of grief and joy ; for those sallies of animal spirits scarcely deserve the name of joy : they sing till they die, and dance into the grave.

‘ The women are proportionably handsomer than the men, stait, slender, and well limbed ; their chests high, their mouths small, and their eyes full of spirit and vivacity. They are quick, chearful, and loquacious ; gay in their disposition, and loose in their principles as to gallantry, but temperate in their diet. Yet after all, both males and females, when necessity surmounts their natural indolence, are laborious, industrious, and ingenious ; applying themselves with great diligence to agriculture and fishing, so far as they are excited either by avarice or poverty. In a word, to sum up their character, they are like the rest of mankind, a composition of virtues and vices, only that here the latter are greatly predominant, and the former the result of necessity, if in such a case they can be called virtues. Their natural talents are good, but their passions are strong, their ignorance great, and they abandon themselves totally to the calls of nature, without dread of *shame*, that shield of decorum, decency, and human virtue itself. Be the actions of the day what they will, those negroes go to rest at night undisturbed by reflection, free from care, and true disciples of that doctrine, ‘ *take no thought for to-morrow.*’ Artus proceeds in their character ; they are, says he, of so ready a conception, that they easily apprehend whatever is shewn them ; nor are the eyes of the body less piercing than those of the mind ; for it has been observed, that they are able to distinguish objects at sea, incomparably farther than Europeans, and even to describe faces,

where the very men are invisible to Dutchmen. But it would be tedious to repeat all that author has said of them ; a miniature describes the features with as much strength, as a picture as large as the life.'

Speaking of the nuptial ceremonies, it is observed, that among negroes it is no uncommon expedient ' to marry for a livelihood by the dishonour of their wives. These husbands are a set of voluntary cuckolds, who not only permit, but excite their women to spread all their snares for lovers, the husband often executing the office of pimp. It is inconceivable with what address those women counterfeit the genuine passion of love, and persuade the cull that they are only gratifying their own desires while they are fleecing him. The usual way is either to pretend they are not married, or else artfully to insinuate to their gallants their dislike of their husbands, on account of their inhumanity or impotence ; and it is remarkable, that this last plea is generally the strongest with Europeans ; as if it were a pleasure to rob another of his property, or an indirect compliment to them that the husband is unworthy. It is frequently so contrived between the husband and his wife, that he should surprize the gallant in the act of love ; in which case he recovers about six pounds sterling damages ; that being the price at which female honour is rated.'

' In the kingdom of Anta, a woman who has borne ten children is separated from her husband, and banished to a solitary hut, remote from all mankind, where she is carefully supplied with every necessary of life ; at the expiration of this term, and the due performance of all customary ceremonies, she returns to her husband, and lives with him as before. It is pity no writers have informed themselves as to reasons for so peculiar a custom ; probable indeed it is, that, like most of their other peculiarities, it is founded upon superstition and ignorance. In all the countries in Guiney, without exception, women are esteemed unclean during their *calamenie*, and not only deprived of their husband's bed, but banished the house during that term. Artus reports, that they circumcise their children of both sexes at a certain age with great solemnity ; but Bosman and Barbot both affirm, that the operation is hardly known in any country on the Gold Coast, besides Acra, where it is done at the time of baptism or consecration. Many Europeans have thought that this custom was borrowed from the Jews, like some other usages among them, such as marrying the wife of a brother, doing honour to the moon at certain seasons, &c. but a very little reflection would have shewn them, that

that the rite of circumcision prevailed among almost all original and unmixed nations, and that it now prevails among the savages, both in the islands and continent of the Terra Australis, or great Southern Continent.'

In the interior countries, the laws in criminal cases are generally more severe than on the coast, 'as they are not softened or restrained by the influence of the milder manners of the Europeans. He who debauches the wife of another man here, is not only ruined himself, but draws destruction upon all those who are connected with him by blood. If the delinquent be a slave, the punishment is death, and that in the most cruel manner that can be devised; besides, a certain fine is imposed on his master. Here they despise the sordid villainy of setting a woman's virtue to sale, and profiting by her prostitution. If she be caught in adultery, her life is the price of her fault, unless it be purchased by her relations at a great expence; but the woman who indulges her passion for a slave infallibly dies, without possibility of redemption. The slave perishes with her, and her relations are obliged besides to pay a considerable sum of money to the injured husband. Every considerable negro is in this case his own judge; and if he should be too weak alone to avenge himself, he calls in the assistance of his friends, who readily offer their aid, being sure to be no losers amidst the plunder that ensues. The inland negroes are more wealthy than the inhabitants of the coast, and therefore persons convicted of adultery pay roundly for their incontinence, the fine sometimes amounting to 5000 l. sterling. Bosman says, that he has lived in most parts of the coast, but cannot recollect one person whose fortune was equal to so heavy a burthen; yet is it by no means uncommon in the interior countries. Even the maritime kings, except those of Aquambao and Acron, would be hard pressed to raise such a sum by the sale of all they are worth; yet the severity of the punishment by no means banishes the crime from society: a woman with strong passions is blind to all consequences; nor is it indeed to be wondered at in countries where polygamy is permitted, and where twenty women are confined to one man, each in her turn to taste the frigid, cold, and languid joys of an enervated husband. Their wits are therefore continually employed on the means of procuring a lover, and because the men, terrified at the punishment, are less forward than the nature of the sex might admit, the women omit no stratagem to allure them. So unbridled are their passions that if they meet a young fellow alone, they run into the most indecent excesses, and swear they will accuse him to their husbands of an attempt to violate their chastity, unless he gratifies their lust.

lust. The woman has no redress, should the husband prove unfaithful; her only remedy is to wean him from his vice by the gentlest, softest, and most engaging arts; for none besides the *muliere grãde* dare presume to chide him. She indeed will check him severely, and even threaten to leave him, if he persists in his irregularity; but this is all the punishment she is able to inflict. Hence it is that every woman is studious of pleasing, and of preserving to herself those marks of favour by her obliging conduct, which she cannot command by her authority.'

Some excellent customs, which natural understanding would seem to have dictated, prevail among the negroes. On the whole coast there is not a single beggar, by profession, to be seen, notwithstanding the great number of poor. 'When a negro finds he cannot subsist by his labour, he binds himself over to a master for a certain sum of money, or his friends do it for him, who is obliged to find him in all necessaries of life. In return, he engages to defend his master with all his power, to watch his affairs, and, in seed and harvest time, to labour as a husbandman. Thus every man becomes usefully employed, and the infirm and aged are taken care of by their friends. In other respects, the whole people are beggars; and the king himself is not ashamed to beg of an European a trifle which he might purchase for a penny; but this is rather from a freedom and openness of temper, than from necessity: Bosman, indeed, attributes it to a shameless avarice.'

The speeches made by a public orator at births and burials, has certainly a great influence on the manners of the people, and answers a very moral purpose. At the latter, after enumerating the virtues of the defunct, the priest pathetically exhorts the assembly to imitate them, to live well, to avoid giving offence, to perform religiously their contracts and engagements, with a variety of other moral topics. Many of their religious practices, and even their superstitions, have a rational end, however ridiculous and absurd the means may appear. Among these we may reckon the interrogations put to the deceased, concerning the reason of his dying, and causing so much grief to his relations and friends; a custom which the artful address of the priests has now perverted, and turned to their own advantage. It would be unnecessary to enlarge on the religion of this country, so fraught with ignorance and absurdity; and our scanty limits will not permit us to mention several excellent political institutions, which do credit to the good sense of those untutored barbarians.

Having amply described the political and natural history of the Gold Coast, our authors proceed to treat in the same manner

ner the Ivory and Grain Coasts; that division of the coast, known by the name *Sierra Leona*, the trade and nations bordering on the rivers Gambia and Senegal, the European forts and settlements, the manners and commerce of the interior countries, as well as the coast, as far as the frontiers of Barbary on the one side, and the rise, or at least supposed origin of the rivers Niger, Gambia, and Senegal, on the other. Here we find a great variety of curious subjects discussed, not immediately relative to the intention of history, particularly a theory of the tides and currents on the Guiney coast, deduced from the general laws of attraction, and an inquiry into the origin of those great rivers flowing into the western sea, which are the means of the principal commerce of Africa. Nothing can afford more entertainment than the history of the interior kingdoms of Fouli, Mandingo, Quoja, Jafoff, &c. and the style of the author's seems to rise with the subject. The following narrative of a civil war that happened in Fouli will furnish an agreeable specimen :

By the established laws of this monarchy, and indeed of a number of negro kingdoms, although none but princes of the blood can be called to the throne, yet the crown descends not from father to son, but from brother to brother, or nephew to nephew; that is, if the king have no brother, his rights descend to his nephew by his full sister, or in preference to the son of his mother's daughter only, as the blood royal is most assuredly untainted in the female line. With regard to the children of the king, their blood is always dubious, as the king's women generally indulge themselves in acts of gallantry and intrigue: nor is it thought very safe to rely on their word, since the methods anciently used to oblige them to a true confession are now abolished. The only instance in which the king's sons pretend to the throne, is when they have married a princess of the blood, because in that case the blood is sure upon one side at least; and if by any accident they fail of succeeding themselves, the right of their children is however indisputable, and always admitted. But without regard to these customs, the *sratick srè*, who reigned towards the close of the last century, endeavoured, from a natural affection for his children, to raise them to the throne, and with that view he invested the eldest with the dignity of *kamalingo*, a post always filled by the presumptive heir. The prince of Sambaboa, was at that time possessed of the office, but deposed, to make room for his cousin the *sratick's* son, notwithstanding his amiable qualities had attracted the esteem and engaged the affections of the nobility and people, who had long with pleasure beheld him as the heir-apparent. He was the king's nephew, handsome in his person, easy in his address, of noble

noble sentiments, liberal and generous in his disposition, and of approved courage, which he had often signalized against the enemies of his country. Such was the person removed to make way for the young *fratick*; a circumstance that gives us a mean idea of the old king's policy, though we cannot blame his preferring the interest of a son to that of a nephew, had the latter been possessed of less amiable qualities. The old *fratick* intended to have confined his nephew; but penetrating into the king's intentions, he withdrew from court under a strong guard; and although he had nothing to fear from the negroes, who were to a man strongly attached to him, yet knowing that his uncle had drawn over the Moors to his views, he retired to the frontiers to avoid involving the nation in a civil war, and bringing those calamities upon the people, which they might avoid under the government of the worst of princes. However, all his endeavours could not prevent numbers of the nobility from joining themselves to his fortune, and forsaking their country, rather than their affections and zeal for so esteemed a prince; acession which the enraged *fratick* looking upon as a kind of rebellion, raised a numerous army to suppress. As the *fratick* with his army advanced, Sambaboa, who resolved not to draw his sword against an uncle to whom he had always given the name of father, continued to retire; but at last finding himself hard pushed by this defensive war, his faithful attendants exposed to all the calamities of fugitives and outlaws, and lastly, that the command of the king's army was given to his rival, who had usurped his dignity, he determined to come to an action. His cousin, whose forces were greatly superior, better provided, and flushed with what they esteemed equal to victory, driving the enemy before them, did not at all hesitate to embrace the occasion. A battle was fought, Sambaboa was victorious, and the *fratick's* son, with his potent Moorish army, totally defeated, through the conduct of the brave prince and his intrepid faithful little army. Reflecting, however, upon the consequences of a civil war, which must inevitably terminate in the ruin of the people, and in establishing more firmly the power of the Moors, who were already possessed of the confidence of the monarch, he took the noble resolution of removing into some distant kingdom, and sacrificing every ambitious view to the duty of his country and uncle, who he desired might die in peace; after which he thought he might recover the throne through the affections of the people, in spite of all the arts made use of to supplant him. A conduct that reflects equal honour upon him, and disgrace on more enlightened princes, who, for a petty state, or arising additional title, lay aside natural affection, duty to their people, the ties of friendship, the most solemn engagements,

ments, and whatever ought to be dear to reason, honour, and religion.

The old *fratick*, whose mind seems to have been enervated with age and bodily infirmities, fell all of a sudden into the most austere fit of devotion, from a life not very strict or scrupulous; and this made him commit the government into the hands of his son, while he spent his whole time among the *marbuts*, placed round him by the insidious Moors, to draw his attention from the affairs of the nation by religious zeal, and thereby to establish their own influence the more firmly. They knew the young *fratick* rested his security upon their support, and that, by raising him to the throne, they might get the reins of administration into their own hands; it was their business therefore, to shut the old king's eyes against the merit of his nephew, which could not be done while he continued to meddle with public affairs, and the *marbuts* were made the pious instruments of this artful policy. Their endeavours were soon followed with all the success they could wish; that weak old prince became so passionately enamoured of the alcoran, that he carried a huge folio of text and glossaries upon the doctrine of Mohammed slung round his neck; although he laboured under the enormous weight of this sacred burthen, inclosed in leaves of massive silver, yet would he never lay it aside, or be prevailed upon to change it for a more commodious and portable copy. He heaped honours, preferments, and wealth, upon the *marbuts*, who had always access to him under the cloak of devotion. So intirely was he weaned from all temporal concerns, that he looked upon a pilgrimage to Mecca as the highest proof of human wisdom, of pure religion, and claiming the best right to the title of saint; the highest dignity that human nature was capable of acquiring. He had sent one of his prime ministers into the kingdom of Kayor, to conduct from thence, at a great expence, a celebrated *marbut*, of whose virtues he had been told some marvellous stories; and this same saint and his noble attendant made a visit to the French, in the isle of St. Lewis, by whom, out of respect to the *fratick*, they were received with great honours and extraordinary marks of distinction,

The banishment of Sambaboa continued for the space of thirty years, part of which time he lived upon the frontiers of Fouli, perpetually in arms to defend himself against the attacks of the Moors, and the artifices of the young *fratick*. At length he demanded protection of the king of Galath, and a safe retreat in his dominions; which that prince, after having been informed of his character, readily granted; though at first hear-  
ing



ing only of his valour, he was greatly embarrassed how to conduct himself in so delicate a situation, fearing on the one hand to offend such a hero, or to violate the rights of hospitality, and on the other, to admit so dangerous a prince into the bowels of his kingdom. Being acquainted with the cause of his banishment, the justice, the piety, and the valour of this unfortunate prince, he sent a great body of his nobility to conduct him into his dominions, assigned lands for his support, officers for his household, and treated him in every respect with those honours due to his rank and character; a conduct of which he had never reason to repent, as the fugitive prince ever repaid it with the utmost fidelity, attachment, and gratitude. In this situation he lived many years, adored by the king of Galam, beloved by the nobility, and the idol of the people, who wanted nothing so much as to raise him to a throne, to which he formed no pretensions; such, however, was his prudence and moderation, that the wishes of the people excited no jealousy either in the old king of Galam, or the prince his successor; they too well knew the equity of Sambaboa, and the inclinations of the Foulans, to apprehend a rivalry. In the year 1702, as he was beginning to sink under age and misfortunes, his uncle died, his cousin was deposed, and Sambaboa called by the numerous voice of the people, to fill that throne from which he was so long banished, and reign over that people who always loved him.

\* His reign began with expelling the Moors, who had caused so many misfortunes to the nation, with fortifying several provinces that lay exposed to the insults of the neighbouring states, and with reforming all those abuses which had crept into the administration, during the indolent and weak reign of his uncle. His wife design was to render his people happy, and himself secure, by the felicity he communicated to them: but he was cut off in the midst of all those joyous prospects by a sudden death, which De Brue scruples not to attribute to poison, and the artifices of the Moorish priests, and the deposed prince, son to the late king. He was succeeded in the throne by Samba Donde, who soon afterwards fell in battle, by the hands of his own brother, Bubaka Siré, raised upon this event to the crown; an usurpation of which he was in a short time deprived, by Ghelonghaya, a person he had elevated from a low station, to the high rank of *kamalinga*.

We shall close this article with what we may venture to call a spirited description of the manners of the priests or *marbuta* in the interior kingdoms. \* We come now (say our authors) to speak of the *marbuta*, that numerous ecclesiastical body, once, driven

driven out of the Siratick, but now restored, with additional immunities, more than sufficient to wipe off their disgrace. In their habit they differ but little from the laity on common occasions, though altogether another people as to other circumstances. Jobson observs, that in their private œconomy, and the general conduct of life, they have nothing in common with the rest of the world, all being formal, affected, stiff, and designing, and a regular series of the most refined hypocrisy and priestly cunning : a character which we fear may be applied to too great a number of the priests of all nations. Here they are ambitious, in order the better to gratify their avarice and pride ; the passion being altogether sordid, and partaking not a particle of that noble elevation of soul that grasps at power, the better to serve the public, and struggles for exaltation, only to shine with the greater splendor and utility. The *marbuts* have towns, and even whole provinces, sequestred from the state for their maintenance, into which they admit no other negroes but their slaves, employed in tilling the lands, and cultivating their grain, fruits, roots, and all the other necessaries of life. They marry intirely among themselves, never making any alliances with the rest of the people, and all their male children are born priests, and bred to the mysteries of the function ; particular care being taken in instructing them in the principles of the Levitical law, upon which many of their ceremonies are founded, and to which, next to the Koran, they pay the highest respect. With regard to other regulations of marriage among the *marbuts*, authors talk but vaguely, observing in general that polygamy is permitted, and every thing else that is customary with the laity ; tho', if we may credit their oldest and best historian, their usages are kept a profound secret from the vulgar. In many respects, however, their conduct deserves the highest encomiums : they strictly observe those laws of the Koran relating to abstinence and temperance, carefully avoiding every excess in eating, or at all touching wine and spirituous liquors ; they cherish commerce, are honest and fair in their dealings with each other, as if they would by this atone for the frauds they commit on the people. Charity is a virtue which they never violate among each other, tho' it never extends to that universal benevolence which alone renders it valuable ; and they will never permit any of their society to be sent into slavery : if he has offended against the laws, they punish him agreeable to the institutions ; or, as we may call them, the canons of their church.

These good qualities, tho' blended with strong vices, are the cement which firmly binds the fabric of this institution, and procures the respect of kings as well as of the vulgar. If a *mar-*  
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but is met on the road by persons of the first distinction, they form a circle round him, fall upon their knees in prayer, and receive his benediction; which custom is observed even in the palaces of kings when a priest enters. Labat says, that the negroes in general, and especially those of Senegal, entertain the highest regard and deference to their clergy; believing, that all who offend them cannot live above three days after. The Mandingo *marbuts* spend a great part of their time in the instruction of their children; and Jobson relates, that he had seen schools and seminaries which contained some hundreds of youth, where they are taught to read, write, to expound the Koran, the principles of the Levitical law, the nature of the *marbut* society, how it is connected with the body politic, and yet a separate community, with such other knowledge as is fashionable among them. But what they instil with their first milk, is, an inviolable regard and attachment to the interests of the society, profound secrecy, gravity, and a reserved conversation and conduct, together with sobriety, temperance, and the principles of morals, at least as far as it regards the good order of the fraternity, and commands the respect of the laity.

‘Their children are taught to read and write, upon a little book formed of a smooth hard wood; the latter by drawing the characters themselves, and the former by reading certain characters resembling Arabic, wrote down by their tutors. They use a kind of black ink, formed from the bark of a tree, and a pen resembling a pencil, or rather the *Στίλος*, *stylus*, or pen of the ancients, with which they wrote upon their waxed tables. Some authors alledge, that their characters resemble the Hebrew more than the Arabic; which is a plain indication of their being ignorant of both: for it is impossible they could bear any affinity to characters so extremely different: but all agree, that their laws are written in a language totally different from the vulgar, which the lay-negroes of every degree are ignorant of, and is supposed by authors to be a corrupt Hebrew or Arabic. We are told from the same authority, that the great volume of the *marbut* laws or institutions, regarding the society, is a manuscript, of which they take copies for their private use. If we may credit Jobson, it is not in their own schools, and to their own children only, that the *marbuts* communicate their knowledge, but to whole provinces, and without distinction to every youth they meet. They travel, according to him, with books and families from province to province, teaching wisdom and religion wherever they pass, and enforcing their doctrine equally by precept and example. Every town is open to them, and the *marbut* travels whole kingdoms unmolested in the heat of the bloodiest wars;

wars. Writers differ with respect to their manner of travelling, some affirming, that, like *mendicants*, they live upon the public, and alms which they receive from every family ; while others are no less positive, that they support themselves by trade and the sale of *grisgris*, asking no other alms than scraps of paper, which they convert into solid food and raiment by virtue of those mysterious characters with which they impress them. Certain it is, that they carry on the richest commerce of the country, especially the *marbuts* of Setiko, who trade deeply in gold, slaves, and *grisgris* : and this may be one end of their progresses thro' different kingdoms, as well as the instructing the ignorant, and the performance of their apostolical function. Their chief branch of trade is gold, which they draw from the interior countries of Nigritia, and the extremities of Lybia and Barbary, in exchange for their *grisgris* ; and such is their avarice, that they hoard up large treasures, deep hidden in the ground, and to be buried with them, under the pretext of religion, reserving in public only what is sufficient to answer the purposes of nature, the gratification of their ambition or pride, and the purchasing of the Portuguese a kind of blue stone, which their women wear round their waists, as a preservative against hæmorrhages, to which they are very subject ; or from the other Europeans such articles of luxury as may be wanted to keep up the esteem and veneration of the people. To conclude this section, and our account of this extraordinary society, it may be sufficient to observe, that they throw all the obstructions they are able, and cross by every possible means the endeavours of the Europeans to penetrate to the source of the river Gambia ; apprehensive, that their success might lessen their trade, and render them less necessary. They represented to Jobson the hazards and difficulties of such an enterprize, with so much zeal and warmth, that, with all his partiality to them, he could not help attributing their excessive friendship to selfish views.

The variety of different nations, and infinity of particulars described, renders it impossible for us to give an abstract of the whole volume ; but our readers, we hope, will rest satisfied with our extracts, which convey a tolerably just idea of the execution of this part of the Universal History.

ART. II. *The Life and Heroic Actions of Balbe Berton, Chevalier de Grillon. Translated from the French by a Lady, and revised by Mr. Richardson, Author of Clarissa, Grandison, &c.* 2 Vols. 12mo. Pr. 6s. Woodgate and Brooks.

WHETHER this pretty little performance ought not properly to be called *Memoirs of the Reigns of Henry II. of France, and the four succeeding monarchs*, is what we will not dispute with the editor ; though certain it is, that the heroic actions of Grillon compose but a very small, and, indeed, the least entertaining part of the work. Frequently he seems unnecessarily introduced, only to comply with the promise made in the title page. Every instance of his courage is raised to a prodigy ; battles are decided, and the fate of war determined by his single arm ; in one word, the language is inflated in proportion as the action recorded wants real dignity ; and the author has taken the utmost pains to give genuine and interesting facts all the air of a romance. Had he not resolved on being a biographer, he would merit praise as an historian. The politics, intrigues, factions, military transactions, characters, and designs of the great personages of the French court, are described with spirit : the language is animated, and reflections masterly ; but little care is taken to range events in that natural order, which constitutes the beauty of historical composition. The relation of separate facts is lively and entertaining, but their combination and the harmony of the whole, in our opinion, perplexed ; thus we perused the author with abundance of satisfaction, but with profit little proportioned to what we might expect from his abilities, and the importance of his subject. To own the truth, in giving our readers an idea of the performance, we are forced to confine ourselves to the exploits of Grillon, because it would be next to impossible, to follow the historian in his relation of the civil wars, so desultory and unconnected in his manner.

Balbe Berton de Grillon, descended from a very ancient family, was born at Murs in Provence, in the year 1541. The sports of his childhood distinguished a warlike genius ; his greatest pleasure was in the clashing of arms, sound of trumpets, and neighing of horses. He followed with the utmost ardor, parties of racing, wrestling, and other exercises which tended to give him vigour, dexterity, and courage. At the age of sixteen he obtained leave from his father, to serve a campaign under the duke de Guise, and for that purpose repaired to Paris, where his birth, vivacity, graceful person, and ardor for glory, procured

cured him the best reception, and highest distinctions. In quality of volunteer he attended the duke de Guise at the siege of Calais, and was the first who mounted the breach made in the important fort of Risban.

‘The officer who commanded in Risban no sooner discovered Grillon upon the breach, than (astonished at so daring an attempt, and to punish him for such an excess of rashness) he attempted to throw him into the moat; but the chevalier de Grillon, being aware of his intention, attacked, disarmed, and threw him down first; and, without considering whether he was supported, he forced his way into the fort, put all he met to the sword, with so intrepid a courage, that, alone, and unassisted, he sustained the united efforts of the besieged, till he was joined by those that followed him.’

To the prowess of this hero our historian attributes the conquest of Calais: from this moment he was considered as one of the greatest warriors of the age, and pitched upon by the duke for the execution of the most arduous enterprizes. At Guines he reaped fresh laurels, and the honour of first mounting the ramparts of that place. Soon after he was introduced to Henry II. by the duke de Guise, with these words: ‘This gentleman has no other fortune except his birth and his sword; but I have a strong presage, that he will one day become formidable to the enemies of your majesty.’ Henry received him graciously, gave him a benefice, and appointed him captain of five hundred men, in a regiment of six thousand, commanded by the baron Defaudret. This post he soon quitted from dislike to the character of his colonel, and an eager desire to mix in busier scenes. By his means the duke de Guise suppressed that dangerous conspiracy of d’Amboise, formed by the prince of Condé, which threatened the lives of the Guises, the liberty of the king, and the extinction of the catholic religion.

We next find him performing wonders at the siege of Rouen, where he served as a volunteer, and then attaching himself with inflexible loyalty to the interest of his king, Francis II. against the prince of Condé, for whom he had the highest personal esteem and friendship. At the battle of Dreux, fought between that prince, as general of the Huguenots, and the constable who commanded the king’s army, Grillon was greatly instrumental in the defeat and captivity of the former. Observing that the right wing of the Huguenot infantry was not supported, he instantly assembled a body of volunteers, attacked them with so much fury in flank, that he put them in disorder, and changed the fortune of the day; a glory which he purchased at the price

of his blood, having received two wounds : a second time he was wounded in the bloody action of St. Denis. Immediately after which battle the duke of Anjou sent Grillon, the count de Brisac, and the viscount Pompadour, to take possession of Mucidan. It was taken, and Grillon, tho' wounded, had all the glory of that action ; his two associates being both killed in the beginning of the engagement. On this occasion it was that Charles IX. raised him to the post of colonel of horse.

Grillon next distinguished himself at the siege of Poitiers, where he appeared at the head of every sally made by the garriſon. Our author ſpeaks in raptures of his conduct, tho' he informs us of no particulars. At the battle of Moncantour, Grillon, after giving a thouſand glorious proofs of his courage, gave a very ſignal one of his generoſity.

' A Huguenot ſoldier, believing that in him he ſhould deſtroy one of the great ſupports of the Catholics, reſolved to kill him, to revenge the death of ſo many Calviniſts, to whom the arm of this great warrior had been ſo fatal : the ſoldier concealed himſelf in a place from whence he could put his deſign in execution, knowing that Grillon, when he returned from the purſuit of the fugitives, muſt paſs that way : the ſoldier fired, but only wounded him in the arm ; Grillon, incenſed at this treachery, ran and ſeized the aſſaſſin ; but at the inſtant his ſword was lifted up, the ſoldier fell at his feet, and aſked his life : Thank my religion, replied Grillon, and bluſh that it is not thine : go, I grant thee thy life ; and could there be any reliance on the word of one who can be a rebel to his king, and equally faithleſs to religion, I would demand thy promiſe never again to draw a ſword, but in the ſervice of thy lawful ſovereign. The ſoldier confounded, and penetrated at this inſtance of mercy, ſolemnly vowed to be no longer of the number of rebels, and to return to the Catholics.'

At the ſiege of St. Jean de Angely, he ſtormed the breach, and carried the town ſword in hand at the head of his own troops, unsupported by the reſt of the army. In this ſervice he received a wound, which gave Charles IX. great uneaſineſs, as it was thought dangerous. During his confinement, he was honoured with a viſit from his king, who, giving him his hand, ſaid, ' Your valour, zeal for my ſervice, and the ſucceſs which has followed your exploits, are above praife ;' then embracing him; he added at taking leave, ' Adieu, brave Grillon ! a name he always with the juſteſt title preſerved.'

After the recovery of his wounds it was that Grillon viſited Italy, Malta, and combated with great zeal, the timid ſpecious arguments

arguments of those powers who refused to accede to the christian league against the infidels. Our author acquaints us, that he was the great instrument of the confederacy formed about this time, in consequence of which the famous battle of Lepanto was fought. What share our hero had in this memorable victory, we are informed in these words :

‘ Don John of Austria, when he reviewed his forces, had discovered some armed vessels ; but they appeared to be in so defenceless a condition, that he thought it would be impossible to make use of them ; and being informed that no officer chose to accept the command of them, he gave orders that they should be kept at a distance ; apprehending they would rather be an incumbrance than of any service to the fleet. Grillon, a simple knight of the galleys of Malta, accustomed to give orders for victory, seized with eagerness an opportunity so agreeable to his bravery : assured of his own heart, and relying on his good fortune, hesitated not a moment to ask don John’s permission to command those vessels ; and promised he would meet either death or victory. This proposal, from any other besides Grillon, would have been rejected as rash ; but his great courage, and resources in extremity, joined to the air and confidence of an hero assured of success, so charmed don John and all the generals, that he obtained what he so ardently wished for.

‘ The Turks, who saw these boats so ill-provided with soldiers, approached with the utmost disdain, believing that nothing was so easy as to seize them. They paid dear for this attempt ; and were convinced that victory was not certain as they had flattered themselves. Never hero fought with more resolution and calmness than Grillon.

‘ The most daring were seized with terror ; where-ever he engaged, Turks fell in heaps around him : his followers, animated by his example, imitate him ; attack, and conquer.

‘ The barbarians, seeing the number of men in these victorious barks did not lessen, and that their fury and ardor for victory were still the same, cried out, That heaven certainly supplied this hero with Christians, or they must arise out of the waves, to fight under him. All their eyes were fixed on him : a cloud of arrows covered him ; he received one, which pierced his arm ; he drew it out, and, exasperated at the wound, made redoubled efforts, sinking the vessel he attacked with slaughtered Turks. This bravery had few examples. The generals of the Ottoman fleet could scarce believe their enemy was mortal ; and those of the christian navy beheld with the utmost admiration and astonishment this prodigy of valour.

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'The glory of this action impelled those who were witnesses of it, to the generous resolution of devoting their lives to their religion and country: the combat became general; the bravery of the Christians made these barbarians feel, that valour can supply the place of numbers. A thousand times Grillon dared death by plunging himself into the midst of danger, or in assisting and rescuing those who wanted his aid.

'The corsairs of Algiers and Tripoli, seeing victory declare in favour of the league, resolved to seize the Maltese galleys, that they might assume to themselves the glory of this important prize: success at first favoured their attempt; they surrounded the galleys, and were just upon the point of taking them; which Grillon perceiving, he immediately came up, and compelled the enemy to defend themselves: they fought the more resolutely, as they were eager to obtain such a prize; but all their efforts served only to render the glory of their conqueror still more conspicuous.'

He was chosen as the most worthy to carry the news to the pontiff, which office he accepted, notwithstanding a wound he received in the arm, and was received by his holiness with very uncommon marks of distinction.

His fame rose so high, that it excited the jealousy and emulation of all the young cotemporary warriors: among these was Bussi d'Amboise, a man greatly esteemed at the court of France for his valour, but so insolent and presumptuous, as rendered all intimacy with him dangerous. Bussi, piqued at the superior reputation of Grillon, determined to fight with him. Grillon was not less jealous of his honour: they accidentally met in the Rue St. Honoré, and Bussi asked with a haughty air, what it was o'clock?—The hour of thy death, replied Grillon, putting his hand upon his sword. A fierce combat began, courage and dexterity were employed with equal advantage on both sides; but they were parted by some lords of the court. Our author, inconsistently enough, gives the advantage to Grillon, tho' no circumstance, in the relation of the combat, seems to shew any superiority on either side; but to be a hero, he must be made conqueror on every occasion. This rencounter produced an animosity, which must have terminated in blood, had not the greatness of Grillon's mind gained a more glorious victory than ever his arm could. Both the warriors had accompanied the duke of Anjou to Poland, on his election to that crown: passing through Germany, Bussi quarrelled with some Saxon officers, several of whom he put to death or wounded in his cups, upon which

which he was tried and condemned to die by the laws of the country.

Grillon being informed of Buffi's danger, at that instant forgot that they were enemies, and in Buffi beheld a man whose bravery did honour to the French, and one who owed him satisfaction for the contemptuous look he gave him in the king's chamber. He reflected on the disgrace it would be to the French nobility for such a man as Buffi to perish with so much ignominy; that it was an insult on the king of Poland to proceed to such extremity with one who had the honour to be ranked among his attendants. Urged by these reasons, Grillon solicited, persuaded, searched for friends, who seconded him, and at length obtained Buffi's liberty.

Buffi, confounded at Grillon's generosity, was not recovered from the astonishment which had seized him, when he saw a gentleman enter his chamber, who told him, that Grillon desired to fight him; and that he had no other intention in the service he had done him; for which he owed him no acknowledgements.

Buffi, who could not fear that his refusal would be imputed to want of courage, answered the gentleman, That he should be blamed by all men of honour, and fix an eternal stain upon his character, if he was to draw his sword against a man who had just saved his life; and immediately mounting his horse went to Grillon. After leaving his sword in his saddle, he approached him with an air of frankness and esteem; saying, To you I owe a life, which, as a proof of my gratitude, I here protest shall be sacrificed for your service: when he had said these words, he advanced to embrace him; but Grillon, incapable of disguise, rejected his offer, and declaring that he had no other motive in preserving his life, than to deliver him from a death unworthy of a man of honour, whose error had only been occasioned by wine, and in order to deprive him of that life in a combat, which he required of him to put to hazard, as a proof of his gratitude.

Buffi, amazed, confused, and distressed at Grillon's resolution, stood a moment silent, pensive, and motionless; at last recovering himself, he asked Grillon with warmth, if he had only saved his life, that he might expose him to the world as a monster of ingratitude, unworthy his generosity; that he, Buffi, should purchase too dearly the service he had done him, were he to be compelled to draw his sword against his benefactor; that he should not think his honour stained, was he even tamely to bear an insult from him without revenging it.

‘ These words, uttered with the air and tone of a man penetrated with the deepest anguish and gratitude, disarmed Grillon, who made no other answer, than giving him his hand, which Buffi with tears in his eyes tenderly pressed: thus these two great men embraced, vowing an eternal friendship for each other; of which Grillon gave Buffi many proofs.’

Before this glorious action, he released by his valour another attendant of the duke’s out of prison. The exploits he performed at the siege of Rochelle were proofs of undaunted courage; but they savour so much of rashness, that we cannot rank them among the actions of a hero, especially as many of them were unnecessary, and done out of pure ostentation. What redounds more to his reputation than all those romantic acts of chivalry is the following anecdote.

After the dreadful massacre at Paris, the prince of Condé, who was made prisoner on that occasion, contrived his escape by means of three discontented courtiers, Fervaques, Lavardin, and Roquelaure. No sooner had he taken flight, than Fervaques gave the king information, that Roquelaure and Lavardin had agreed to follow him, and take possession of some towns. Fervaques was suspected to have delayed giving this intelligence, till he was assured they were out of reach. The suspicion was intimated by his enemies to Henry, who, in his wrath, declared that his head should answer for his treachery; adding, that whoever gave notice to the traitor should share his fate.

‘ Grillon saw the king’s fury without surprise; but knowing him capable of destroying an innocent man, he trembled with horror when he heard him vow the death of Fervaques, a man of quality, and an officer of acknowledged bravery: prejudiced in his favour, he could not believe him capable of so mean an artifice; but even supposing him guilty, he did not think his crime deserved an ignominious death: to secure his person, and make him prisoner, was all the punishment that he thought his fault merited. But that moderation which can calmly proportion the punishment to the crime, was unknown to Henry III. of a disposition which inclined him always to extremes, his frenzy seldom knew any bounds.

‘ Grillon, agitated by a thousand different reflections, was equally alarmed at the violent resolution of the king and the imminent danger to which Fervaques was exposed: distinguished for a magnanimity which made him incapable of fear, he resolved to save him; and despising the danger of a discovery, the excessive delicacy of his friendship persuaded him that he ought to run all hazards to preserve the life of a man of honour, and  
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hinder the king from doing an injustice which would render him still more odious to his subjects. He went to him, and said, My dear Fervaques, the king, who is persuaded that you have favoured the escape of Roquelaure and Lavardin, under pretence of giving them up to his vengeance, has vowed your death : I do not ask you to confess whether his suspicions are just ; to justify myself for the step I am going to take, I am willing to believe you innocent : fly this instant, and save your life from the king's rage.

‘ How sensible am I, replied Fervaques, of this heroic proof of your friendship : I am resolved to fly, not from a sense of guilt, but to escape the fury of a king who so little merits the fidelity of his subjects, or the generous and inviolable attachment of the brave Grillon. Fervaques instantly fled, and joined the king of Navarre.

‘ Henry was extremely incensed when he heard of Fervaques's escape : he was for some moments uncertain on which of those who had heard him vow Fervaques's death, to fix his suspicions ; but at length they fell upon Grillon. His esteem for him, while it made him wish him innocent, added strength to those suspicions.

‘ Henry was agitated with these different emotions, when Grillon appeared before him : Fervaques (said he to him, with a look of rage) has escaped my vengeance, and leaves me no other hope of executing it, but upon him who has been the instrument of his escape. Do you know who the man is ? Yes, sire, replied Grillon : Well then, said the king with warmth, name him.

‘ I will never be the accuser of any besides myself, answered Grillon ; but the fear of exposing the innocent to your majesty's resentment, obliges me to give up the guilty : yes, sire, see before you the man you ought to punish ; one who would have considered himself as the assassin of Fervaques, had he concealed from him a secret on which his life depended ; mine is at your disposal ; but it is less dear to me than the honour of saving a subject (possibly innocent of the crime laid to his charge) whose blood may be one day usefully shed in your majesty's service.’

Henry III. resolving upon the death of the duke of Guise, pitched upon Grillon to accomplish this hazardous enterprise. He called the chevalier to his cabinet, and justified his design, ‘ by recalling to view the duke's whole conduct, his strict connexions with the duke of Savoy, the terrible day of the barricades,

cedes, the sad alternative this ambitious man had reduced him to of condescending to a shameful and precipitate flight, of abandoning his crown and liberty to the power of a rebellious subject, whose criminal views extended even to the throne. Can there be a crime more worthy of death? continued the king. Are not you of opinion that the duke de Guise deserves it? I am, sire, replied Grillon. It is well, returned Henry: it is your hand I have chosen to give it him. I fly, sire, answered Grillon; and your majesty may be assured, that my sword shall pierce his bosom, tho' the same moment that gives him death were likewise to be my last.

'As soon as he had spoke these words, which he pronounced with the liveliness and fire that accompanied all he said and did, he flew to the door; but the king cried out, Stop, and hear what I have to say: it is not my intention that you should fight with the duke de Guise; I will not risk the life of a man so sincerely attached, and of so much use to me as you are. The title of chief of the league alone renders the duke guilty of high-treason. Well, sire, replied Grillon, let him be pronounced worthy of death, and executed. But, Grillon, said Henry, are not you sensible what a risk I shall run, and what fresh troubles I may involve my kingdom in, if I command him to be seized? It is impossible for me to punish, in a legal manner, this enemy, who is become more powerful in the state than myself: he must fall by some unforeseen stroke; and it is from you I expect this important service, which I promise you to recompence by the staff of constable of France; which I shall set in your hands, without fearing you will ever make an ill use of the unlimited power it confers.

'At these words Grillon was struck dumb with grief and astonishment; but at length, recovering speech, he said, The proof which your majesty has given me that my conduct, though uniformly irreproachable, has not been able to gain me your esteem, determines me to retire to my own family, whose name and reputation I will never tarnish by an unworthy action.

'I know you, Grillon, replied the king; and no one has a higher share in my esteem; but do you consider, continued he, after a moment's pause, that my life and my dignity depend upon the death of the duke de Guise? It is that only that can secure my crown and safety: and, in order to prevent innumerable evils, I can think of no other method to get rid of him: Can you then refuse me the only assistance I can have recourse to?

'Ah, sire! cried Grillon, say no more——suffer me to fly far from this court; and blush in silence at the remembrance of having

having heard my king (for whom I am ready to lay down my life a thousand times) desire me to sacrifice that love for true glory, which cost me so much blood to acquire an esteem I have not been able to obtain.—Ah, sire ! I cannot support the thought. I shudder to see your majesty led away by the councils of minions unworthy of your ear.

‘ It is enough, said Henry, interrupting Grillon (who thought he read in the eyes of the offended monarch a concern for the confidence he had placed in him, as also the fatal resolution of securing his secrecy, perhaps by his death.)—Sire, proceeded the chevalier, the proof (and I may venture to call it a generous one) which I gave you of my way of thinking, when, to save Feryaques from your resentment, I exposed myself to it, ought to have convinced your majesty, that Grillon would never consent to commit an action beneath himself. You may be led to imagine, that the same generosity will prompt me to forget the duke is my enemy, and to give him warning of the peril he is in ; but to spare your majesty any trouble on that head, I intreat you (if my solemn promise of keeping this fatal secret is not enough) to make yourself easy by securing my person this moment.

‘ No, Grillon, replied the king ; I know, Esteem, and love you : your word is sufficient ; and I forgive you a refusal, which is wholly owing to your too scrupulous delicacy.’

Besieged with a handful of men in Quillebœuf by M. Villars, at the head of the rebels, he refused to surrender, though the place was not tenable, making this resolute reply to the enemy’s summons, “ Villars is without, and Grillon is within.” In effect, he foiled all the endeavours of that experienced officer ; yet, notwithstanding his valour and fidelity, which rendered him the favourite of five successive monarchs, he could never obtain preferment suitable to his merit ; which his biographer attributes to the blunt honesty and frankness of his disposition, though it is probable, that Henry IV. in particular, would have elevated him to the dignity of marshal, had he not perceived his talents were rather calculated for a subordinate capacity, than for the command of armies. Disgust, in some measure, induced Grillon to retire to his country estate, a little before the death of that glorious monarch, who preserved the highest regard for our hero, and a constant intercourse by letters, during the short period of his life. The following anecdote, perfectly of a piece with the superstition of the times, is related by our author :

‘ Henry

‘ Henry III. was at Avignon in 1574, with Henry king of Navarre, Henry prince of Condé (who was poisoned at St. Jean d’Angely, the fifth of March, 1588) and Henry duke de Guise. These four princes were at play with dice at Grillon’s house on a marble table; all on a sudden blood spouted out, and covered their hands, though they never could discover from whence it came. This accident broke up the party; they argued differently upon it; but since the violent deaths of these four princes, those who were witnesses of this fact, looked on it as a fatal presage of the deaths they were to expect.’

Not long after the assassination of Henry the Great, Grillon, whose health had been long impaired, became sensible, that he had depended too much upon his own strength; ‘ for he was so extremely weakened, that his body, covered with wounds, refused the assistance of medicine : the pains he suffered were acute and universal; yet his courage and resolution never deserted him : the day before he expired the marquis de Javon, son of one of his sisters, whom he tenderly loved, standing by his bed-side, his eyes swimming in tears, he said to him, ‘ Nephew, don’t weep for my death ; my life is no longer useful to the state.’ He bore his illness, not only without murmuring, but with the submission worthy of a Christian : he died the second of December 1616, after having received the sacraments, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. His body was carried to the church of the Cordeliers, and deposited in the tomb of his ancestors. His funeral oration was pronounced by father Bening, a Jesuit.

‘ In Grillon the social and heroic virtues were remarkably united; superior to flattery, he was fond neither of giving nor receiving praises, and was only solicitous to deserve them : a slave to his word, no one ever had cause to repent being engaged with him ; the secrets he was intrusted with were to him a sacred deposit : humane and generous to excess, he was a never-failing resource to those who wanted his assistance ; adored by the soldiers, no danger had power to intimidate them, when they were commanded by Grillon. The obedience of the troops was less owing to the authority of his post, than the confidence they had in his valour : the officers and soldiers were so attached to him, that if a principle of duty and virtue had not secured their obedience to their king, gratitude and respect for their general would have confirmed it.

‘ The king having once made him a present of ten thousand crowns (a very considerable sum for those days) he distributed it among the soldiers of his regiment, without reserving any for himself.

‘ He

'He was always inviolably attached to his kings; never deserting their interests, notwithstanding the contagious examples so frequent at court; where perfidy was rewarded with the highest dignities, and rebellion assumed the specious appearance of religion: he was not insensible to innocent pleasures; but never carried them to excess. So many united virtues were not without some defects; the character of Grillon, is too great to make it necessary for his historian to flatter him. He took fire at an equivocal expression, and often carried his resentments to excess. This captious delicacy was the source of a great number of combats and duels, which made his society dangerous; his frankness sometimes sunk into abuse: he had a habit of swearing, which he knew not how to conquer, even while he was at confession.

'Such was the brave Grillon: he had few faults, and many virtues. While probity and valour are dear to the French nation, his name will be mentioned with honour.'

From this abstract the reader will perceive, that though the life of Grillon was glorious, it afforded too few incidents for a biographer, otherwise than by interweaving it with the history of the times, which may appear an impropriety, as he never acted but in a private capacity. Be that as it may, this little performance merits the perusal of all who have a taste for spirited narration, and memoirs worthy of having passed through the hands of the ingenious author of *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison*.

ART. III. *A Collection of State Papers relating to Affairs in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, from the Year 1571 to 1596. Transcribed from original Papers, and other authentic Memorials, never before published; left by William Cecil Lord Burghley, and deposited in the Library at Hatfield-House. By William Murdin, B. D. Rector of Merrow, and Vicar of Shalford in Surrey. Folio. Pr. 1l. 16s. Bowyer.*

THIS collection of papers, we are told by the editor, is a continuation of those published by Dr. Haynes in 1740. It contains a minute account of the examination of the duke of Norfolk, bishop of Ross, Charles Baily, a dependant on the bishop, Higford, the duke's secretary, Barker and Banister, two subordinate agents to queen Mary; in a word, the arraignment, defence, and confession of the several persons employed by the queen of Scots to procure her liberty, embroil the affairs of England, introduce the Popish religion, subvert the Eng-  
lish



lish government, and even destroy the person of her rival, Elizabeth; many of which allegations, notwithstanding the assertion of Mr. Murdin, are by no means clearly proved. In such a long series of examination, it is indeed difficult to carry in our eye those circumstances which fairly acquit or condemn the accused: the proofs will appear more or less strong, according to the disposition and prejudices of the readers; and this is the reason why different judgments are formed concerning the very same facts and evidences. We must acknowledge, that all that was extorted from Lesley, Higford, Bailly, and others, does not seem to us sufficient proof of the guilt of that worthy nobleman the duke of Norfolk, charged 'with imagining and devising to deprive the queen of her crown, royal stile, name and dignity, and, *consequently*, life; of comforting and relieving the English rebels (the earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland) that stirred the rebellion in the North, since their flight out of the realm; of comforting and relieving the queen's enemies in Scotland, who aided and abetted the said English rebels.'

As the proofs of this heavy charge is a real curiosity, perfectly characteristic of Elizabeth's reign, we shall here quote the summary of the trial given in the volume before us. In proof of the first article of the indictment, it is alledged, 'The duke knowyng the quene of Scotts hath made tittle to this crown in possession, and that she hath not renounced the same, though she hath bene required, and though hir ambassadors have covenanted that she shuld doo; yet, contrary to his duty in that behalf, and not only without hir majestie's knolledge, but contrary to hir majestie's commandment, gyven to hym uppon his allegiance, and contrary to his promiss made to hir majesty by his own hand wrytyng, hath secretly practised to joyne in marriadg with hir to the mayntenance of hir fals clayme, which cold not be without purpoofs to depose the quene's majestie; for that being married to hir ageynst hir majestie's mynd, he cold not suffer the quene to hold the place wherunto his wiff shuld make tittle, nor yet cold he thynk hymself in favery to contynue as a subject to the quene's majestie, after such a marriadg.'

*'The particular proves of this general assertion of the duke's disloyal dealing in seeking this marriadg.'*

'When the duke being appoynted on of special trust by the quene's majestie, aswell for the greines of his estate, as for an opinion conceaved of his dexterite to be in commission at York, to here the cause betwixt the quene of Scotts and hir sone, and subjects; it was thought mete, for the weightenes of the cause,

to

to ordre that all the commissioners of every party shuld take an oth to deale uprightly, as by a clause conteyned in the othe following shall appere, which othe the duke did with the others take.

"Ye shall sweare that you shall procede in the treaty sincerely and uprightly, and that you shall not, for affection, mallice, or any wordly respect, leane or adhere to thou parte or to the other, more than reason and truth will beare; ne yet furdre ob advance any thyng therein otherwise than your conscience, ~~and~~ God, shall wytnes to be trew and resonable."

'After this oth taken, and that he and his colleagues had spent five or six dayes in hearing the complaynts of the Scottish quene's part, and the answers made by the regent and his colleagues for the kyng, and had sene certain letters and ballades wrytten by the Scottish quene, the sayd duke did, by his letters, wryte in this sort: 'The sayd letters and ballades do discover such inordinat and filthy love betwene hir and Bothwell, hir leshomanes and abhorryng of hir husband that was murdered, and the conspiracy of his deith in such sort, as every good and godly man can not but detest and abhor; and the matter conteyned in them being such as cold hardly be invented by any other than bi hir self, for that the discourse of some things which wer unknown to any other than to hir self and Bothwell, doth the rather perswade us to beleve that they be in dede of hir own hand wrytyng.' And the manner how these men came by them is such, as it semeth that God, in whose sight murder and bloodshed of the innocent is abominable, wold not permitt the same to be concealed. After thys wrytten, which being well considered, might move any man to think, that the duke shuld never have bene induced, by provocation of love, to have made choise of such on to become his wiff; the duke and the rest continued ther above nine or ten dayes longer, within which tyme the duke, forgettyng his othe utterly, and begynning to forgett, or not to esteeme his own evill opinion of the quene of Scotts, in respect of hir imagyned title to this crown, entred into conference with Lyddyngton, in favor of the Scottish quene, as by the bisshop of Ross's letters there at York wrytten, and his own confession, sence now in the Towre, shall hereafter appere: and ther also, as by the sayd duke's confession, was the matter of the mariadg with the Scottish quene moved to hym.

*Extract.*

\* *Extract out of the trew first copy of the bishop of Ross's letters wrytten from York, in October, 1568, to the Scottish quene, being at York; which copy was lost by the bishop, and by good happ found by the regent.*

\* *Plais your Majesty,*

\* I conferrit at greit length with the lord of Lethyngton ane greit part of ane night, quha assurit me had reffonit with the duke of Norfolk at length this Settyrday in the felds, quha determynat to hym that it was the quene of England's determit purpos, nocht to end your cause at this tyme, but to hald the same in suspence, and did that was in her power to cause us persew extremely, to the effect that the regent might utter all that yai could to your dishonour, *etc.*

\* And yairfor yair counfall is ze wryte to the quene, *etc.*

\* It is to be noted that the duke hath confessed, that in dede Lyddyngton had, the same Satyrday mentioned in the bishop of Ross's letter, a long discourse with hym, and did then move him for the marriadg with the Scottish quene; and, as the duke sayd, that was the first tyme that he did heare therof; wherunto he sayd he did not consent. It is also to be noted, that although Lyddyngton cam in company with the regent, yet he was not unsuspected of the regent; and to prove that he was at that tyme a dissembler with the regent; the bishop of Ross's declaration hereafter followyng, uppon examination the sixth of Novembre, shall manifestly declare both the same, and the duke's unjust dealyng, in favor of the Scots quene, contrary to his othe, and to the trust of his vocation.

\* It may also appere by a letter of the erle of Murray, shewed at the barr to the duke, and redd, how the duke did deale in this matter.

\* After this, the duke was charged that uppon his retorning from York to Hampton-Court, he understanding the quene's majestie had hard somewhat of his intention to marry with the Scottish quene, sought meanes to spek with hir majestie privatly theruppon, and complayned to hir majestie, that such speches should be suffred, charging on Robert Melvyn a Scott with the report, and required to have hym punished; and so perceiving by hir majestie that she had hard therof, though she cold not beleve it; he, the duke, did with gret othes deny it, and with corfynys of hym self very depely, if ever he ment it, or wold meane it; addyng, amongst many reasons theis, in saying, "What shuld I seke to marry hir being so wycked a woman, such a notorious adulteress, and murderer; I love to slepe  
uppon

uppon a fall pillow'; I cont my self, by your majestie's favor, as good a prince at home in my bowlyng-alley at Norwych, as she is though she were in the midst of Scotland. And if I shuld go about to marry with hir, knowing as I doo, that she pretendeth a title to the present possession of your majestie's crown, your majesty might justly chardg me with sekying your own crown from your head.' This, with such other speeches, he was charged to have uttered to hir majestie, as the party that charged hym at the barr, sayd oppenly, that he had him self hard the quene's majestie make this report hir self; and so had sondry of the lords ther present, often tymes hard hir majesti also repete it, with much mote to that effect.

After this he was charged that, notwithstanding his earnest detestation of this mariadg, he delt secretly with the regent at Hampton-Court at the same tyme: for prooffe wherof the duke's own letter, signed with his hand, to the regent, was produced.

6. After this he was charged, that after he had proceeded farr in the mariadg, and had sent and receaved many tokens to and from the Scottish quene, and had made a full determination therof; the quene's majestie asked hym at Tychfeld, Whyther he had any wise delt in the sayd mariadg, contrary to his former detestation at Hampton-Court? He besought hir majestie to beare with hym for concealing it, it had bene moved to hym, but it was not concluded; and that theruppon her majestie being grevoosly offended with hym, charged hym uppon his allegiance that he shuld never deale furder therein, nor with any person belongyng to the Scottish quene. Which manner of charg, with the words, *Uppon his allegiance*, the duke had, in his confession, 6 November before, in wrytyng sayd, That he did not well remembre that hir majestie used those words of allegiance, but trew it was, that hir majestie was grevoosly offended with hym, and that she charged hym never to deale any furder therin; but at length, being willed to remembre hym self, consideryng both the quene's majestie did well remembre the words, and so did others to whom he had repeated hir majestie's speche, and after she had charged hym, he confessed that trew it was, that he was charged uppon his allegiance.

Then was it concluded ageynst hym, that this his sekying of the Scottish quene's mariadg, whom he had pronounced to be so wycked a woman, and after he found the quene's majestie's displeasure for concealing of the motions made therof, and that he had bene charged upon his allegiance not to deale any furder therin, and yet did still procede, must nedes conveynce hym of the pursute to advance and mayntene her title to the present pos-

possession of the crown of England, and for the attaining therof to practise the deprivation of the queene's majestie.

‘ And for further proof of this intent, he was charged that he had also sought to obteyn this mariadg by force; and in so doying, how cold the queene's majestie have contynued, when by force she shuld be marryed within the realme, that had made title to the present possession therof.’

It would however be in vain for us to deny, that the duke was privy to the measures taken for Mary's escape, the negotiations with the pope, France, Spain, and the duke of Alva in the Netherlands; that he projected marriage with the unfortunate Scottish queen, or countenanced the northern rebels: all these facts we take for granted; yet were they never proved in so clear and explicit a manner, as the laws of England and the liberty of the subject required. His hand-writing was found to none of the papers produced at his trial; nay, Lesly, and all the other partisans of Mary's faction, positively deny that he ever acceded to the schemes proposed against Elizabeth's government and life, or for the establishment of popery, he always declaring himself a rigid reformist and faithful subject. Among the other questions put to the bishop of Ross by the privy council, were the following:

‘ What devise or conference have you had with any nobleman or other person of this realm, touchyng the takyng of the Tower of London, and the manner how it should have bene taken?’

‘ To which he answers in the following manner:

‘ Ridolphi, in the low galery at Arondell-Howse, in August, at that tyme when it was said that the queene's majesty had given sharp words to the duke at Southampton, and that the lord of Arondell and therle of Penbroke were retyred eche to ther howses, discontentid, said unto the lord Lumley and this exanimate, when Ligons was present, that if those three noblemen wold do, as was done in queene Marie's tyme, which was, com to the Tower, and charge the lieutenant to give over the Tower to them, as to the chief of the councell, they might have there treasure, and what so ever they nedid; and thereby have there entent of the queene, of eny thing that they wold desire for the mariage.’

Yet was this entered as an article in the duke's impeachment, and specified as true, in recapitulating his crimes previous to sentence.

To.

'To the following queries, the bishop's answer is a clear acquittance of the duke:

'What was the effect of those instructions or debatementes which the Scots quene sent unto yow in Cyfre, as towchyng what counse she should now take, lykynge better to ax aide of Spayne then of France; and of Ridolphi's journey, wherof she wold the duke of Norfolke's advice to be taken and followed?

'What answer did the duke of Norfolke make to yow; whan yow sent hym the same instructions and letters from the quene?

'What answers made the duke of Norfolke to the articles sent to hym of the treaty betwixt the quene of Scotts, and the lord Burghley, and Sir Walter Myldmay?

*Answer.* Ridolphi movid this examine to move the duke to write letters of credence for Ridolphi; wherunto the duke was very loth, sayeng, if his letters written to eny strange prynce were knowen, he were undone; and therefor willed this examine to satisfie Ridolphi, if he could. Wherupon Ridolphi devised a forme of three letters in Latin; one to the pope, tother to the kyng of Spayne, thother to the duke of Alva, all very short, not past three or-four lynes, requiring that the duke wold subscribe them, and then thei should be put in cisse, and ~~originall~~ subscribed by the duke, should remayn with the Spanishe ambassador; yet that the duke liked not, nor wold not subscribe them. Then it was devised that this examine should satisfie Ridolphi to cary those letters as they were unsubscribed; and Barker should go to the Spanishe ambassador, as he did with this examine and Ridolphi, to affirme, in the duke's name, that he wold affirme them, as well as if he had subscribed them, wherewith the Spanishe ambassador was not content, but desired that he might speake with the duke hym self, that of his owne knowledge he might so affirme it to his master; but the duke wold not agree to that: nevertheless, afterward, Barker, Ridolphi; and this examine, the second tyme coming, satisfied the ambassador; especially Ridolphi, sayeng no man could have the reproche of that mater but he, and he hard the duke so precisely affirme his contentation and agreement to them, that he durst present them on his behalf.

'The duke's answer to the instructions was, because the mater was now in treaty with the quene's majesty, it were better to let it alone a while; but if the Scots quene have no hope in Fraunce, nor here, then she might do as she wold. The duke, this examine saith, was brought to a marvelous streight, for either the duke must, by his freends here in court, procure hir delivery by treaty, or els procure meanes with other foreyn prynces to ayde hir, or els declare hym self a Catholique, that other

prynces might like of the mariage, or els to leave hir free to hir owne election to mary where she wold ; for that the pope's nuncio had promised hir help, and the rebells in Flanders had moved hir to send Sir Francis Inglefield into Spayne, to procure the mariage of Don Jo. d'Austria : wherupon she, by letters, required Sir Francis Inglefield so to do ; to the which he made answer, that he was the Spanish kyng's owne servaunt . . . . and therfor was not the fittest man for that purpose, requiryng hir to send some other. Then the lord Seaton was spoken of, but the rebells chose rather Leonard Dacres, which did stay by reason that the pope's nuncio wrote to have Ridolphi to com over, which Ridolphi was here as an ambassadour for the pope, whose charge also the pope did bere sith he was in prison here in England ; and this examine saw the pope's letters written to Ridolphi, wherein he willed hym, 'if he were in perill here, he should com over to the duke of Alva, to whom he had alfedy written for hym, which letters were in Laten, and in cifre, for Ridolphi had a cifre betwixt the pope and hym, and the nuncio ; for Ridolphi, every moneth, sent his pacquet to the nuncio and the pope, either by the French ambassador, or by the Spanish ambassador, when thei sent theres.

• This examine had conference with the duke, then beyng new com out of the Tower, what the quene should answer to such poynts as was movid to hym, the delivery of castells, hostages, the yong Scotts kyng, and the renunciation of the title ; for this examine had charge to know all hir fryends myends in these poynts, as the duke, the erle of Arondell, the lord Lumley, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton ; with those he delt by their servaunts, and the lord Montagew by my lord Lumley : the duke thought the rest reasonable, savyng he liked not the delivery of hir son ; for he might allwais be a scowrge to hir, and to be sent into Scotland agaynst hir at all tymes, when in eny one little poynt she should offend the quene's majesty. The erle of Arondell and Sir Nicholas Throgmorton she should not be mych preffid with demand of holdes, for they were more costly then profitable to Englishmen ; and therfore they might stand fast therupon : the lord Montagew and the lord Lumley liked of them all, as the lord Lomley sent word by Row. And as for the delivery of the rebells, they all thought it should not be mych preffid, bycawse they were all redy gone away savyng the erle of Northumberland, whom none of them all did like that he should be deliverid.'

Nothing then could be more clear and explicit, than that Norfolk refused to hold all communication with foreign powers, however he might approve of the schemes laid by Mary's party.

Thus

Thus we see him acquitted of two heinous articles of the charge by the principal evidence brought against him ; for as to Bailly and his own secretary, their evidence fluctuated, just as fear or hope prevailed.

In the next day's examination, which happened on the 31st of October, 1571, it appears, that the duke of Alva had never seriously resolved to assist Mary, or trouble the peace of Elizabeth by an invasion, his curiosity alone having led him to enquire about the sea-ports and landing-places on the English coast. It is true letters were produced, which were said to be written by the duke of Norfolk to the pope, his catholic majesty, and the duke of Alva, promising all possible assistance for the release of queen Mary, in case of a landing of Spanish troops ; but it was never proved, that the duke had authorized these letters, which were in cypher ; nor did the bishop affirm them to be his. To own the truth, the imprisonment of Lestly, bishop of Ross, seems to be one of the most arbitrary steps of a princess's reign, who had too much pride, spirit, and arrogance, to scruple an infraction of the laws of nations, where she could support it with power. The bishop was at that time acting in quality of ambassador, and under the protection of Elizabeth, who had granted him a safe convoy ; and the most eminent crown-lawyers were of opinion, that he could neither be imprisoned or punished, till he had first been ordered to depart the kingdom, and proved refractory to such orders. This appears from the questions put to the doctors, with respect to the privileges of ambassadors. (*See p. 18. Answer to Query 5.*)

To be short, all that ever appeared from the duke's confession, or from all the evidences brought against him, and intercepted letters, was, that after he had been once pardoned, he held a correspondence with Mary's ambassador, the bishop, and was privy to Ridolphi's embassy, though he absolutely refused to have any share in it, to make any promises, or form any engagements with the adherents of the unhappy queen. Such, at least, are our sentiments after the most careful perusal of these documents, which every one must allow to be authentic. Even the conduct of queen Mary might be justified, at least, with respect to Elizabeth, from the same authorities, notwithstanding the editor speaks of the ' very unfavourable light thrown upon her conduct, by the examinations and confessions' of the several persons whose examinations appear in this collection.

These papers concerning the intrigues of Norfolk, Northumberland, Westmoreland, &c. &c. form the most interesting part of the present compilement, though it contains a variety of



other papers, equally curious and entertaining, which it would not be possible to specify in the limits allowed for an article. Perhaps we have already said too much, as the nature of our task will not admit of so close and critical an examen of the materials, as would be necessary to an historian. We shall therefore close our account of this valuable work (one instance out of several that have lately appeared, of the benefit of which will accrue to the public from the purchase of the Harleian and Cottonian manuscripts) in the words of the sensible editor.

'The lovers of history, who have not patience or leisure to go through these voluminous collections of the *Materia Historica*, in which it is difficult to weigh the exact value of each single paper, would yet find their account in promoting the publication of them; since it is from the variety and copiousness of such genuine sources, that the lively writer of memoirs (if he is not contemporary with the events, which he relates) must derive his most entertaining anecdotes, and the grave historian his most important and authentic facts, and be enabled to join the fulness of information to the strength and elegance of composition. Men of genius have seldom application enough for the task of decyphering bad hands, and turning over the dusty heaps of ill-sorted papers; who yet may be invited by a good type and fair impression, to exercise their sagacity upon them, and to range them with method, choice, and precision under the just laws of regular history.'

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*ART. IV. The History of the Roman Emperors from Augustus to Constantine. By Mr. Crevier, Professor of Rhetoric, in the College of Beauvais. Translated from the French. Vol. VI. Illustrated with Maps, Medals, and other Copper-Plates. 8vo. Pt. 5s. Knapton.*

**M**R. Crevier's Roman History has been in great repute, on account of its elegance and accuracy; yet we must own, we cannot altogether close with the public in their opinion. His narration, indeed, is lively, but his reflections are frequent and superficial. Tacitus is his model, and him he has studied and copied to a fault. The same affected brevity of expression, without its strength, appears in the Frenchman as in the Roman, and the same attempt to refinement and subtlety, without all the necessary powers that constitute the deep politician. Mr. Crevier draws his reflections from books and speculation; Tacitus drew his from life and action. Would Tacitus have philosophized upon the following relation, had he lived in our days?

Two men of the lower class of people, the one almost blind, the other lame of one hand, came to Vespasian, then at Alexandria, pretending that the god Serapis, who among other attributes was the god of physic with the Egyptians, had revealed to them that the emperor would cure them; the one, by anointing his eyes with spittle, and the other, by treading on his hand, Vespasian, averse to all vain boasting and fabulous stories, laughed at them first, and rejected the proposal: but yielding at last to their entreaties, and urged by flattery, he ordered them to be examined by physicians. Their report gave him hopes. They said that the organs of sight were not destroyed in him who complained of his eyes; and that the other's hand was only dislocated, and might be set to right by a strong pressure. To these observations, which their knowledge in their profession furnished them with, they added the court-language, flattery. 'Perhaps,' said they, 'it is the will of the gods, that the prince should be manifestly acknowledged the instrument of their goodness towards mankind. After all, if the cure fails, the blame will rest on those poor wretches; if it succeeds, it will redound to the emperor's glory.' Vespasian, prevailed on by such speeches, and thinking nothing impossible to his high fortune, with an air of confidence ordered the sick men to be brought to him, in the presence of a vast multitude of people impatiently waiting the event: he performed the operations as prescribed, and the success answered: the blind man recovered his sight instantly; and the lame the use of his hand. Tacitus, to confirm the truth of this relation, adds, that the time when he wrote, which was in Trajan's reign, many who had been witnesses to the cure attested it, though they could have no interest to assert a falsity.

One cannot well refuse giving credit to such authority, backed by Suetonius and Dion Cassius. But at the same time, we ought carefully to observe, that these disorders which Vespasian cured, were not of an incurable nature; and, consequently, we are at liberty to think that the healing of them did not exceed the power of the demon. It cannot be doubted but that the establishment of Christianity drove the prince of darkness, whose empire was thereby destroyed, to his last shifts. He therefore strove, by doing some extraordinary things, to rival the real miracles wrought by Jesus Christ, his apostles, and their disciples. The affected use of spittle on this occasion is evidently copied from the miraculous cure of the man born blind.

These were facts, which, if they really happened, proved nothing more than the awful servile adulation of the court, and the weakness of the emperors.

We must add, that the energetic conciseness of Tacitus is strained by our author into points ; his characters are an assemblage of antitheses ; and he seems to have destroyed the beauty of the French language, by forcing it into a mode of expression, by no means familiar to it. Something of this appears even in the translation, however unlike the original it may be ; but we form our opinion on the French, which we perused some years ago with more satisfaction, than it is possible we should this very indifferent version. One trivial objection more we shall mention, and then proceed to recite the contents, leaving the reader to form his own judgment from the extracts we shall make. Mr. Crevier has generally given us the modern names of places, but not always : certainly he ought to have confined himself to one or other, and, perhaps, to the ancient names, which he might have translated in the margin, as by that means we might the more easily compare him with ancient writers, and use his work to illustrate the ancient geography and names. The translator has not only copied this error, if it be one, but added to it, by giving us the French names of men and places ; for instance, Cluverius the geographer, he calls Cluviere ; but as this is a point of no great consequence, we shall avoid being particular.

Mr. Crevier begins this volume with a lively description of the state of Rome at the accession of Vespasian, a relation of the revolt of Cladius in Gaul, and of Civilis in that part of the Netherlands, anciently called Batavia ; he displays the artful conduct of Mucian, and first seeds of Domitian's character ; but the most interesting anecdote in this part of the history is the story of the Gaul Sabinus, and his wife Epponina. Sabinus was an abettor of the revolt of Cladius : at the head of the Langrians he destroyed every monument of alliance with the Romans, whether plates of brass, or pillars on which the articles were engraved, and publicly assumed the name of Cæsar. As if that name, so unjustly and ignominiously usurped, was of course to give him all the great qualities of the conqueror it had once belonged to, he presumptuously led a multitude of his countrymen, badly armed, and worse disciplined, against the Sequani, faithful allies of the Romans. The Sequani accepted the battle, and were victorious. Sabinus behaved as poorly in his disgrace, as he had presumptuously when in a more flourishing condition. He fled to a house in the country, and set it on fire, to make people think he perished in it, but, in fact, he went and hid himself in subterraneous caves, where he spent nine years with the famous Epponina his wife.

Our author resumes the story in the next book : ' Sabinus might easily have fled to Germany ; but was with-held by his love of

of a young wife; the most virtuous and most accomplished of women; whom he could not possibly leave behind, nor carry with him. He had subterraneous caverns, very deep and spacious, in which he concealed his treasures, and of which no person whatever, two of his freedmen excepted, had any knowledge. Resolving to conceal himself likewise there, he dismissed all his attendants, as if he had intended to poison himself, and kept only those two freedmen, on whose inviolable fidelity he firmly depended. With their assistance, he set fire to his country-house; to make people think his body was consumed by the flames, and retiring to his cavern, sent one of them to tell his wife that he was dead. He knew how much she would be afflicted, and concluded that the reality of her grief would thoroughly convince the world that he was dead. He was not mistaken. Epponina, quite frantic and despairing, gave a loose to her tears and mourning, and would take no sort of sustenance for three days and three nights. Sabinus, being informed of her situation, began to fear the consequences for her sake, and privately sent her word that he was not dead, but hid in a safe retreat; at the same time begging her to continue her demonstrations of sorrow, to keep up the belief of an error on which their mutual safety depended.

Epponina acted her part perfectly well: she visited her husband in the night, and appeared again in the day-time, without giving the least room to suspect the mystery that was carrying on. She grew bolder by degrees, was longer absent, and at last almost buried herself alive with Sabinus; only taking care to be seen now and then in the city. What is more extraordinary is, that, being with child she delivered herself in the cavern, and suckled two sons in that melancholy abode, one of whom died afterwards in Egypt, and the other travelled to Greece, and might possibly be still alive when Plutarch wrote. Epponina spent nine years in that dark retreat, one interval of seven months only excepted, during which some hopes of pardon having been given her, she carried her husband to Rome, so disguised that it was impossible he should be known; after which, finding her expectations frustrated, she conducted him back to his cavern.

At last Sabinus was discovered, and taken with his wife and children. They were all carried prisoners to Rome, and brought before the emperor; on which occasion Epponina again behaved with a courage suitable to her name, which in the Celtic language signified Heroine. She spoke with firmness to Vespasian, tried to move his pity, and presenting him her children;

Caesar,

‘Caesar, said she, I have brought forth these melancholy fruits of our disgrace, and have suckled and reared them up in all the horrors of darkness, to have a greater number of supplicants to implore your mercy.’ Vespasian could not refrain from tears, though he condemned Sabinus and Epponina to die, sparing only their children. A mistaken reason of state, and the Roman maxims of policy, always hard and cruel towards foreigners, prevented his giving way to such moving interstices, or even to his own inclination to clemency. Epponina, driven to despair, kept no longer any bounds, but audaciously insisting the prince she could not move, upbraided herself for having stooped so low as to beg for life, and told him, that she had lived with more satisfaction in all the darkness of a grave, than she upon the throne. The death of this heroic woman filled all Rome with deep concern; and Plutarch imputes the extinction of Vespasian’s family, which ended in his two sons, to the vengeance of the gods for that deed.’

After a description of Vespasian’s reception in Rome, and a sketch of his character, our author relates, in a very masterly manner, the origin of the Jewish war, the revolts against the Romans, and the civil dissensions among that deluded people. As this is a most important event, the reader will not be displeased with the following extract, which sets the miserable distracted condition of Judea, before the Jewish war, in the most striking view.

‘The ruin of the Jews (says our author) is in itself a very interesting event, but infinitely more so, when considered as connected with religion. A bloody war, in which party-rage conspires with foreign arms, to destroy the nation; or rather forces a mild and merciful enemy, who wanted to save the conquered, in spite of his humane disposition, to destroy them; an ancient and famous people, who, from their country, as from a centre, had spread themselves over every part of the known world, smitten with the most dreadful calamities ever recorded in history; a great and lofty city devoured by flames; and eleven hundred thousand inhabitants buried under its ruins; a temple, the wonder of the world, and the object of the veneration even of those who followed a different worship, so entirely demolished that not one stone was left upon another; are surely such events as, if they were only merely human, could not but highly interest every one. How much more regard ought we to pay to them, when considered as one of the strongest proofs of the truth of our holy religion? When we reflect, that they were foretold by Jesus Christ forty years before they happened, at a time when nothing seemed to portend any such event:

event; that the dispersion of the Jewish people, and the ruin of the temple, form a part of the Gospel-system, by means of which the knowledge of the true God was no longer to be confined to one nation only, nor his worship attached to any one particular place; in short, that these disasters, the greatest that can possibly be conceived, are the revenge which God took for the greatest crime that ever was perpetrated upon the face of the earth, the cruel and ignominious death of his son.

‘ It has pleased Providence that so important a piece of history should be transmitted down to us, by one who was an eye-witness, and had himself a great share in the principal events; a witness no ways suspected of favouring Christianity, who saw the marks of divine vengeance fall upon his unhappy country, as he often says in the course of his work, but was ignorant of what occasioned it. Josephus was far from thinking that the Jews had drawn down the indignation of the Almighty upon themselves, by rejecting and crucifying the Messiah promised to their fathers; as appears by his, as fawningly as impiously, applying to the enemies and destroyers of his nation, the sacred oracles by which a deliverer was promised them.

‘ He has treated his subject very fully, being scrupulously careful not to omit any one circumstance, as his design and sole intent was to convey the fullest and most ample instruction, not only to his contemporaries, but likewise to posterity. The generality of readers as well as the more learned, are well acquainted with those events, by the translation of Josephus, which is in every body’s hands: but what was the Jewish historian’s sole object in that work, is but a small part of that which I have undertaken. I am consequently under a necessity of abridging my narrative, so far as I can, without omitting any thing that essentially characterises the chief actors, and especially those on whom the hand of the Almighty is most visibly imprinted in this great event.

‘ The Jews were at this time more attached than they had ever been before, to the religion of their forefathers; though it must be owned that their intercourse with strangers, and the study of the Greek philosophy, had corrupted the minds of some among them. Epicurism, so contrary to the principles even of natural religion, had gained ground among them, and given rise to the sect of the Sadducees. But that sect, tho’ followed by the chief of their priests, was far from being numerous. The greatest part of the nation seemed, in consequence of its mixture with idolaters, to be more than ever zealous for purity of worship. The Pharisees, who affected a great shew of severity, swayed the people, who would hear none else; and who,

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under their authority, had received and admitted several ceremonious observances, which, being added to the law, widened still more the breach between the Jews and the Gentiles. Thence ensued numerous seditions, either against their kings, when they were thought to favour the Roman customs too much, or against the Romans themselves. I before gave a particular account of that which the affair of Caligula's statue occasioned, by which the nation was on the brink of ruin. So strong and ardent was the zeal of the Jews, that they would not suffer the images of the Cæsars, worshipped every where else, even to be brought into their country; and the Roman magistrates and generals humoured them therein. Josephus says, that when Vitellius, governor of Syria, was preparing to cross Judea with his army, to make war against Arætas, king of the Arabians; the chief of the Jews went out to meet him, and represented to him, that the colours of his legions were loaded with images which by their law were not allowed to be seen in their country. Vitellius received them favourably, granted their request, and, sending his army round another way, went himself to Jerusalem with only a few friends.

• Another motive of rebellion with the Jews was their misunderstanding, and in consequence thereof misinterpreting, the oracles relating to the Messias. They knew that the times indicated by the prophets were past: and their passions not having suffered them to acknowledge a Saviour who delivered them from the bondage of sin only, and not from the Roman yoke, they were always ready to listen to every impostor that flattered them with hopes of liberty, and dominion over their enemies. Accordingly, Josephus's history of the time I am now speaking of, is full of attempts of numbers of impostors of every kind, to make themselves kings, or at least to shake off the foreign yoke. Often did they lead vast multitudes to the deserts, by promising them wonderful things. One of these troops was no sooner dispersed, than another arose, headed by some new seducer. Judas the Galilean, mentioned in the acts of the apostles, was the man whose faction prevailed longest, and made most noise.

• He was a man of parts, eloquent, strongly attached to the doctrine of the Pharisees, which he carried to extremes, and to which he added a love of liberty bordering on fanaticism. When Judea was reduced into a Roman province, after the death of Archelaus, Quirinius going thither by Augustus's command, to number the people and take an account of their possessions; Judas, seconded by another Pharisee called Sadoc, publicly rose up to oppose a custom which he called tyrannical. He pretended that the declarations to which they were to be subjected, were in fact

fast a real slavery; and under that pretence he urged the Jews to revolt, telling them they had no other lord or master than God only. His seditious clamours were ineffectual at first, the few that followed him being soon obliged to disperse and fly: but he left profelytes, who maintained his favourite tenet so obstinately, that they chose rather to suffer the severest punishments and most cruel deaths, than to call any mortal man by the name of lord and master. The proud maxims of these madmen infected by degrees the minds of the people, and sowed among them the seeds of rebellion, which, after causing several slight disturbances, broke out at last so violently, on account of the odious vexations and great injustices of the intendant Gabius Florus, that nothing less than the total ruin of the nation was able to quench the flame.

\* Florus was sent to govern Judea in the eleventh year of Nero's reign, having obtained that post by means of his wife, who was a friend of Poppea's. He found the country in such a situation as would have afforded a wise, active, and honest governor, a fine field to display his talents and virtues in; but which, to Florus, seemed only to offer a fairer opportunity to plunder and enrich himself. Every one of the seducers that had risen since Judea obeyed the Romans, had done more or less mischief to the Jews. Though they had not succeeded, their factions had not been so thoroughly rooted out, but that many of their followers still remained: and as Judea is a mountainous country, and borders on vast deserts, such as had escaped the Roman sword, easily found asylums and safe retreats, from whence they made horrid incursions, and desolated the country round about. These seditious troops all agreed in their strict adherence to the maxims of Judas the Galilean. All concealed their real motives of rage, under the specious pretence of ardent zeal for the defence of their country's liberty; boasting that God had raised them up, to wipe off the stain of their nation's subjection to a foreign power, and threatening to put to death whoever remained submissive to the Romans. Every friend to peace was consequently an enemy to these furious wretches, who plundered their houses, murdered them, burnt whole villages, and, over-running every part of Judea, dealt horror and destruction round them.

\* Some of the most daring of these robbers, leaving their troops behind them, ventured to Jerusalem, in hopes of kindling the flames of sedition, and destroying such as were inclined to peace and obedience. Not being strong enough to attack them openly, they murdered and assassinated them daily, not sparing even such as took shelter in the temple. To this end, they



they were provided with a short weapon, which they hid under their garments, and, mixing with the crowd on high days and festivals, suddenly stabbed whoever had the misfortune to be suspected by them; and then, pretending to be astonished and amazed, joined the other spectators in their exclamations and complaints; by which means they escaped unnoticed. Their first victim was Jonathas, who had been high-priest; besides him, they killed several other citizens of distinction; and murders of this kind became so frequent, that every one was in continual fear and apprehension: it was dangerous to venture out, even into the streets.

Florus's predecessor, Albinus, had encouraged the audaciousness of these wretches, by suffering their crimes to pass unpunished. Basely and most shamefully covetous, he sold the public safety for money. Such as were arrested and put in prison for their crimes, were sure to be released: if they took care to make him proper presents; and none were found guilty, but those who had nothing to give. The factious purchased with money leave to do whatever they pleased; and his officers, imitating his example, exacted from the lower class those contributions which richer men paid to the governor. By this means several bands of robbers were formed, each of which had its separate commander, and committed all manner of violences with impunity. The peaceful citizens fell a prey to them, and durst not even venture to complain when they were robbed and plundered, because they knew they could not have justice done them: if spared, they thought themselves happy; and the fear of impending danger forced them to truckle to wretches, worthy of the severest punishments.

Florus, who succeeded Albinus, made his predecessor be regretted. Albinus acted more slyly, and seemed susceptible of some degree of shame: but Florus gloried openly in his injustice, rapine, and cruelty, and behaved towards the Jews like an executioner sent to butcher them. Void of all sense of shame and pity, he knew not what it was to compassionate another's sufferings, nor ever blushed at the most shameful deeds. As cunning as he was audacious, he excelled in the most detestable art of blackening and misrepresenting the strongest evidences of right and justice. To rob particular persons was a trifle with him; he plundered and laid waste whole cities and countries at one stroke. Every one saw plainly that he kept up an intelligence with the robbers: nay, he even published, with sound of trumpet, a general permission to rob and kill, provided he had his share of the booty. So tyrannical a government forced the inhabitants to desert the country; and numbers of families accord-

accordingly abandoned their dwellings and possessions, to seek peace and safety among other nations.

The Jews had still a resource left in the governor of Syria, Cassius Gallus, who, besides the civil administration of that country, had likewise had the command of the legions there, ever since Corbulo put an end to the Parthian war; and the intendant of Judea was accountable to him: but none were bold enough to go to Antioch, where he generally resided, to lay their complaints before him. The Jews waited for his coming to Jerusalem. In fact, he came thither at the time of the passover, in the year of Christ sixty-six, being the twelfth of Nero's reign. Three millions of Jews crowded about him, beseeching him to pity their wretched country, and do them justice against Florus, to whom all their misfortunes were owing; Cassius appeased the multitude by fair promises, but applied no effectual remedy to their ills: and when he returned to Antioch, Florus attended him as far as Caesarea, and took that opportunity artfully to represent things as he thought proper, and turn to them to his own advantage.

He next recites the intrigues carried on by Florus to excite a war, the only method by which he could possibly conceal his own misconduct. He fomented seditions, and then punished the persons engaged in them with such severity, as could not fail of stirring up an open revolt and detestation of the Roman yoke. At last a war is kindled; Vespasian carries it on with great success, and then commits it to his son Titus, who lays siege to Jerusalem. Whatever merit our author may have in the relation of this siege, it is infinitely less pathetic than the description of Josephus, who writes on this occasion with all the sensibility and feeling of a sufferer. Whoever, therefore, has perused the Jewish historian, will receive less satisfaction from the narrative of our author, though explicit and minute enough. Some circumstances are so extremely affecting, that it is not possible to relate them without touching the heart. Of this the following is an instance:

Every passage to the city being stopped, famine, and all its dreadful concomitants, raged with redoubled fury within Jerusalem. The roofs of the houses were covered with babes expiring at their dying mothers breasts: the streets were filled with bodies of old men starved to death. Such as had youth and vigour on their side still made a shift to crawl about; looking more like ghosts than men, 'till they drooped down thro' hunger, weakness, and want; a mournful silence reigned throughout the city: no cries, no groans were heard; famine was all they felt, and every sorrow seemed absorbed in that.

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The fate of those that died first was envied by their wretched survivors, who out-lived them only to endure more woes, and who looked upon death as their greatest blessing. Many, in the despair to which they were driven, applied to the soldiers, beseeching, as a favour, that they would kill them. But those barbarians, who would often take an inhuman pleasure in butchering such as were already dying, refused their deadly help when begged to end a miserable life. The pride and insolence of those triumphant wretches, aggravated the grief and sorrows of the dying, whose expiring eyes were turned towards the temple, as if to implore the justice of the Being worshipped there. Few of the dead would even have been buried, had that care been left to their relations only, they being too much taken up with their own sufferings to think of any thing else. However, as it was necessary to remove such melancholy and odious objects, the tyrants at first hired people, whom they paid out of the public money, to perform that office. But soon growing tired of that expence, they ordered the dead bodies to be thrown down the precipices without the city. Titus going to take a view of the place, saw those heaps of dead rotting together; at which he was so struck; that, lifting up his hands towards heaven, he took God to witness, that he was not the cause of all those evils. By this time the factious too began to feel the effects of want, of which they were the more sensible by a comparison of their dismal situation with the plenty which the Romans enjoyed. The latter purposely made a shew of it in the sight of the Jews, spreading their tables, which were plentifully served, before the city walls. The audaciousness of those frantic wretches began at length to be so far tamed by their sufferings, as to make them fear the enemy; but at the same time their rage and fury was vented with greater violence than ever against their fellow-citizens, who were unable to resist them.

We have the most amiable picture of Titus, both during the reign of his father and after his own accession to the throne, to which the character of Domitian, the succeeding prince, forms the strongest contrast. It would be unnecessary, however, to dwell upon a period of history, so well known to every one the least tinctured with education. We shall therefore conclude the article with observing, that Mr. Crevier, abstracting from the blemishes we have mentioned, seems possessed of learning, genius, and all the requisite talents of an historian, his greatest fault consisting, in our opinion, in an ill-judged imitation.

It may be proper to subjoin, that Agricola's expedition to Britain is almost a verbal translation from Tacitus: and that Mr. Crevier has judiciously restored the genuine text of that historian in several places, vitiated by the presumption of tasteless commentators.

ART.

ART. V. *A Treatise of Husbandry on the Improvement of Dry and Barren Lands. Shewing, I. The many Advantages which would arise to the Nation in general, by destroying of Warrens, and converting the Lands into Tillage, Pasture, &c. II. Pointing out new and cheap Methods to make growing Fences upon the most barren Soils, and how to till and manure the same at a low Expence. III. How to prepare the Land, and raise upon it various Sorts of Plants, to produce both Poles and Timber.* By Thomas Hitt, Author of a *Treatise on Fruit-Trees.* 8vo. Pr. 2s. 6d. Richardson.

WE have seen of late so many rational treatises upon the subject of husbandry, that we are in hopes this long-neglected point of national interest, will, in time, be duly regarded, and the farmer, at length, driven out of that hackneyed path, marked out by his forefathers. Even the learned, both in France and England, have condescended to apply the result of their researches, in natural philosophy, to the benefit of the husbandman; and, indeed, it is from the learned that we are to expect the justest rules for cultivating the soil, and raising the fruits of the earth, by enriching and improving it. We are not, however, to despise the labours of those, who, to strong natural talents for observation, join experience. Chemistry, it is true, points out the easiest methods of pursuing such enquiries; but as the principles of this art are not only attainable by good sense, but founded on observation, we are not always to prefer scientific elegance to the more plain and artless endeavours of the judicious unlearned countryman. Often have we been astonished at the shrewdness of remark, and clearness of conception in a rustic, on subjects which would seem greatly to exceed the sphere of his capacity; and often have we seen learning put out of countenance by the superiority of mere uninformed untutored intellect. This much will serve for an apology to those of our readers, who may possibly think we ought to dismiss this homely treatise with a general character, in a few lines.

Mr. Hitt proposes to raise the value of lands, and encrease the number of labourers, two points of the utmost importance to the national strength. He gives an estimate of the quantity of warren land in England, the value of such land laid under rabbits, and what it would produce were it managed to the best advantage, either by improving the soil into arable, planting it with wood, or rendering it fit for pasture; the different methods for which he lays down according to the nature of the soil, from a long course of experience. He shews the expence of plant-

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ing, and the profits which must accrue from thence to the land-lord, in lands unfit for pasture or tillage. He acknowledges that he never had the whole care of planting, or making other improvements upon warren lands; 'but in the time of my apprenticeship, (says he) at Belvoir-castle, his grace the duke of Rutland caused part of one to be destroyed, and there are now growing upon it firs and oaks of forty feet in height, and many of them a foot in diameter, though not forty years of age; for the oaks were sowed in the autumn 1724, and the greatest part of the firs are but two years old. In that part of the land where the oaks prosper most, it is not so loose a sand as the generality of warrens are; but the other part is very dry soil mixt with small red stones, though there is not a strong rock near the surface.

'The firs grow extremely well upon the last mentioned soil, and the oaks there are more than thirty feet high; and whoever observes those trees, must be convinced that the like might be raised upon other warren lands, for this was a place where rabbits actually made their burrows.'

Mr. Hitt has known other warrens actually converted into corn fields, by burning or manuring, where the soil had the most unpromising aspect. In a word, he opposes with all his might the pernicious practice of large warrens, and demonstrates, by fair and obvious deduction, the possibility of converting such lands to a greater national and private advantage.

After a general view of the work, and a good deal of sensible reasoning, founded on practical observations, given in the introduction, our author proceeds to the various methods of dividing and enclosing barren lands, and of fencing at the cheapest rate. He also proposes certain means of preparing barren soils before the planting of young hedges, by which he affirms they will grow as luxuriously as on soils naturally the most fertile; but these means we must submit to the judgment of the reader, as we profess ourselves not sufficiently conversant with the subject of agriculture to pass a verdict. We must however observe, that all our author's admonitions seem rational, founded upon close observation and long practice, and calculated to the meanest capacity. The following method of treating young grafts is new to us, and may prove so to some of our less-experienced readers.

'There ought to be great care taken of young grafts, especially the first winter and spring, or else a prosperous crop may be destroyed; for their roots are but weak, and liable to be drawn out of the ground by sheep or horses feeding upon them  
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in the winter, and spring : I have observed the most prejudice done to them immediately after a deep frost ; for this reason all cattle should be kept from them at such times ; and all young grasses that are intended to make pastures for years to come, or others that are designed for mowing, should not have a horse feed upon them later than October, nor earlier than May, admit they are eat in summer. Cinquefoil, of all ages, should be preserved from horses in like manner, 'till after it be mowed : and if it was possible to keep all kinds of cattle off the young grass designed for pasturage from November 'till April, it would be the stronger for it ; but most people are desirous to give their sheep grass when it is in their power, and are apt to put too many on at a time, which soon eats a tract of land very bare ; therefore I would advise there should never be more sheep in the winter upon young grass, than half the number of the acres the field contains ; that is, one upon two acres.

Where dung can be had, a thin covering laid upon young grass in November or December, will be of great advantage ; or if strong clay can be met with near, I would advise to lay ten or twelve loads upon each acre ; the various sorts of weather in the winter will make it tender ; and whenever the clods are observed to crack, a large thorn-bush should be dragged with a horse, all over the ground in a dry day ; or, for want of a large bush, small ones may be used, by fixing them in a harrow, gate, fleak, or hurdle.

The black earth from bogs, called peat, or moss, may be used in like manner as clay ; the frost will have the same effect on it ; but the ashes made from it would be of much greater service ; when the land is made fine by harrowing, it should be rolled two or three times in the spring ; after the strong frosts are over, this will greatly strengthen the roots.

This sort of land is very subject to produce from seeds, either furz, broom, or heath ; all of them are very prejudicial to grass, therefore it is best to draw them by hand the first winter ; they will come up best when the ground is moist, and directly after the breaking of a frost ; at this age they need not any instrument to be fixed in the ground : but if they are two or three years old, they cannot be taken up without a spade, or some other tool to loosen the ground, and by that, other seeds are brought up to the surface, and produces plants, and many times part of the roots are left in and does the like.

There is frequently upon dry lands a large kind of thistle, which comes plentifully from seed ; it is best to draw it up the

first winter, otherwise it will spread to a great extent, and destroy much of the young grafs.

‘ If the common sort of thistle, or any other weeds, grow amongst the young grafs which is made pasture of, they may be destroyed by mowing two or times in a summer.

‘ If any of the former weeds grow among the saintfoine, or clover, intended to be mowed, they ought to be cut out with hooks, or knives, that will weaken the roots, and render the fodder better than if they were suffered to live ’till it was mowed.’

In the third part of his performance, Mr. Hitt points out the proper methods of raising wood for timber and poles, upon barren lands, by sowing it with corn, which he thinks the cheapest method of preparing the soil. The seeds are sown with the corn in spring, and those he has propagated to the best advantage are the oak, Spanish chesnut, ash, maple, and holly. His directions here are full and explicit; but we shall pass them over to recite his instructions, with respect to raising wood on barren lands, that cannot be plowed, on account of the shallowness of the soil and rockyness of the surface. Experience has taught him, ‘ that many kinds of trees will grow in such places if there be earth enough to cover their roots at the time of planting; for as they extend their roots they find cavities in the rock, and make entrance.’ It may be agreeable to our readers possessed of such useless barren spots, to peruse his sentiments on this subject.

‘ I will recommend (says he) such trees as I have observed to grow tolerably well in the like situations, even some that are sea-marks.

‘ The silver fir; I know one growing almost single, having only two or three low ones about it, upon a very high hill, where it is fully exposed to all winds, from south-west to north-east; it preserves its leading branch, though it does not advance so much in height as others that I have seen in lower situations.

‘ The spruce and Scotch firs will grow, but the latter is more subject to lose its head than either of the others, and does not make so valuable wood when cut up for use.

‘ The larches and hollies I have seen grow tolerably well; the sycamore, birch, beach, ash, and oak, the same, where great numbers were together.

‘ When a gentleman thinks of covering such unprofitable lands with trees, he generally chooses to have it planted that he may early see the improvement; but there would be the most

most certainty of success from sowing seed of the forementioned plants in a promiscuous manner, after the land was prepared for their reception.

' This sort of land generally has an uneven surface, the highest parts being not any thing else but large bodies of stone, with short moss growing upon them; and on the other parts of the surface there is some earth with heath, broom, fern, or long moss, growing upon it; these lowest parts are the properest for trees to grow in, but it must be made clean before either sowing or planting, or otherwise the plants would be smothered, nay, there would be a difficulty of getting earth; for I have known where it was not any deeper than four or five inches in the best parts, and was full of the sorts of roots as I have mentioned lately.

' The way to clean it is to take up what is there growing, and lay it in heaps in the places that are properest for planting; and if it be only grass and long moss it will rot in one summer, by being turned over three or four times in dry weather; but if there be strong stems and roots of heath or broom, it will be best to burn it in little heaps, one at every place where a tree is intended; this will destroy both root and branch, and likewise many seeds, and make richer soil than if they only lay 'till rotten. There cannot be any certain distance betwixt each tree, for they must be only where there is earth for them; but if they could be within a yard of each other it would be better than if further apart. If the seeds be sowed after the combustibles were either rotted or burnt, the hills where they were should be first spread about in those places only where there is some soil, for they will not be of any service where there is not any thing but stone: this work may be done in open weather from November 'till March; the fir and birch seeds may be thrown upon the ground without the trouble of covering them, for the frost and rains will give them possession; the others that are larger should have holes made for them in depth proportionable to their size; but for an acorn which is largest, they need not to be above three inches; they will grow as well at one inch deep, but will be more liable to destruction by mice and rooks; as the seeds are not very costly, put in half a dozen where one tree is desired, for it is easy to thin them when too many; and amongst the others that I have mentioned, there may be some of the common elder, which will grow freely, and help to shelter them that make more valuable trees: and likewise white-thorn, but the seeds of it and the ash ought to have been kept in earth a year before, and likewise the holly and yew.'



In the same manner he pursues his directions for planting among stones, observing, that plants intended for mountains and rocks ought to be short and stiff. He likewise recommends such plants to be moved for one year, after they are taken out of the nursery, into tolerably good land, near the place they are destined for, to inure them to the climate, and recover the roots, which may have suffered by carriage. These are the contents of the volume before us, which, we believe, will be read with satisfaction by all, who prefer sense to elegance, and a judicious practical treatise to the most ingenious theory, and specious conjecture. We are sorry however to add, that Mr. Hitt is guilty of numberless repetitions, and a flatness and prolixity of style, that greatly diminish the pleasure of the reader. Out of regard to the utility of the design, we even passed over false grammar, and a variety of errors in point of language, which perhaps deserve censure; because the author could so easily have remedied them, by communicating his work before it was sent to the press, to any gentleman the least acquainted with polite learning.

ART. VI. *A Discourse on the Nature, Causes, and Cure of Corpulency. Illustrated by a remarkable Case, read before the Royal Society, November 1757; and now first published, by Malcolm Fleming, M.D. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Davis and Reymers.*

**A**S few countries on earth produce more corpulent persons than England, perhaps in consequence of the luxury and indolence introduced by wealth, every attempt to remove an inconvenient habit of body, which may be termed a disease, merits our regard. The author of this performance had some years ago formed a resolution of writing a complete treatise, both theoretical and practical, on this subject; but the peculiar circumstances of his situation preventing the prosecution of that laudable design, he here presents the public with the out-lines of his plan, and some arguments relative to the method of cure, deduced from an extraordinary case, which fell within his observation.

The doctor's opinion of the nature, seat, and efficient causes of corpulency, will appear from the following summary, which we shall give in his own words:

‘ Corpulency being an accumulation of too great a quantity of fat, or animal oil in the vesicles of the membrana cellulosa, wherever they are large enough to admit oily particles, it can be caused

caused either by the introduction of too much oil into the habit, through the channels of nourishment, whereby there is so much the greater chance of its being retained in too great a quantity—or by the over-laxity, or perhaps original over-largeness of the cells, in which it is repositied, disposing them to admit, and retain an over-proportion of it—Or by such a crasis or temperament of the blood, as renders it liable to part too easily with its oily particles, and let them be strained off in too great plenty by the secretory vessels—Or lastly, by a deficient evacuation or expulsion of oil already taken in and separated from the blood, and laid up in its cells through the outlets of the body.’

By one or more of these causes, or by an assemblage of all, and scarce by any other, can corpulency, he thinks, be produced and established.

Next he proceeds to the method of cure proper in each of the above situations, recommending moderate meals, lean and plain diet, vegetable rather than animal food; sharp, thin, and old wines, in preference to malt liquors; acids, if taken in moderation, and vinegar in particular, but with great caution. This regimen more particularly regards that accumulation of fat and animal oil, contracted without any predisposing natural cause, and arising solely from indolence and high-feeding.

When corpulency is produced by a flabby relaxed state of the membranous texture, in the cells of which the fat is collected, the correspondent indication of cure is to strengthen that texture, first by diminishing the quantity of oil already accumulated, and then restoring the membrane to its original tone and elasticity. To answer the former purpose, the regimen already recited will be necessary; and to effect the latter, cold bathing (diet and exercise being supposed) is recommended. To excite the action of the solids in general, and the author might have added, to increase perspiration, by which the quantity of fat is greatly diminished, friction, or dry-rubbing the surface of the body is highly commended; an exercise the more necessary to extreme corpulent persons, as they are deprived of the effectual use of every other.

To remedy that species of corpulency consequent on a defective evacuation, by the outlets of the body, of the fat already collected, the patient is to use such a diet and manner of living as may prevent costiveness. He is also to use mild cathartics with moderation, preferring aloetic medicines to the use of rhubarb, though we are of opinion, he might have mentioned several other purgative medicines, preferable to either. The next evacuation, mentioned by our author, is sweat, which ought

to be excited rather by exercise and the warm bath, than by medicines, which may prove hurtful by altering the crasis of the blood and juices. He mentions urine as the last of the natural excretions, by which animal oil is conveyed out of the body ; and upon this evacuation he builds most, as a variety of diuretics offer themselves, which may be taken with safety. The preference is given to soap, as the medicine which carries off the largest portion of fat, and mixes best with the aqueous part of the blood. It is resolvent, detergent, and deobstruent, useful not only in diminishing corpulency, but in relieving several chronic diseases, consequent on a gross habit. The soap, our author particularly recommends, is the Alicant ; yet we must own we should prefer the Tartar soap, especially with a vegetable diet, or at least advise the Alicant to be purified with rectified spirits : in any respect its use will be highly prejudicial, where an alcalinescent disposition prevails, which is too often the case in corpulent habits. This is a circumstance not attended to by the doctor, though extremely essential to the patient, as the constant use of the medicine gives it in some respects the quality of an alterative. But we shall proceed to his method of exhibiting it, without diverting the reader's attention with our own remarks.

He advises a drachm to be taken at bed-time for four or five nights, and if no remarkable disorder is produced in the stomach, or bowels, by that quantity, the dose to be increased to two, three, or, in stubborn cases, to four drachms each night. The form may be in a bolus or electuary, made with any palatable syrup, or in pills ; or it may be dissolved in a glass of soft water, and drank, which method we should think the most effectual when the stomach does not reject it.

In proof of the virtues of this medicine, the doctor relates the following case : ‘ A worthy acquaintance of mine (says he) a judicious and experienced physician, in his younger days had been very active, and used much exercise, both on foot and on horseback ; and for many years seemed as little liable to extreme corpulency as most people. By insensible degrees, as he diminished his daily labours, fatness stole upon him, and kept increasing ; insomuch that, when I met with him about six years ago, I found him in the greatest distress through mere corpulency, of any person not exceeding middle age, I ever knew. He was then about forty-five. He was obliged to ride from house to house to visit his patients in the town where he practised, being quite unable to walk an hundred yards at a stretch ; and was in no small degree lethargic. In other respects, he seemed pretty clear of any remarkable disease, except gout,  
of

of which he had felt some, not very violent, attacks. I warmly recommended the inward use of soap, in order to reduce his corpulency, as the only safe and effectual remedy in his case, and a remedy which he might continue to use the longest; I enforced my advice by the reasonings above urged, of which he was too good a judge not to perceive their full cogency. Accordingly, he began to take it July, 1754, at which time he weighed 20 stone and 11 pounds, jockey-weight, a vast load for him to bear, who is little above middle stature, and withal small boned. He took every night at bed-time, a quarter of an ounce of common home-made Castile soap, dissolved in a quarter of a pint of soft water. In about two or three months time, he began to feel more freedom, and an increase of activity, which encouraged him to persevere. And that he did with such success, that in August 1756, (as he informs me in a letter now lying before me) his bulk was reduced two whole stone weight; and he could walk a mile with pleasure. He had continued the use of the soap all the time between June, 1754, and August, 1756, with very short interruptions, in the manner and quantity above-mentioned; it operated remarkably by urine, without ever producing the least troublesome effect. And now, while I am sending these pages to the press, (April 1760) I am certainly informed that he is hearty and well.

This was the only case where the doctor had an opportunity of making thorough trial of the soap, and, indeed, it seems to corroborate, though it does not confirm, all he has said of its virtues. The pamphlet is wrote with perspicuity and good sense; and we must allow the doctor's suggestion to be ingenious, should the diuretic virtues of the soap fall into the same disrepute its lithontriptic qualities have, for some years past. We mean with respect to the possibility of continuing the medicine till it can take effect.

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ART. VII. *A Dissertation on Dr. James's Fever Powder. In which the different Circumstances, wherein that remedy may prove beneficial or hurtful, are considered and distinguished, according to Observation and Reason.* By Malcolm Flemyng, M. D. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Davis and Reymers.

WE should perhaps have more reason to praise Dr. Flemyng as a scholar and physician, had we fewer opportunities given to speak of him as a writer. Too frequent an intercourse usually lessens our respect even for very worthy men; what then shall we say to the doctor, who, not content with one visit, obtrudes

trudes upon us a couple in the same day, in the form of a shilling pamphlet? The intention, however, of the performance in view, is laudable, and may prove useful; we shall therefore allow it more room than either the subject or bulk may seem, at first sight, to merit. Dr. James's Powder has, of late, been so indiscriminately administered in every species of feverish disorder, that a rational attempt to ascertain the particular stages and symptoms, in which it may prove hurtful or beneficial, certainly deserves the public regard.

Taking it for granted, that the powder is a preparation of antimony and mercury united, our author first enumerates the virtues of each of these minerals, and then reasons upon the joint effects they are likely to produce; but it would have been more satisfactory, had the doctor informed himself of the genuine receipt, which he might have done with little trouble, without, in the least, trespassing on the rights of the proprietor. He observes, that if any safe and effectual preparation of mercury be united with antimony, the composition will possess the joint virtues of both, which perfectly coincide, and mutually encrease and assist each other. Both have a dissolving and attenuating power, the antimony greater stimulus, and the mercurial production greater weight and divisibility: 'Hence (says he) closely joined and united, they will produce greater effects in the animal body, by dividing, and subduing lentor, and fitting it for expulsion, than either of them could have done separately; and hence a kind of artificial crisis, quicker than the natural, but salutary to the patient, is produced.'

From the qualities of the composition our author infers, that it should never be administered in acute distempers, except upon urgent occasions, and remarkable appearance of danger, after medicines approved by long experience, and the consent of the learned, have been fairly tried.

As a fever is an effort of nature to expel something noxious to the human body, and restore health, either without sensible evacuation, or by means of critical sweats, urine, stool, or vomiting, a certain duration of it is necessary, longer or shorter in proportion to the obstinacy of the morbid matter. It is therefore improper to hurry and spur on, perhaps counteract the intention of nature, by administering a composition unfriendly to animal nature, without very pressing reasons occur.

Having established it as a maxim, that the fever powder is not to be administered till other medicines have failed, and imminent danger appears, which, by the way, is denying fair play to the medicine, he proceeds to shew in what species of fevers he

he apprehends this celebrated nostrum, may prove useful. With respect to intermittents, he thinks trials of it unnecessary, as we are already possessed of so sovereign a remedy against them, the Peruvian bark. He apprehends, however, it may be usefully administered in particular cases, when the intermittent is upon the point of being changed into a continual; but as he made no particular observations, he speaks with diffidence.

In hectic fevers, he affirms the powder must, from the qualities of the ingredients, be prejudicial, as they tend to thin and dissolve the blood and juices already too much broke, to weaken solids, which, from the nature of the disease, cannot be supposed strong, and to excite colloquative sweats and diarrhæa, the too frequent concomitants on hectic fevers.

Next the doctor proceeds to the class of continued fevers, which he divides in the following manner :

‘ The first comprehends those, in which, at the approach of the fever, the body and its juices were pure; the fault lying principally in their too great motion; and its immediate effects. Such fevers arise from errors in the non-naturals. Ephemera is the slightest species of them; and the ardent fever may be reckoned the most violent.

‘ The second is that, in which there is a local circumscribed inflammation. Most of the species receive their appellation from the inflamed part, as pleuritis, phrenitis, peripneumonia, hepatitis, &c. In these the blood is so hot, and tense, first obstructing, and in its progress destroying the small vessels of the affected part.

‘ The third class may be called eruptive, containing those feverish disorders, in which spots appear; as the small-pox, measles, the miliary, erysipelatous, scarlet fevers, &c.

‘ The fourth comprehends those which are truly putrid; the blood and juices being sharp, dissolved, and gangrenous. In such fevers, hemorrhages of various kinds; and mortifications appear. To this class the gaol, and hospital fever, may be reduced.

‘ The fifth contains the slow or nervous kind: in which the blood is neither dense and inflammatory; nor sharp and putrid; the thinnest animal fluids, and particularly the nervous juice, seem here to be principally affected.

‘ The sixth class is that of pituitous or catarrhal fevers; in which there abounds a viscid ropy lentor, stopping the small pulmonary vessels. Peripneumonia notha is the general name for such fevers. They are commonly brought on by catching of cold.

‘ Under

‘ Under the seventh and last class may be ranged all the epidemical anomalous fevers from the slightest to the most malignant and pestilential kinds, not properly reducible under the foregoing heads ; which being infinitely various, and so often putting on new appearances, cannot be enumerated, much less divided into distinct species.

‘ As such diseases are either already past, or have not yet made their appearance, for I know of no uncommon epidemic fever stirring in this neighbourhood, now while I am writing ; I can have but little to say concerning the use of the Fever Powder in this last class. Let me only observe in general, that if there should appear hereafter a new dangerous fever, resisting the common methods of cure, that bid fairest for carrying it off, I should not hesitate to have recourse to the fever powder ; but with this reserve, that the symptoms of the new disease did not contraindicate the principal and leading virtues of mercury and antimony.’

From the penetrating and dissolving virtues of the powder, he apprehends it is excluded from the whole fourth class of febrile distempers, in which a putrid gangrenous disposition prevails, and where hæmorrhages and mortification, demonstrate the broken condition of the red globules. For the same reason it cannot be safely administered in that species of small-pox, which Sydenham calls the *black kind*, where the blood is strongly disposed to a putrid gangrenous state. In the first class he thinks the powder unnecessary, because the medicines now in use will sufficiently answer the intention, if seasonably and skilfully administered. ‘ However, (says he) if either through neglect of proper methods in the beginning, or their not proving successful, danger shews itself, I should not be against giving the fever powder, according to the author’s directions.’

As to pleurifies, peripneumonies, phrenitis, hepatitis, and wherever there is a local circumscribed inflammation, should bleeding, attenuating medicines, a low, thin, and diluting diet fail, the powder may be administered in small doses, at proper intervals, with advantage. But even in this case he thinks chermes mineral preferable, as it contains no mercury. When the inflammation continues, the pulse is full and hard, and the lentor of the blood tough.

Of the whole class of eruptive fevers, the doctor speaks only of the small-pox, in which, if the symptoms are violent, and the pustules indicate the bad kind, he recommends the powder, after once bleeding ; but great delicacy and caution are at the same time recommended. On the eleventh day, in the confluent kind,

he

he thinks it promises the most signal benefit, when the saliva, which till then flowed copiously, becomes thick and viscid, threatening fatal consequence from its suppression. The powder he has observed, in several instances, is the most efficacious of all medicines in attenuating viscid phlegm, stuffings in the throat and lungs, and rendering this ropy mucous saliva fit for expectoration.

His observations on the effects of the powder in nervous cases, he acknowledges are limited; but he is of opinion it ought to be given, after the common methods of cure have failed, where danger is apprehended, either from the malignity of the symptoms, or the long continuance of the fever. As in this kind of fever, the pulse is generally weak, small, and *thready*, mercury joined to antimony seems to promise benefit, by raising the circulation, and encreasing the impetus of the blood, and momentum of the fluids, by penetrating into the minute ramifications where the lentor resides, there attenuating and dissolving it, and thus promoting and accelerating a salutary crisis. In this we entirely agree with Dr. Flemming, having observed the effects of it in one case exactly similar to what he describes.

But the attenuating and dissolving virtues of the powder, render it, he thinks, particularly useful in catarrhal fevers, in which he prefers it to the essence of antimony, prescribed by the ingenious and learned Huxham. He has seen it fail in deliriums, and in comatous stupor, though duly and largely administered, but he never found it ineffectual in catarrhal fevers.

Such are the doctor's observations on the fever powder, delivered with modesty, though somewhat prematurely, as his experience of its efficacy appears to be extremely limited. He closes the whole of his remarks with the following observations, not the least sensible part of his little performance:

‘ Before I conclude, let me observe that powerful and valuable medicines, especially while they are new, have always had, and always will have, both unreasonable enemies, and rash unenlightened admirers, and partisans. That therefore, it is the duty of physicians to distinguish between truth and falsehood; between extravagant praises and groundless prejudices: at the same time taking care that mankind is not defrauded of useful remedies. And if even the most skilful and experienced practitioners are often at a loss to pass a right judgment on the effect of medicines, which is most certainly the case; so that it can very seldom be in the power of strangers to the profession so to do. And therefore, it is incumbent on the latter to think and speak modestly and diffidently concerning matters of this kind.



kind. But, above all to be cautious in advising and directing the exhibition of brisk and churlish medicines; lest, while they charitably intend a benefit, they do their neighbour irreparable damage.'

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ART. VIII. *An Essay on the Antient and Modern State of Ireland, with the various important Advantages thereunto derived, under the auspicious Reign of his most sacred Majesty King George the Second. Including a particular Account of the great and glorious St. Patrick.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Griffiths.

WE question much whether this essayist's countrymen will thank him for these overflowings of patriot zeal, which he pours forth in a torrent of immethodical desultory bombast, after the manner of those respectable bards, commonly known in Ireland by the appellation of *Scaldi*, or *Shenachighi*, who recite the illustrious actions of antient heroes at the doors of their descendants, with a view to open a way to the kitchen, whence exhale delicious odours, which, by twitching the olfactory nerves of the sage, sharpen his appetite, and inspire his song. Possible it is, that our author sat down to write with intentions somewhat similar, or, perhaps, with no other design than raising his own and his country's fame. Like the honest Hibernian, who being asked if he could play on the violin, answered, that he believed he could, but he had not yet tried; our author might imagine writing a book to be an easier task than he found it, before he got to the end of his career. This last conjecture is rendered the more probable, by the many little excursions he makes out of the strait road, by way of refreshment, which might have been extremely convenient to him, however unnecessary and fatiguing they may prove to the reader, who is forced to pursue him through all his extravagations. He boasts, indeed, that in composing this essay, he has nothing in view besides the honour and advantage of Ireland, 'a kingdom whereof he is, without vanity, proud of being a native;' but we must own, we should think it no great instance of pride in Ireland, if she refused to return him the compliment.

Our essayist proposes to treat his subject under three distinct periods; 1st. The peopling of Ireland, or *Scotia Major*, by an Iberian colony. 2d. The arrival of St. Patrick, in his most salutary mission; a period truly glorious. 3d. Its cession to Henry II. king of England, 'partly (say he) from a pretended title of Adrian IV. partly from the restless and insatiable desires of Henry, more from the manifold infirmities of the then reigning

ing Irish chiefs—but, above all, from the peculiar adverse fate of Roderick, the last of our kings.' He begins with acquainting us, that the Iberians, from their early knowledge of the Phœnician arts and letters, imported such rudiments of government and learning, as those primitive times admitted; 'a truth visible (says he) from the similarity, or rather identity of the Phœnician and Scotic alphabet,' though we apprehend this truth would be just as visible from the similarity of the Chinese and Roman alphabets.

He then launches out into inflated encomiums on the politics, learning, religion, and arts, established and introduced by this Iberian colony, resting his assertions, we suppose, on the undeniable authority of that oral tradition, handed down for some thousand years among their bards, the repositories of all knowledge, sacred and profane,

It is astonishing how this profound antiquary delivers matters, fraught with the deepest erudition, with all the ease of trifles, as if by accident dropping the most improving hints. For instance, speaking of St. Fiechry, that learned Hibernian founder of the university in Paris, in the beginning of the eighth century (at which period he arrives in one page) he acquaints us, that *Fiacre*, the technical name of a hackney-coach, is derived from the above saint, who, to enable him to carry on the great work he projected, obtained of Charles the Great a tax on all wheel-carriages within the city.

Then he enters upon the history of St. Patrick; but proceeds only a short way, when, making a sudden turning, he tells us, that Gideon reigned the fourth judge of the Hebrews, in the year of the world 2700: that about this time appeared Hercules, Orpheus, Castor, Pollux, the *Argonauts*, Jason, Laomedon, Theseus, and many other heroes. 'That the Amazons, heroines of Scythic extraction, having lost their husbands in battle, took up arms themselves, with a manly spirit of resentment, and (inspired with love of their deceased husbands, and grief for so great and irretrievable a loss!) subdued Asia, and built Ephesus; a little episode which, we apprehend, must greatly edify the reader, and reflect strong rays of light on the obscure history of the tutelary St. Patrick. After this he resumes the saint's story, and then abruptly quits it, to make the following sagacious reflections:

• Never did the spirit of popular freedom exert itself more powerfully or harmoniously, than in those truly parliamentary triennial conventions of Ireland, where the supreme monarch, the provincial kings, the feudatory lords, the nobles, landed  
men,

men, Druids, &c. by the unbiassed suffrages of the people, convened for the peace, good government and security of each particular province, as well as those of the whole kingdom. Many centuries had this wise constitution subsisted here, before our neighbours, even of South Britain, knew any thing relative to houses, or raiment; it being notorious that so late as the arrival of Julius Cæsar among them, they painted their bodies, to render them terrible, and lived in the open fields. It is really somewhat surprising that people so near in situation, should differ so essentially in disposition, as the inhabitants of those islands have in all ages; hospitality having been the distinguishing attribute of the Irish, and its opposite defect, that of the Britons; the account given of them by Horace 1700 and odd years ago, *Vitam Briannos hospitibus feros*, being as literally applicable to them at this day, where the force of education doth not operate to mitigate their natural ferocity.—Who would henceforward credit ignorant partial British historians, when they pretend to try up antient British hospitality!

Before he finishes the history of St. Patrick, we are favoured with a variety of other instructive digressions, all of them tending to the same end; namely, to impress us with exalted notions of the deep erudition of this Hibernian essayist, historian, and politician. To wind up this curious disquisition into the state of antient Ireland, we are obliged with the following defence of *Teague*.

‘How our neighbours came to call us *waild Ayriß*, I am at a loss to conjecture; it being evident we have been a thousand years, at least, in possession of letters, laws, and civility, before the arrival of Julius Cæsar in Britain.

‘I am equally at a loss to know why a man should become a standing jest for his ignorance in an alien tongue, almost the constant fate of our countrymen in Britain, where, whoever is not smartly expert in the English language, is immediately denominated a Teague, a Paddy, or I know not what, in the stile of derision: at the same time that the most aukward-tongued Irishman in London speaks English with far more propriety, and a better accent, than the smartest British *petit maitre* in Paris doth French.

‘Some dramatic scribblers, (probably of our own degenerate growth) the better to qualify them for eleemosynary dinners, gave rise to this impertinent treatment of a nation, which, from the concurrent testimonies of all the dispassionate and learned, can, in reality, be as little the object of scurrility, as any other.

‘Why

‘ Why should even poor Teague prove so constant a butt to farce-wrights, and hackney-laughers ; when, upon examination, he is, by a thousand degrees, preferable to the British hobbinol, or French gregoire ? For Teague is a very pattern of hospitality ; so much so, that if a gentleman should happen to miss his road, and be necessitated to seek the shelter of Teague’s cabin, or hut, was poor Teague trusting to two sheep for his worldly subsistence, he would kill one, and sell the other, at the next village or inn, for the better entertainment of his guest, and think himself happy in such an occasion of approving his generosity and respect : he would the next morning abandon his spade, and cheerfully trot ten miles to shew such bewildered gentleman the right road. He is naturally civil, generous, and hospitable, (for scarce a night passeth that poor travellers are not entertained in his cottage,) extremely respectful to his superiors, and to his lord and master faithful to death. The military annals of Europe proclaim his capacity and taste for fighting ; then if you should take this identical Teague’s infant son, and give him a regular liberal education, it is one hundred to one, but he turns out a gentleman of merit, learning, worth, and politeness ; whereas it would certainly require more than Herculean labour to chissel a French païsan, a primitive Westmoreland, or Devonshire boor, not only into the form of an elegant, but even into that of a sociable creature.

‘ The insignificancy of those jesters and spatterers, will more clearly appear, if we look back to the wise, free, and truly parliamentary constitution of this kingdom ; if we recollect the vast length of its duration, as a free and independent state ; the military prowess of its inhabitants in all ages ; their victorious conflicts with the Romans, and with the French under Henry the Vth, and the Black Prince ; their having founded a monarchy in North Britain, whence, by a right of descent, in addition to every other, his present majesty, (whom God long preserve) by the special providence and infinite mercy of heaven, ruleth over us : if we consider the number of our universities, colleges, and academies, religious monasteries and pious seminaries, resorted to from all civilized parts of Europe, our metropolitical and diocesan cathedrals ; on such impartial review, surely, the foregoing tribe of sneerers and flouters must dwindle into deserved contempt.’

After a short view of the conquest of Ireland by Henry II. which, however, our author says was no conquest, and of the succeeding reigns to the tenth year of Henry VII. our author runs out into severe invective against the law, known by the name

of Poining's act, which he concludes with this emphatic and sensible reflection :

' In times dark, *tumultuated* and dangerous, no wonder extraordinary laws should pass : desperate diseases require desperate remedies ; but when the *fever* is removed, it certainly is a horrid management, to leave the *blistering plaiſter* still sticking to the recovered patient's back.' But we fear the apothecary may have removed too early the epispastic from the back of our indignant essayist, who still betrays symptoms of that delirium occasioned by the passion he was put into by *Poining's* act.

As it would be endless to trace this mirror of science through all the labyrinths of criticism, politics, history, &c. &c. into which he plunges over head and ears, without dread or fear, we shall take our leave, by quoting the last sentence of the farmer's case, annexed to the foregoing essay, and from the stile evidently written by the same hand.

' What I have hitherto hinted is but a narrow opening to the concerns and interests of an unhappy country, whereof I had the misfortune to be a helpless, though loving, member. To promote the advantage of Ireland, in any respect, would be to me the cardinal point of the whole compass of my ambition.' And never again to peruse such nonsensical bombast, is really the south pole of our desire, the *needle* which alone can guide us with temper through the shoals, the quicksands, and the hidden rocks, which every where obstruct our course in the boundless ocean of reviewing.

ART. IX. *Dialogues of the Dead.* 8vo. Pr. 4s. Sandby.

IT is a presumptive, but not a direct proof of the merit of these dialogues, that they have so rapidly attained a second impression. In general the multitude is swayed by a few individuals of superior taste ; but there are many instances where books of the least merit rise to the highest vogue, merely from caprice. *Interdum vulgus rectum videt ; est ubi peccat*, is no less applicable to letters than to politics. Here, indeed, we are not surprized at the applause bestowed ; the hand of a master is too visible in every page to escape the most undiscerning. A distinguishing judgment, delicacy of sentiment, propriety of thought, and purity of diction, recommend this little performance at the first glance. Yet, to speak our opinion freely, we think the dialogues too abruptly introduced, and the *persons* characterized rather by the writer than by their own conversation. It is possible

sible that freedom and disregard of all ceremony may be proper enough for *shades*, but we expect to find in them something of the original living character. The Czar Peter and Louis the Great, may perhaps be allowed to accost each other in the language of draymen; but when Swift and Addison dispute about precedence in the class of wit and humour, we expect to meet with some of those strokes which characterized the dean and the secretary: but whatever the dialogue may want of perfection in this respect, is amply compensated by Mercury's decision, which sets the claims of both those excellent writers in the justest point of view. Addressing the dean, he says,

‘ Dr. Swift, I rejoice to see you—How does my old lad? How does honest Lemuel Gulliver? Have you been in Lilliput lately, or in the Flying Island, or with your good nurse Glumdalclitch? Pray when did you *eat a crust with lord Peter*? Is Jack as mad still as ever? I hear the poor fellow is almost got well *by more gentle usage*. If he had but more *food* he would be as much in his senses as brother Martin himself. But Martin, they tell me, has spawned a strange brood of fellows called Methodists, Moravians, Hutchinsonians, who are madder than Jack was in his worst days. It is a pity you are not alive again to be *at them*. They would be excellent food for your tooth; and a sharp tooth it was, as ever was placed in the gum of a mortal; ay, and a strong one too. The hardest food would not break it, and it could pierce the thickest skulls. Indeed it was like one of Cerberus's teeth: one should not have thought it belonged to a man—Mr. Addison, I beg your pardon, I should have spoken to you sooner; but I was so struck with the sight of the doctor, that I forgot for a time the respects due to you.

‘ *Swift*. Addison, I think our dispute is decided, before the judge has heard the cause.

‘ *Addison*. I own it is, in your favour, and I submit—but—

‘ *Mercury*. — Don't be discouraged, friend Addison. Apollo perhaps would have given a different judgment. I am a wit, and a rogue, and a foe to all dignity. Swift and I naturally like one another. He worships me more than Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer. But yet, I assure you, I have a great value for you.—*Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, the Country-gentleman in the Freeholder*, and twenty more characters, drawn with the finest strokes of natural wit and humour in your excellent writings, seat you very high in the class of *my authors*, though not quite so high as the dean of St. Patrick's. Perhaps you might have come nearer to him, if the

decency of your nature and cautiousness of your judgment would have given you leave. But, if in the force and spirit of his wit he has the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the polite and elegant graces ; in the fine touches of delicate sentiment ; in developing the secret springs of the soul ; in shewing all the mild lights and shades of a character ; in marking distinctly every line, and every soft gradation of tints, which would escape the common eye ! Who ever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the shade even of the greatest simplicity, or the most ridiculous weaknesses ; so that we are forced to admire, and feel that we *venerate*, even while we are laughing ! Swift could do nothing that approaches to this. — He could draw an ill face very well, or caricature a good one with a masterly hand : but there was all his power : and, if I am to speak as a *god*, a worthless power it is. Your's is divine. It tends to improve and exalt human nature.'

There is not perhaps among the whole, a conversation that displays so fully the refined taste and exquisite feelings of the ingenious author, as this we have just quoted : it is the sphere in which he excels. The dialogue between Boileau and Pope, where they compare their own writings, criticize on Shakespear, Racine, and Corneille ; on Milton, Spencer, Waller, Dryden, Voltaire, and a variety of English and French poets, is replete with fine remarks and just criticism. Speaking of the French tragic writers, he observes, with a truly poetical imagination, ' that Racine is the swan described by ancient poets, which rises on downy wings to the clouds, and sings a sweet, but gentle and plaintive note ; Corneille, the eagle, which soars to the skies on bold and sounding pinions, and fears not to perch on the scepter of Jupiter, or to bear in his pinions the lightning of the gods.' Longinus himself could not have characterized them with more strength and beauty.

The tender, the amiable, the resigned wife, is admirably expressed in Octavia's account of her behaviour to the false Anthony : we see in her the pattern of female virtue, another *Lucy*, swelling the heart and drawing forth the pious tear of conjugal affection.

The reader will be highly delighted with the picture of Atticus ; a character which our author seems to have thoroughly studied. He is represented as justifying his conduct to Brutus, and vindicating himself from that load of blame, thrown out by persons who perceived not the wisdom, the prudence of his measures ; who held him in the light of a mean time-server,  
not

not of a healing mediator, a sincere friend, an honest courtier, whose easy and polite manners gained him the countenance of the conquerors, while he was exerting his utmost endeavours to relieve the distresses of the conquered.

In the dialogues between lord Falkland and Mr. Hampden, Cortez and Pen, the duke de Guise and Machiavel, William III. and de Witt, and one or two more, our author appears to advantage as a politician; his reflections are strong and natural; he has searched the human heart, and faithfully related his discoveries; not like those pseudo-politicians, who strain and torture every action in the field, every measure in the cabinet, to shew their own refinement and subtilty. In the conversation betwixt Pericles and Cosmo, the first grand duke of Tuscany, there is much erudition and good sense displayed; that sort of erudition, we mean, that is acquired by a judicious application of historical facts. We are sorry that the length into which some of the preceding articles have run, prevents our obliging the reader with extracts from this, and several of the other dialogues. The performance closes with a conversation between Plutarch and a modern bookfeller, by another hand, which contains a great deal of just ridicule on the present mode of writing, and that taste for romance, which serves only to pervert the understanding, and estrange the mind from all solid and useful knowledge. Upon the whole, we have not lately seen a work of more entertainment and real instruction, where sound sense, and a lively imagination, are more happily united, or where the erudition of the scholar is more agreeably tempered with the feeling, the taste, and the sentiments of a gentleman.

ART. X. *The Trinitarian Controversy Reviewed; or, a Defence of the Appeal to the Common Sense of all Christian People, &c. Wherein every Particular advanced by the Rev. Dr. M'Donnell in his Sincere Christian's Answer to the Appeal, is distinctly considered; several other Subjects relative to the Question, are discussed; and an humble Attempt is made to put a final Period, if possible, to this Controversy, by a solemn Address to the most judicious Defenders of the Athanasian Trinity. By the Author of the Appeal. 8vo. Price 5s. Millar.*

THE author of this treatise undertakes to support an opinion, which has been already adopted by one of the greatest divines, and the greatest philosopher this nation ever produced. The notion of a triplicity in the divine nature was rejected by



the great Newton and the sagacious Dr. Clarke. Many even amongst the illiterate have raised objections against the Athanasian creed, in which this doctrine is contained; and therefore it will not seem surprising, that a person of so much learning and penetration as our author, should, in so difficult a question, be too powerful for his adversary. He opens the controversy in page 3d, by asserting, that the tenets of the Athanasian creed are so contrary to those of scripture, that they appear, at first view, to convey a sense diametrically opposite to that of the sacred writers. It is generally acknowledged, that the term Trinity, is not to be found in the scriptures; and it seems surprising, that the writings of the apostles should be thought insufficient, without the assistance of new and obscure terms of art, invented by men.

In page 57 we meet with a strong argument in support of what was before advanced, that the doctrine of the Trinity is inconsistent with scripture; namely, that it is impossible to explain some texts according to it, without offending against the rules of grammar, as well as common-sense. Thus, according to the Trinitarian hypothesis, the following text, *God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth;* must be interpreted, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, is a spirit, and those that worship him; that is, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, must worship him; that is, them in spirit and in truth. And, in Rev. iv. 11. *Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour, and power; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created:* thou, O Lord, that is, thou Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This observation appears to us very pertinent, and we apprehend that it will not be found easy to refute it, since it is not to be supposed, but that the words, *thou* and *him* are used in scripture in the same sense as in other writings: Since God has made use of language as the vehicle of revelation, it is not reasonable to suppose that he has altered it for that purpose.

In page 61 our author fully confutes what had been advanced by his adversary, that the Son must be as perfect as the Father, because his will is exactly the same with the Father's, there being a possibility for an imperfect Being to deviate from the will of a perfect one, by observing, that it would follow from hence that the Jews could not have any rational conviction, that Moses delivered the will of God, tho' he worked miracles, because he was an imperfect being, and capable of deviating from the will of the Almighty. This seems to put Christ upon a footing with Moses, and favours strongly of the Socinian doctrine of our Saviour's being nothing more than a man divinely commissioned from

from heaven, in which light he is considered by the Mahometans themselves.

In page 64. we meet with an observation, which the partizans of the doctrine of three persons in the godhead will find very difficult to answer. If the Son be supposed equal to the Father, the Father might as well have been sent upon a divine mission by the Son, as the Son by the Father, which is downright blasphemy. The difficulty of defending the Trinitarian hypothesis appears still farther in other instances. To make the expression, the Father, signify Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and, my Father, the distinct person of the Father, is altogether forced and unnatural. But there are no passages in scripture harder to be reconciled with the doctrine of the Trinity, than those wherein our Saviour is represented as offering up prayers to his God and Father, and not only so, but as praying with strong crying and tears. His exclamation on the cross, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me*, is still as difficult to be accounted for, upon the supposition of his being of the same essence with God, and upon a perfect equality with him. These are, indeed, very strong arguments to prove this dogma unscriptural; and they are greatly corroborated by the consideration that the apostles, in their discourses recorded in the acts, have not only omitted the doctrine of three persons and one God, but have likewise delivered the character of the one supreme God inconsistent with it.

These examples may suffice to give the reader an idea of our author's manner of reasoning, and of the merits of the cause which he contends for. To follow him through the whole course of the controversy is unnecessary, as his work contains no arguments more strong than those we have already laid before the reader. Upon the whole, we would earnestly recommend this performance to all who attach themselves to the study of theology, as it contains every thing material, that can be said upon the subject, and is wrote with a logical precision. We do not, however, take upon us to say, with the author, that the Athanasian creed should be rejected,—that we leave to the decision of the church: but as laymen, we may be allowed to declare our opinion, that in this controversy he has greatly the advantage of his adversary.

ART. XI. *Cautions and Advices to Officers of the Army ; particularly Subalterns. Very proper to be read by all Gentlemen of that Rank and Profession. By an Old Officer. 12mo. Pr. 2s. 6d. T. Payne.*

**T**HE business of a reviewer would be truly eligible, were only books of real worth to come before his censorial tribunal ; as matters stand, he is forced to balance the satisfaction arising from productions of genius, against the labour of drudging through enormous piles of dulness and conceit. The admirable little performance in view is an instance of what good sense may strike out on subjects the most exhausted. To impart counsel with delicacy has ever been deemed a task of great difficulty ; but to convey advice on trite topics, with novelty, distinguishes the writer of genius. By this performance officers are not taught the rudiments of the military art, but the principles of morals and œconomy ; the means of establishing a reputation in the points most essential to a man of honour ; of procuring the esteem of their superiors, the friendship of their equals, and the affection of those whom Providence has placed in subordinate stations ; their duty to themselves, the world, their king, and their God. No display is made of eloquence or erudition ; all is plain and simple, the writer applying directly to the understanding, though he does not fail of sometimes touching the heart. Sufficiently copious, without the trappings of metaphor, and elegant without the glare of colouring ; every page distinguishes the good sense of the author, improved by converse with the world. His admonitions are particularly adapted to the officer, but they may be read by every man who would pass through life with applause and tranquillity of mind.

Cautioning the young officer on his behaviour to the men, he relates the following little anecdotes, which enforce his admonitions, and shew the power of repentment and gratitude in the private soldiers.

At the siege of Lisle, in queen Ann's time, upon an attack of some of the out-works, the grenadiers of the fifteenth regiment of foot were obliged to retire, by the springing of a mine, or by the superiority of the defendants fire : in this retreat the lieutenant of these grenadiers, remarkable for his ill treatment of them, was wounded, and fell. The grenadiers were passing on, nor heeded his intreaties to help him off : at last, he laid hold of a pair of shoes that were tied to the waste-belt of one of them ; the grenadier, regardless of his situation, and in repentment

ment of his former ill-usage, took out a knife from his pocket, with which he cut the string and left them with him, with this remarkable expression, *There! there is a new pair of shoes for you to carry to hell.* Had this unhappy man, by his good behaviour, gained the love of his men, I will be bold to say, not one of them but would have risked his own life to have saved *that* of his officer.'

'The soldiers of a certain Scots regiment heard that their lieutenant-colonel was to retire, and that a captain, and not their major, who was their great favourite, was to purchase of him. They held a consultation amongst themselves, and the result was a deputation, of two or three of them to wait on the major; who, in a very respectful manner, begged to know if there was any truth in the report, and why he did not purchase the lieutenant-colonelcy? He told them, that what they had heard was very true, and that he could not purchase for want of money. They then entreated him to take no steps in the affair until they had made their report to their comrades; which they immediately did, and by them were ordered to wait again on the major, and to tell him, that the whole regiment was so sensible of his merit as an officer, and had always been so well used by him, that they were determined he should not have the mortification of a younger officer coming over him: they therefore earnestly intreated him to make a bargain for the commission in agitation, and they would furnish the money, which they had actually raised amongst themselves, and which the deputies laid before him at the same time. This singular act of generosity and gratitude did not take place; for the lieutenant-colonel was either killed or preferred, I forget which now, and the major succeeded him, to the great joy of the whole corps.'

After a good deal of sensible instruction, with regard to an officer's behaviour in little towns, where he may be quartered on a recruiting party, he passes to the subject of gallantry.

'If (says he) the inhabitants have wives or daughters, by no means dare to exceed the limits of decency or good manners to them. Every man has a very just sense of the injury done him when the chastity of either is invaded, or indeed only attempted; and if it was coolly attended to, I am apt to believe it would be sufficient to guard against such breaches of hospitality. A man and his wife, for instance, have lived happily and contentedly for some years, and he civilly invites me to his house; shall I then dare to attempt to dissolve an union so desirable? Shall I even dare to give him grounds for the least suspicion? No assuredly; I ought not, even should I discover any symptoms of levity on her

her side. An absolute certainty of a criminal correspondence must render both miserable: the poor man must certainly so:—  
Has he only suspicions?

‘—————Trifles light as air  
Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ.’——

Therefore carefully avoid giving even the least shadow of uneasiness, and make him not so terrible a return for his hospitality. Let cornet Buckle's fate be a sufficient beacon for you to avoid the fatal rock he so unhappily lost his life upon. The story is so recent that I may be excused relating it: the naming the poor unfortunate youth will I hope be enough \*.

\* The man perhaps has no wife; or if he has, she is not mistress of charms sufficient to engage your attention. But he has a daughter, young, blooming and gay; in some unguarded, some unhappy moment for her, you make your attempt and too fatally succeed. What must be your after-thoughts if you are yet possessed of the least spark of honour or remorse? An innocent girl ruined, undone! exposed to shame and ignominy! whose character can never be retrieved, and who can never after appear in public, but to be pointed at as the reproach and scandal of her sex. Add to this the unhappiness, the misery of her parents; the indelible, the eternal shame you have fixed upon them and their whole family, whom you have so dismally disappointed in their hopes of seeing this their child, perhaps their favourite, their *only* child, comfortably and happily settled in the world, with some honest, worthy man, in credit and repute. Think on this betimes, and let the dreadful consequences deter you from attempts of this nature.—Another, though indeed an infinitely less weighty reason, ought to check your unbridled appetites, and that is, The light you will appear in the remainder of the time you stay there; the reception you must expect to meet with in your next quarters, where your character will have reached before you (*for fame has tongues as well as wings*) and the evil eye the officers that succeed you will be viewed with by the inhabitants of the town you have left. People are too apt

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\* \* So much time having elapsed since writing the above, it will now be necessary to mention, that this ill-fated youth had just obtained a cornetcy of dragoons, and the man of the house where he lodged, having reason to suspect too much familiarity between his wife and the cornet, ripped up his belly with a knife which he used in his trade as a *cork-cutter*.

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to judge of the *Jump* by the *sample*, and if *one* officer is bad, rashly conclude that all are so. An opulent city in the west of England, little used to have troops with them, had a regiment, or part of one, I know not which now, sent to be quartered there: the principal inhabitants and wealthiest merchants, glad to shew their hospitality, and attachment to their sovereign, took the first opportunities to get acquainted with the officers, inviting them to their houses, and shewing them every civility in their power, and were never easy but when they had one or other of them daily with them: this was truly a very desirable situation. A merchant extremely easy in his circumstances, took so prodigious a liking to one officer in particular, that he gave him an apartment in his own house, and made him in a manner absolute master of it, the officer's friends being always welcome to his table. The merchant was a widower, and had only two favourite daughters; the officer in so comfortable a station, cast his wanton eyes upon them, and too fatally succeeding, ruined, debauched them both: dreadful return to the merchant's misplaced friendship! The consequence of this ungenerous action was, that *all* officers ever after were shunned as a public nuisance, as a pest to society; nor can I tell if the inhabitants have yet conquered their aversion to a red coat.

With pleasure we could continue our extracts, but the justice due to other authors prevents our adding more, than that books on the art of war may enable a young fellow to figure as a soldier, but a close attention to the rules laid down in this little elegant work will give him reputation as a man, and worthy member of society.

## ART. XII. ENGRAVING.

**M**R. Strange has finished two historical prints, from the original paintings of Carlo Maratte; one a St. Cecilia, attended by angels, in the collection of the right honourable the earl of Orford; the other, a Madona, with a sleeping *Paraghetto*, in the possession of Dr. Chauncey. There is a sweetness of rapture, (if one may be allowed the expression) in the features of St. Cecilia, a kind of composed rapture, which agreeably diffuses itself into the breast of the spectator. The sleeping child in the other is, in our opinion, one of the finest figures we have seen; and maternal fondness smiling, amidst the graces of innocence and beauty, is charmingly expressed in the face of the Madona.

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The execution is such as might be expected from the inimitable touches of a great artist, whose pieces will, we doubt not, meet with the most cordial protection from the public, while he himself is roaming abroad, like an industrious bee, rifling the sweets of Italy, in order to enrich his native land.

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### ART. XIII.

**I**T must give pleasure to every person of taste, to think what a rapid progress we make in the polite arts, at a time when our arms, in every part of the world, may be supposed to attract our attention, and drain our treasure. That we are arrived to great perfection in painting, engraving, and metzotinto, the multitudes that flocked to the late exhibition were eye-witnesses, particularly in metzotinto, we may be justly said to excel every other nation.

White brought this art to very great perfection; he being a painter, wrought with greater boldness and freedom than mere copyists are capable of: his prints, by this means, have all the strength of drawings. Smith was excellent in this way, but he wanted the drawing part, for which White was famous, and which gives force and spirit to performances of this nature.

It is reported of Sir Godfrey Kneller, that he would very often snatch the tool out of Smith's hand, and scrape some parts himself, where he saw there wanted effect. Faber's performances have their admirers, and Houston and M<sup>r</sup> Ardel give great pleasure; but still a painter seems more likely to succeed in metzotinto than a copyist.

Nothing but the extraordinary merit of an artist in this way, would have induced us to have said so much upon this subject: the person whose merit we attempt to do justice to, is the ingenious Mr. Frye, who proposes to scrape twelve heads of metzotinto, drawn from nature, and as large as the life, from designs in the manner of Piazzetta of Rome; the drawings of which are to be seen every day at the author's house, the Golden Head in Hatton-Garden. The portraits of this gentleman that were at the exhibition-room, shew him to be eminent as a painter; and the metzotinto head hung up there, will justify us in pronouncing him a great master in that art. The print has as much force as a fine painting, and is an excellent specimen of his abilities. The whole work, when completed, will probably be not only an addition to, but an improvement upon this fine art.

ART.

## FOREIGN ARTICLES.

ART. XIV. *Petri Burmanni Orationes, antea sparsim editæ, et ineditis auctæ. Accedit carminum Appendix. Hagæ. 4to.*

**E**VERY lover of polite learning will be pleased with a complete and accurate edition of the works of Burman, so deservedly celebrated over Europe for the chasteness of his Latinity, and the fineness of his genius. In this new edition we have four orations, never before published, which add greatly to the value of the volume, as they appear to be inferior in no particular to those upon which the best critics in Europe have already bestowed their applause. Besides a fund of literature, and refined imagination, there is in these discourses a certain purity of diction and Attic elegance, that would not be thought unworthy of Pliny himself. The subjects are important, and well chosen for the member of a republican government. They are as follow :

- ‘ 1. De sapientiâ Romanorum in constituendâ republicâ.
- ‘ 2. De feliciori vivendi conditione in rebuspublicis, quam in regnis.
- ‘ 3. De artibus liberalibus, solis olim academiârum et scholarum ornamentis, hodie vero ex dignitate in infimum locum dejectis.
- ‘ 4. De bibliothecis publicis, eorumque præfectis.’

The second of these orations it was, that probably gave birth to the report of M. Burman's having left among his papers a bitter invective against the stadtholdership, which the ingenious editor assures us was intirely groundless.

To these orations of Burman, the editor has very judiciously annexed his funeral oration, pronounced by the learned Mr. Oosterdyck Schacht, professor of medicine in Leyden, from whence we are able to collect many interesting particulars of Burman's life ; interesting at least to scholars, because they regard a man so highly esteemed in the republic of letters. We shall give a short abstract, for the satisfaction of our more curious readers.

Peter Burman, born in 1668, at Utrecht, was son of Francis Burman, professor of theology, and celebrated by a variety of learned performances, which he published. At eleven years of age he had the misfortune to lose this excellent father ; but such was the care taken of his education by his mother, who was daughter to Heydanus, one of the most distinguished divines in Europe, that young Burman had the less reason to regret his situation. His academical studies he began under the direction of the



the learned Grævius, at that time the brightest ornament of the university of Utrecht. So promising a genius could not fail to attract the attention of this profound scholar, who soon distinguished Burman, admitted him into his friendship, and rendered him all possible services in his power. The rapid progress he made in his studies, shewed how judiciously the professor had placed his esteem; Burman became the pattern of eloquence in the university, at an age when other men scarce attain to a taste for polite letters.

Having fully perfected himself in classical knowledge, which he rightly judged the master-key to unlock the treasures of science, he applied himself to jurisprudence, under the most celebrated masters, but without losing sight of the Belles Lettres. Excellent as his instructors were in Utrecht, he resolved to profit by the erudition, and characters of the three learned professors, Volder, Ryckius, and Gronovius; for which purpose he removed to Leyden. Here he resided for a year, attaching himself particularly to Gronovius; with whom he contracted an intimacy, which arose from their congenial dispositions and mutual esteem; and then returned to Utrecht, where he published his dissertation, intitled, *De Transactionibus*, a piece highly valued for its learning and elegance.

A tour he made through Germany and Switzerland, procured him the acquaintance and friendship of several men of letters, with whom he afterwards corresponded. On his return he was called to the bar, and gained such reputation by his elegant pleadings, that in 1691 he was made receiver of the ecclesiastical tythes, a place no less honourable than lucrative, but little agreeable to the disposition of Burman, who was now too much employed to gratify his passion for the fine arts, except in a manner prejudicial to his health; for he used to sit up whole nights in close study.

The illustrious Grævius beheld, with joy, the successful talents of his pupil and friend. His continual praises, and warm recommendations, contributed not a little in procuring Burman the professorships; first, of eloquence and history, then of Greek and Latin, and, lastly, of politics; to all which he was raised by the universal voice, as they became vacant. Nor had the public cause to repent their choice; he discharged the business of each with superior ability, and, notwithstanding his employments were so multiplied, found means to publish several works in the compass of a few years, which declared the rectitude of their election. Among these was a treatise, *De Vestigaliis Po-*  
*puli*

*puli Romani*, which displayed profound knowledge of the history, laws, and policy of ancient Rome; another, intitled, *Jupiter Fulgurator*, an elegant commentary on the Fables of Phædrus, and that exquisite fragment of the inimitable Petronius; some orations, and several detached poems; all of which did credit to the genius, the taste, and the erudition of Burman.

In a short excursion he made to Paris, he met with a very flattering and striking instance of the esteem in which he was held by foreigners. Happening one day to be in company with the celebrated Montfaucon, he so charmed that profound antiquarian with his taste and elocution, that he pressingly desired to know his name. He was no sooner told that it was Burman, than, rising suddenly from his seat, he embraced him in raptures, and felicitated himself on having met with a person, whose works he had long admired, and whom he regarded as one of the most shining ornaments of literature. A thousand civilities were shewn him by this polite benedictine, during his residence in Paris; and on his departure, Montfaucon gave him letters of recommendation to all the convents of his order, that he might lodge without expence, and be admitted to their libraries and curious manuscripts, through all the provinces in France.

In the year 1715 the learned Perizonius died at Leyden, and the curators of the university, sensible that his place could not be so ably filled as by Burman, addressed very advantageous proposals to him. For a long time he hesitated; at last his enemies determined him to accept the offer, by opposing his pretensions to some particular employment, to which his merit undoubtedly had a right. Accordingly he took his leave of Utrecht, and was joyfully received in Leyden by all the friends of learning. On taking possession of the chairs of history, eloquence, and the Greek language, he pronounced an eloquent oration on the duties of a public professor of polite letters, which augmented his reputation, and raised the public hopes, that the university would receive additional lustre from this new member. Their expectations were fully answered; all the youth of the first quality flocked from every quarter to learn the rudiments of taste and science under so able a master. In 1725 he was made public librarian, an employment the more agreeable to him, as it furnished ample opportunity of satiating that strong passion for books with which he was possessed. Much about the same time, our professor was charged by the trustees of the university, with the useful and laudable task of prelecting on the history of the United Provinces; an example we are astonished has not been followed in our British seminaries. Twice he had the honour

nour of being chosen rector; and on the first of these occasions he spoke that beautiful oration on the study of humanity, or the fine arts, which has ever since been admired as a masterpiece of elocution and taste. While he is recommending polite letters, he demonstrates how essential they are to every gentleman, and inspires a taste for them, by his own example. We must indeed acknowledge, that we never perused a discourse more replete with refined thoughts elegantly expressed, with happier irony well supported, and with erudition set off with all the adventitious ornaments of genius and sensibility.

After this he gave the publick chaste editions of Paterculus, Quintilian, Valerius Flaccus, and several other Roman classics. In a word, his application was so close, that it greatly impaired his health, though it could not oblige him altogether to forsake society; for he was as much sought after for the charms of his conversation, the gaiety of his humour, the delicacy of his wit, as for the vast depth of his erudition. His enemies made a handle of the openness of his disposition, and freedom of his discourse, to represent him as an enemy to religion; but his panegyrist assures us, that he died with the most exalted sentiments of the christian doctrine. After a long and painful illness, he yielded up his last breath on the 31st of March, in the year 1741, deeply regretted by all men of learning, and particularly by his friends, and those who knew the qualities of his heart.

ART. XV. *Histoire Naturelle générale, et particulière, avec la Description du Cabinet du Roi. Tom. VII. 4to.*

**M**R. Buffon's Natural History has acquired such merited reputation, that the public will doubtless be pleased with the appearance of this addition to that valuable work. The same exactness in description, boldness of thought, taste for metaphysical refinement, and elegance of diction, characterize this as the former volumes. It is truly astonishing, what a fund of entertainment, and nice speculation, he has found in subjects so unpromising as the description of wolves, foxes, otters, mice, rats, and other animals the most disagreeable and contemptible; but Buffon's genius dignifies every subject by soaring above it, carrying his reflections to final causes, and opening the inexhaustible treasures of the most sublime philosophy.

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ART. XVI. *L'Oracle de Nouveaux Philosophes. Pour servir de suite et d'Éclaircissement aux Oeuvres de Mr. de Voltaire.*  
8vo.

FROM the title to this performance, we imagined the author intended a defence of those numberless paradoxes, and whimsical thoughts, respecting philosophy and religion, to be found in every page of the works of the ingenious Mr. Voltaire. On the contrary, he rigidly examines those thoughts, by placing them in a collective view, shewing their contradiction, and exposing their fallacy, with abundance of learning, genius, and spirit, but with less logical precision than might be expected.

## Monthly CATALOGUE.

ART. 17. *The Sermons of Mr. Yorick. 2 Vols. 12mo. Pr. 5s.*  
Doddsley.

IT is with pleasure we behold this son of Comus descending from the chair of mirth and frolick, to inspire sentiments of piety, and read lectures in morality, to that very audience whose hearts he has captivated with good-natured wit, and facetious humour. Let the narrow-minded bigot persuade himself that religion consists in a grave forbidding exterior and austere conversation; let him wear the garb of sorrow, rail at innocent festivity, and make himself disagreeable to become righteous; we, for our parts, will laugh and sing, and lighten the unavoidable cares of life by every harmless recreation: we will lay siege to Namur with uncle *Toby* and *Trim*, in the morning, and moralize at night with *Sterne* and *Yorick*; in one word, we will ever esteem religion when smoothed with good humour, and believe that piety alone to be genuine, which flows from a heart, warm, gay, and social.

With these sentiments we took up Mr. *Sterne's* sermons, without being offended at *Yorick's* name prefixed: for which he modestly apologizes. The excellent sermon, so humorously inserted in *Tristram Shandy*, raised our expectations of this publication; and we must frankly confess, that we are not disappointed in the perusal, whatever learned divines may think, who look for the formality of heads, explications, proofs, and controversial quibbles. The reverend Mr. *Sterne* aims at mending the heart, without paying any great regard to the instruction of the head; inculcating every moral virtue by precepts, deduced

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from reason and the sacred oracles. Would to God his example were more generally followed by our clergy, too many of whom delight in an ostentatious display of their own abilities, and vain unedifying pomp of theological learning. Most of the discourses before us are penned in a plain and artless strain, elegant without the affectation of appearing so, and familiar without meanness, at least, in general. This, however, is a beauty in writing which he has once or twice pushed to excess, particularly in the exordium of the second sermon : *'It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting.'*—

*'That I deny — but let us hear the wise man's reasoning upon it — for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to his heart : sorrow is better than laughter — for a crack'd-brain'd order of of Carthusian monks, I grant, but not for men of the world : for what purpose, do you imagine, has God made us ? for the social sweets of the well watered vallies where he has planted us, or for the dry and dismal deserts of a Sierra Morena ? are the sad accidents of life, and the uncheery hours which perpetually overtake us, are they not enough, but we must sally forth in quest of them, — belie our own hearts, and say, as your text would have us, that they are better than those of joy ? did the best of Beings send us into the world for this end — to go weeping through it, — to vex and shorten a life short and vexatious enough already ? do you think, my good preacher, that he who is infinitely happy, can envy us our enjoyments ? or that a being so infinitely kind would grudge a mournful traveller, the short rest and refreshments necessary to support his spirits thro' the stages of a weary pilgrimage ? or that he would call him to a severe reckoning, because in his way he had hastily snatched at some little fugacious pleasures, merely to sweeten this uneasy journey of life, and reconcile him to the ruggedness of the road, and the many hard jostlings he is sure to meet with ? Consider, I beseech you, what provision and accommodation, the author of our being has prepared for us, that we might not go on our way sorrowing — how many caravanseras of rest — what powers and faculties he has given us for taking it — what apt objects he has placed in our way to entertain us ; — some of which he has made so fair, so exquisitely for this end, that they have power over us for a time to charm away the sense of pain, to cheer up the dejected heart under poverty and sickness, and make it go and remember its miseries no more.'*

Most readers, we believe, will agree with us, that the dignity of the preacher, and of pulpit-eloquence, is lost in this method of allegorizing, and of personating characters : a blemish it is, however, which serves only to set off the other excellencies of the ingenious writer. We could almost venture to pronounce, concerning

concerning the goodness of the author's heart, by his choice of subjects, most of which must have occasioned serious reflections in every man who has felt the distresses of his fellow-creatures.

Art. 18. *Sermons on several Subjects*, by James Muscatt, M. A. late Rector of Little Staughton in Bedfordshire, and Fellow of Corpus-Christi College, Oxford. 8vo. Pr. 5s. Whiston.

We are told in the advertisement prefixed to these discourses, that they were written for the use and improvement of a private congregation, and would never have been published, had not the exigencies of the author's children obliged him to have recourse to this expedient, in order to raise a sum of money for them. This apology, whilst it does honour to Mr. Muscatt's modesty, appears to us altogether unnecessary, as this collection might claim the attention of the public, merely on account of its own merit. This author's style is not florid, but elegant and perspicuous; and his reasonings, tho' not always founded upon principles strictly true, are always logical and exact. The three first sermons treat of the resurrection, that fundamental article of the christian religion, upon the truth of which the whole fabric of revelation depends.

In page 38, sermon 2d, we meet with this just observation, That no one will dispute his power in the renovation of our bodies from the dust who first formed them out of it; to which our author adds, That the resurrection of the dead is credible, because it has been actually performed; for we read of Elisha's raising the widow's son in the book of Kings, and of St. Peter's working the same effect upon the devout Tabitha at Joppa. This might be a proper argument to those who admit the truth of the Old Testament; but sure it will have but very little weight with such who are disposed to call the truth of the resurrection in question. To such it must appear a *petitio principii*, or proving the thing by the thing itself.

In page 44th, the author by citations from scripture, refutes the opinion of those who maintain, that as Christ died for all, so his resurrection shall, in the end, be equally advantageous to all. It must be acknowledged, that this notion is altogether inconsistent with scripture, tho' very plausible arguments have been urged in support of it.

In sermon the 4th, it is said, in answer to lord Shaftesbury's objection, that the scripture no where recommends private friendship, and the love of one's country; that our Lord did not recommend it in the manner it was understood by the heathens, in order to guard against the numberless inconveniencies it produced, by making them look upon all as enemies who did not belong

belong to them. This remark seems to be taken from a sermon wrote by the late ingenious Dr. Foster, in order to refute the above position of his lordship.

In sermon the 8th, the subject of which is public worship, we meet with the following observation, That as every one acknowledges God's general providence or protection of cities and states; so must he allow that he is that light to be worshipped by them, as such: as therefore every individual is under an obligation to the worship of God upon his private account; in like manner, kingdoms and states are under an obligation to acknowledge their dependance upon God in their public capacity; and this is the rise of an instituted national religion. Here we cannot avoid taking notice of the futility of their reasoning, who, because religion promotes the purposes of society, have concluded, that all religion was the invention of legislators and politicians, and merely calculated to keep the machine of government in motion. The absurdity of such an assertion will farther appear if it be taken into consideration, that statesmen, instead of inventing new superstitions, have always availed themselves of the old, in order to lead the people according to their will and pleasure.

In the 10th sermon, which turns upon the education of youth, we find little or nothing new; and this seems the more surprising, as that important subject has never been exhausted, tho' Locke, Milton, and Tillotson, have wrote upon it.

In sermon the 11th, in which the consequences of sin are enlarged upon, there is a very exact and pathetic representation of the inward inquietudes of the wicked man, which concludes it by these emphatical expressions, to labour for pain and remorse, to reap perpetual uneasiness and anxiety: thus to be interrupted in business, checked in our pursuit of pleasure, to have all our motions leavened with this bitter mixture; what is it but to suffer, even immediately upon the commission, some part of the punishment of our sins? This is very just; every transgression of the law of nature punishes itself. For tho' the offender should escape all other punishment, remorse of conscience is not to be avoided, *prima est hac ultio quod se judice nemo nocens absolvitur.*

In sermon the 12th, and last, which is the sequel of the former upon public worship, our author judiciously remarks, that the objections which some have made to the prescribed form of worship, seem to be derived from a dislike to any form at all: for, adds he, all men know, that no human institution is perfect. Why then should they contend for endless alterations liable to the same imperfections? This seems to be a full answer to the objections

objections of dissenters, who will find it difficult to make it appear, that extempore prayers are less liable to defects than a set form. To conclude, tho' this writer can by no means be ranked with first-rate preachers, his discourses well deserve a perusal; and whilst we praise his modesty, in declaring that they were not published from a presumption of any peculiar merit, or excellency in the composition, we cannot but approve of the laudable motive to which he ascribes the publication, and heartily congratulate him upon his success.

*Art. 19. The Multitude of Holidays detrimental to the Public, and not advantageous to Religion. By James Tilson, Esq; Dublin. Faulkner. Price 6d.*

The pamphlet now before us, is a translation from part of the first discourse of the sixth volume of the celebrated father Feijoo's works, one of the first writers in Spain, and an honour to the age in which he flourishes. Mr. Tilson has published it for the benefit of the Irish nation, where his property is very considerable, and where most of the labouring people are rigid papists, consequently strict observers of many more holidays than are consistent with the good of the community. It is preceded by a genteel address to the clergy of that persuasion in Ireland, in which they are complimented for the laudable zeal they express for the general good of their country, and exhorted to confirm it, by an immediate attention to the suppressing of the number of holidays observed by their church.

This discourse opens with displaying the loss the people annually sustain by the number of holidays, each of which makes them by so much the poorer, as they then earn nothing for themselves or families. This loss, says our sensible and disinterested Spaniard, would be but little regarded, if those festivals were really employed to the benefit of their souls; but the contrary is the case in so great a degree, that one may venture to affirm, those idle days do more hurt to the soul than to the body. It is true, indeed, they perform their acts of religion, which must be surely very acceptable to God; but the rest of the day is, by most of the common people, dedicated to pleasures too often of a criminal tendency. When, but upon holidays, do we see a concourse of the common people of both sexes assembled to talk, joke, guzzle, and dance? When, but in such meetings are the first sparks of concupiscence lighted up? When, but in such days, are labouring men exposed to drunkenness? In a word, the passions that predominate in each constitution, which on other days are checked and kept down by bodily labour, on festivals shew themselves in their full scope and vigour.



In the course of this short essay it appears, by several extracts from general councils, that the reduction of holidays has been often vested in the bishops, without intervention of papal authority; and this is a point, which it is to be hoped those among the catholic clergy of Ireland, who assume that title, will take into consideration.

The intention of this pamphlet is worthy of a patriot; but we wish, instead of a translation, this ingenious gentleman had given an essay of his own, particularly upon the state of Ireland in this respect. The fairs, the patrons, the wells, nay, the continual disorders of the mobs, even in the polished city of Dublin on holidays, furnish ample scope.

Art. 20. *Sermons on Practical Christianity.* By Henry Stebbing, D. D. Archdeacon of Wilts, Chancellor of the Diocese of Sarum, and late Preacher to the Honourable Society of Gray's-Inn. Vol. II. 8vo. Pr. 5s. Davis and Reymers.

The author of these discourses unites the subtilty and penetration of the casuist to the zeal and piety of the divine. He discusses moral topics with an exactness rarely to be met with in elaborate systems of ethics, and treats those of a theological kind, with all the warmth and earnestness of a minister of the gospel. His works differ essentially from those of most preachers, being entirely free from a fault with which they are too generally chargeable, namely, the multiplying of words which convey but little instruction. The compositions of such writers have been justly compared to trees, whose branches flourishing with an exuberance of leaves, contain no fruit, or none that can support and nourish the human body. The discourses before us, on the contrary, abound with matter, and are calculated to enlighten the Christian, instruct the moralist, and aid the speculations of the philosopher. To conclude, the works of our author have intrinsic merit, and we earnestly recommend them to our readers, not merely on account of the interesting subjects which they treat of, but for the fund of knowledge which they contain. The glorious name of religion often procures a favourable hearing to the sermons of preachers of mean abilities, and the respect paid to them is like that which Pompey received in advanced age, respect paid to a name.

*Stat magni nominis umbra.*

Lucan.

But such is the luxuriance of our author's genius, that he displays a variety of talents, which do not seem to belong to his profession, and may be properly compared to a tree, which, being

ing ingrafted, bears fruits not to be found on it in the ordinary course of nature.

*Exiit ad cælum ramis felicibus arbor  
Miraturq; novas frondes & non sua poma.*

Virg. Georgics.

Art. 21. *The Interest of Great Britain considered, with Regard to her Colonies and the Acquisitions of Canada and Guadaloupe. To which are added, Observations concerning the Increase of Mankind, peopling of Countries, &c.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Becket.

From the time that the success of the British arms made peace the general subject of writers, there has not appeared a more sensible pamphlet than this, which seems the production of a cool head, warm heart, and masterly hand. The letter addressed to the *two great men*, occasioned remarks on that letter, and the performance before us is intended in reply to the latter. It equals either of these in perspicuity and elegance, and, perhaps, surpasses them in candour, in argument, and clearness of conception, as well as an extensive knowledge of commerce, and the true interests of Great Britain. All the *remarker's* reasoning, with regard to the surrender of Canada at a peace, is, in our opinion, clearly refuted by arguments deduced from the nature of trade, of population in new planted countries, and of the situation and circumstances of Canada in particular. The *remarker's* fears, that our American colonies may one day be rendered independent of the mother-country, by too great an extension of our conquests, are shewn groundless and ideal; and the necessary union among the different provinces to effect such a purpose, demonstrated, to be not only improbable, but impossible, during their present connections with the British constitution.

We could wish that our author's arguments levelled against the retention of Guadaloupe, had breathed the same spirit of candour and impartiality as the foregoing. Farther successes may give us room to hope, that our ministry may insist on keeping both at a peace; it was therefore shooting beyond the mark to attempt proving Guadaloupe of so little value to the crown, however it may seem so in the estimation of the public, when compared with Canada. Can it be doubted, but the French inhabitants of this island will soon perceive the advantages resulting from the moderation of a British government, and become a colony as much attached to England as any other in the West-Indies? and yet this forms one of our author's strongest objections against retaining Guadaloupe. Prejudice and passion against

a new form of government will soon subside, where the people find their liberty and property better secured. The force of custom will soon yield to interest; even religion itself will give way to this main spring of action, as soon as mens eyes are opened to what they really believe to be their interest; intermarriages, and a thousand other connections and ties, will, in time, unite the conquerors and conquered, form them into one people, and bind them into one solid uniform mass.

With respect to this excellent writer's other objection, that they will send their children to be educated in France, and import the most valuable of their commodities from that country, we apprehend it is in the power of the government to lay such restrictions, as will render either impracticable, and propose such advantages, as will prevent their being desirable. But these are trivial errors, which rather obscure than tarnish the merit of this judicious and well wrote pamphlet: to which are annexed some remarks on population, that shew the force of the author's judgment, and deserve the attention of every politician.

Art. 22. *An Answer to the Author of the Critical Review, for March, 1760, upon the Article of Mrs. Nihell's Treatise on the Art of Midwifery. By Mrs. Elizabeth Nihell, professed Midwife.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Morley.

Pray be easy, good madam, we are ready to grant whatever you require; even to acknowledge that your tongue is *sensible, shrewd, and voluble*, as thy fingers. It was never our intention to enter the lists with a lady, especially with a lady of your profession, of whose skill in the weapons of altercation we could not be ignorant. We confess that you have here brought to light, forty pages of profound argumentation, which, hackneyed as we are in debate, we cannot pretend to answer in less than as many volumes; and that you have delivered yourself of a monstrous birth, that fully evinces your dexterity in the obstetric art: may it, however, be the last of our begetting! Heaven preserve us from the heinous crime of fornication! What a snarling, tattling, gossiping urchin must that be, who owns a critic for his father, a midwife for his mother, with an apothecary, perchance, for his sponsor, or, what is worse, a *grub*, who feeds and fattens on the spoils of character and fair fame? With-hold thy insinuating arts, good Mrs. Nihell! Tempt not frail virtue, and provoke not appetites already too ungovernable, but join with us in the words of our holy litany, *From such foul deeds, and crying sins, good Lord deliver us.*

Art.

Art. 23. *A Political Essay upon the English and French Colonies in Northern and Southern America, considered in a new Light. By a Patriot.* 8vo. Pr. 6d. Woodfall.

This little essay is not destitute of merit. It is a comparison of the political and commercial values of the South and North American colonies, in which the balance appears in favour of the former, in a political, and of the latter, in a commercial view. We could wish the author had annexed precise ideas to these terms, as we are of opinion there can be no real difference between the political and commercial value of the American colonies, as they are the objects of politics, so far only as they influence trade, and consequently, the wealth and power of the mother-country.

Art. 24. *The Clockmakers Outcry against the Author of the Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy. Dedicated to the Most Humble of Christian Princes.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Burd.

Should any of our readers discover wit and humour in this extravagant critique, that has escaped our penetration, we desire he will attribute it to his own superior discernment, without reflecting on the faculty of critics, who are too much employed to hunt for a needle in a bottle of straw.

Art. 25. *Select Tales of Count Hamilton, Author of the Life and Memoirs of the Count de Grammont. Translated from the French. In Two Volumes.* 12mo. Pr. 6s. Burd.

In these tales there is a pleasing wildness and luxuriance of fancy; but the reader's satisfaction is damped by the difficulty of unveiling the morals, if any be intended.

Art. 26. *The Tendencies of the Foundling Hospital in its present Extent, considered in several Views, just as they occur en passant in a lax epistolary Address, attempting to preserve the Lives of Bastard Infants; to continue the Customs of Matrimony; to strengthen the Community, in its Population; and, to better it in its Industry, in its Trade, in its Opulence, &c. and, most of all, in, what should most be regarded, its Morals. In several Letters to a Senator. Part I.* 4to. Printed for private Use.

Never did the press usher any thing into public view, so truly ridiculous as this lax address to a senator, whose costive habit may possibly require such applications. To penetrate into the meaning of this original writer, has spoiled all our critical discernment; and

and we believe it would puzzle the whole society of metaphysicians in Butcher-row to dechipher one period. Certain we are, that the profound Henriques himself, of blessed family, that stay and prop of a falling nation, never divulged oracles half so mystical. Take, reader, this delicious morsel of eloquence, on which we leave thee to chew the cud.

‘As by a plurality of thus occasion’d *unnatural præcipitate deaths* of infants, the community sustains the same loss of *infant lives*, which it would sustain by the same plurality of *murdered infants*.—It follows that the present Foundling Hospital’s plan of extension, by not *apparently* diminishing, but even thus *apparently* multiplying the number of those *præcipitate, unnatural deaths* of *illegitimate* children, and occasioning moreover a greater number than before of præcipitate unnatural deaths of even *legitimate* children, makes even the *strongest* argument which has been alledged for that extension, to militate *against* it. And as it thus defeats the great good end, and withall commits more of what candor calls destructions, (commonly called murders) than that of defeating the great good end, for which professedly it was set on foot in favor of bastardy, it so far superabundantly furnishes its *own* plea for its own defeat;—I say, *superabundantly*: For,

‘*Argumenti gratiâ*, suppose this arithmetic of mine to be wrong, and that since the increase of the Foundling Hospital’s plan, there is no *increase* in the number of *murdered infants*, yet since at least *as great* a number of those *murders* as before, for ought appears, still exists, (no decrease in that number being perceptible even after those largely increased missions which have been of infants yearly to this refuge for them, missions that promised a very large decrease proportionably in the number of murdered infants, such a large one as should be very perceptible long before now.) Does not this sufficiently demonstrate that the one great evil which this enlarged plan of the Foundling Hospital intended to prevent, is found still to *exist*, at least, if not to *increase*?’

Art. 27. *Short Principles for the Architecture of Stone-Bridges. With practical Observations, and a new Geometrical Diagram to determine the Thickness of the Piers to the Height and Base of any given Arch. In twelve Sections. Illustrated with Figures.* By Stephen Riou, Esq; Architect. 8vo. Pr. 3s. 6d. Hitch and Hawes.

This treatise seems to have been written with a view, chiefly to depreciate the reputation of Mr. Mylne, as an architect, tho’ the author avoids disclosing his intention till he comes to the appendix. We shall only observe, that the reader, who looks for science, must content himself with a vain parade of words, constructed

frustrated in no very artist-like manner, and shrewd hints of the great matters he would perform, had the committee fixed their choice on him to superintend the bridge proposed at Black-friars. Nature, indeed, seems not to have designed this self-sufficient gentleman for exalted geometrical discoveries; but what his skill in his profession may be, we submit to the judgment of those who are better qualified to decide.

Art. 28. *Observations on the State of Bankrupts, under the present Law. In a Letter to a Member of Parliament.* 8vo. Pr. 1 s. Cooper.

We cannot bestow praise on the execution of this pamphlet, but the design is of so interesting concern to society, that the author ought to escape censure. The fair trader who stops payment, in consequence of unavoidable losses and misfortunes, ought surely to be distinguished in the eye of the law from him, who becomes insolvent by profusion, profligacy, and every species of extravagance.

Art. 29. *A Letter to the Great Man, occasioned by the Letter to Two Great Men. In which many of that Writer's Absurdities, Inconsistencies and Contradictions are detected. And the fatal Tendency of his Propositions exposed.* By a Citizen of London. A Disciple of Sidney and Locke. 8vo. Pr. 1 s. Bristow.

Never did scholar do less credit to his masters, than this disciple to Locke and Sidney. We might possibly have put faith in his professions, had he called himself the disciple of the raving and scurrilous Sh——re, whose maxims he adopts so implicitly, that we doubt not of seeing him elevated to the post of honour, once so worthily filled by that distinguished patriot.

Art. 30. *A Narrative of the Effects of the celebrated Anti-venereal Medicine, lately discovered by Mr. Keyser, a German Chymist in Paris, that cures the Venereal Disease in its most inveterate and malignant State, without Salivation or strict Regimen, as is now practised in France, both in private Cafés, and in the Military Hospitals, &c.* By James Cowper, M. D. 8vo. Pr. 1 s. Cooper.

As the composition of this medicine is kept a secret in the hands of Dr. Cowper, we can only inform the reader, that its virtues are attested by such a cloud of witnesses of undoubted credit as almost staggers our prejudice against all nostrums. Several of the first quality in France, as well as the members of the academy of arts and sciences, and the faculties of physic and surgery in Paris, bear testimony to the cures performed by it,  
of

of which they were eye-witnesses. The pamphlet consists of their certificates, and a few cases, venereal and rheumatic, wherein Dr. Cowper, the present proprietor, has experienced its efficacy.

*Art. 31. A Scheme for the general Good of the Nation, by a just and comfortable Provision for the disbanded Soldiers, and their Families, after the Toils and Fatigues of the War ; and for the effectual Security of our Commerce and Possessions abroad, and the perpetual Terror of the common Enemy of our Peace. Submitted to the public Verdict. By Stratioticus. 8vo. Pr. 6d. Hooper.*

The absurdly pompous title prefixed to this pamphlet, may possibly occasion its being overlooked, as similar in nature to all the other projects of idle scribblers, offered to the government. The hint, however communicated by Stratioticus, is such as we imagine may be improved to public advantage. It is proposed, ' that all regiments now in North-America, which are intended to be broke, or reduced, shall be broke or reduced there ; and that every non-commission officer and soldier shall have the following offer tendered to them, viz.

' That every non-commission officer and soldier shall have a portion of land assigned him and his family in the following proportions ; a serjeant, one hundred acres ; a corporal seventy ; a private man, or drummer, fifty ; and for every son of such married serjeant, corporal, private man, or drummer, twenty acres, and for every daughter ten acres.

' That every such serjeant, corporal, private man, or drummer, shall have given him, at the expence of the crown, after his land or plantation shall be assigned him, proper implements and utensils fit for building houses, and for clearing and cultivating the ground ; and be provided with a proper quantity of corn, grain, and seeds of every kind, which may be thought proper for the land ; and every wife of such serjeant, corporal, or drummer, shall be likewise provided with all kinds of necessaries fit for housewifery, in proportion to their several plantations and family, and proper cloathing for one whole year, or such other longer time as it shall be thought reasonable to allow them, to make the produce of their plantations sufficient for the maintenance of them and their families.

' That every serjeant, corporal, soldier, and drummer, to maintain himself and family from that time ; and the fathers and sons, above the age of fourteen years to wear regimentals.

' That if any commission-officers shall chuse to accept a like offer, they shall have a quantity of land assigned them, adequate  
to

to their ranks, together with the several implements and necessities in like manner as above.

‘ And it is further proposed,

‘ That this scheme may extend, and the same offer be made to every commission and non-commission officer or soldier, reduced in any other part of his majesty’s dominions; and that they, their wives, and families, shall be conveyed to America at the expence of the government.’

Whether this last part of the scheme will not be attended with unsurmountable difficulties and inconveniencies, is beyond our province to determine.

Art. 32. *A Dialogue between Two Great Ladies.* 8vo. Pr. 6d.  
Cooper.

A political conversation between the Empress queen and Czarina, in which there is some shrewdness.

Art. 33. *The Times. A Second Epistle to Flavian.* 4to. Pr. 1s.  
Burd.

We are sorry to see so much strong sense and good satire delivered in so unpoetical a manner. We are also sorry to find the ingenious writer himself sensible of the defect, yet unwilling to amend it.

‘ Nothing I dare, nor may, nor can compose,  
Beyond a kind of rhim’d and measur’d prose,  
Which for epistles I should think most fit,’ &c.

The generality of his readers, we fancy, will not be of his sentiments, but will regret the soft mellifluous numbers which Mr. Pope’s example has rendered necessary to all succeeding epistolary writers to follow. Attempting to shew that the heart is our truest guide in morals and taste, he speaks thus:

‘ This doctrine, Flavian, that I now impart,  
All feel it at the bottom of their heart,  
That living spring of all that’s great and good,  
Though oft neglected, oft misunderstood.  
Yet what can study more deserve t’invite,  
Pregnant, at once, with use and with delight?  
Which none, that will consult it, e’er can miss:  
’Tis the great fountain of all social bliss:  
Love, friendship, every virtue’s there on flow,  
That makes men happy, or can keep them so.  
Not less of mental light the heart’s the seat,  
Than ’tis of mere material vital heat.

Thence



Thence genuine taste his surest guidance draws,  
 And thence inlighten'd forms his sacred laws.  
 Not of those tastes I speak, that in the head  
 Are on the surface of opinion bred.  
 O shame! that o'er the heart of man to reign  
 Such worthless tyrants e'er the pow'r should gain,  
 As love of glitter, or the love of pelf,  
 By which he lives defrauded of himself:  
 Lost is to him by far his nobler part,  
 Those nicer tender luxuries of heart,  
 To which the true voluptuary knows,  
 Sensation-self its highest relish owes.'

He ridicules the unworthy pleasures of the great in the following spirited manner :

' Leave, leave them to their horses, drabs and dice,  
 Dogs, cards, and ev'ry folly ; ev'ry vice.  
 O leave them to themselves : together pack :  
 One chimney-sweeper can't another black.  
 They love to take as bad as what they give ;  
 And cannot well without each other live ;  
 Nonsense their element : fool pines for fool :  
 A man of wit among them's out of rule,  
 And jars a whole collection, where misplac'd,  
 He, like sepulchral lamps, gives light in waste.  
 Sense falls on minds by trifles all engross'd,  
 Like genial show'rs on barren deserts, lost.'

' But I grow sick. Let's leave St James's tombs,  
 With all who rot in 'bove-ground catacombs :  
 To other scenes of folly turn your eyes :  
 Wherever man is, scenes of folly rise.  
 Mark Germany ! all seeth'd in her own blood,  
 While graciously she's told 'tis for her good,  
 And honor too, to have her vitals made,  
 A poultice for some prince's vapor'd head.  
 O curst ambition ! that with iron-mask  
 O'er thy foul face, hast th'impudence to ask  
 God's images for victims to thy guilt ;  
 For thee such streams of human gore are spilt !  
 For thee the widows, orphans piercing cries,  
 Oh may they not in vain, ascend the skies !  
 O thought that shocks ! not execrate who can  
 This worse than wolfishness of man to man ?  
 That to their death, in various tortures, brings,  
 Thousands and thousands better men than kings.'

In short, we will venture to say, that were the whole letter disjointed into plain prose, it would make a most spirited and manly composition, and would be adapted to the tastes of a greater variety of readers than in its present form; the most indifferent judge is capable of discovering unharmonious poetry, but few are capable of relishing vigorous and manly sentiment.

Art. 34. *Chrysal; or, the Adventures of a Guinea. Wherein are exhibited Views of several striking Scenes, with curious and interesting Anecdotes of the most noted Persons in every Rank of Life, whose Hands it passed through in America, England, Holland, Germany, and Portugal. In 2 Vols. By an Adept. 12mo. Price 6s. Becket.*

Had this author wrote more from nature, and less from reflection, he might deserve a place in the literary list, above mediocrity. With a solid judgment, and some genius, the author would be more regarded, had he viewed nature in a more favourable light. Traffic's character convinces us, that he is capable of high-colouring; but we are shocked with the enormity of crimes, so monstrous and disgraceful to the human species. The picture of the jesuits is strong, but as it exceeds what the utmost villainy can effect, the satyrift loses his aim. In a word, we hope, for the sake of humanity, that the writer has beheld nature reflected by a false mirror.

Art. 35. *An Odd Letter, on a most interesting Subject, to Miss K—F—h—r. By Simon Trusty, Esq; Recommended to the Perusal of the Ladies of Great Britain. Pr. 6d. Williams.*

This celebrated lady was never addressed in such a manner before, as to *honesty* at least: though the author is far from wanting elegance, the decent and candid manner in which he writes, merits some attention, and his regard for the interest of virtue and honour in the fair, still more; and though we may be a little dubious, what good effect it may have on the lady to whom it is particularly addressed, yet we cannot but hope it may answer a good purpose to others; on that account we join with the author, in recommending it to the perusal of the ladies of Great Britain.

Art. 36. *A Consolatory Letter to a Noble Lord. 8vo. Pr. 11. Hooper.*

Shewing, that in nature there is not a more insolent, hardened, and unfeeling wretch than a hackney-writer, not even excepting a hackney-coachman.

Art.

- Art. 37. *Military Maxims: or, the Standard of Generalship. Addressed to a British Commander. By an Officer in a Marching Regiment.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Morley.

If this noble captain's heart be no stronger than his head, the Lord have mercy on him in the day of battle.

- Art. 38. *Conjectures on the present State of Affairs in Germany. Containing, Remarks on the Conduct of his Prussian Majesty; and the Probability of his concluding a safe and honourable Peace. By an Impartial Hand.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Becket.

This is a specious spongy production, calculated to vibrate on the Pia Mater of a coffee-house politician, and extract sound from the sonorous drumhead of one of those noisy orators; the pests of all sober-minded persons, who would sip their tea in quiet, and scan, unmolested, the elegance, the wit, the learning, the candor, and incommensurable beauties of a *Craftsman*. To compare the state of each of the belligerent powers in times of peace with their present situation; to deduce from thence an estimate of their natural and acquired strength to prosecute the war; and, if there be any certainty in political foresight, to prophecy the event, is the laudable design of this profound oracle.

- Art. 39. *Letters from Juliet Lady Catesby, to her Friend Lady Henrietta Campley. Translated from the French.* 12mo. Pr. 3s. Dodsley.

Some months since we gave an account of this work as a foreign publication; it would be unnecessary, therefore, to say more than, that the translation is well executed, and the delicacy of thought and expression in the French original, happily preserved in the English version.

- Art. 40. *The Life and Adventures of a Cat. By the late Mr. Fielding.* 12mo. Pr. 2s. 6d. Minors.

Dullness here assumes the garb of wit; a worthy inhabitant of Grub-street would palm himself upon us for the identical Henry Fielding, Esq; of facetious memory; but, unhappily for him, like his long-eared progenitor, he betrays himself by his braying.

*Asinæque paternum nomen vertat in risum.*

CLM

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# THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

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For the Month of June, 1760.

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## ARTICLE I.

*An Historical and Critical Enquiry into the Evidence produced by the Earls of Murray and Morton, against Mary Queen of Scots. With an Examination of the Rev. Dr. Robertson's Dissertation, and Mr. Hume's History, with respect to that Evidence. 8vo. Pr. 3s. Owen.*

**T**O rescue from a load of infamy the memory of the beautiful, the accomplished, and, perhaps, the rather unfortunate than criminal Mary queen of Scotland, is the generous intention of this sensible writer. To unfold this obscure and intricate period of history, has, of late, employed the most masterly pens of the age. Mr. Hume, Mr. Goodall, and Dr. Robertson, have all inquired, with great critical precision, into the character of this princess ; they have consulted the same documents, had before them the very same proofs and evidences, and yet, strange as it may appear, each has formed a different judgment. By the first, Mary would seem clearly convicted of being an accessory to the murder of her husband; the lord Darnley: by the second she is as clearly acquitted of any share in that horrible and unnatural action ; and as to Dr. Robertson, he reasons with some degree of scepticism; inclining, however, more to the side of Mary's adversaries.

In this state of the matter our author has taken up the subject, giving us in the first place an historical account of the letters; said to have been written by Mary to the earl of Bothwell, upon the authenticity of which rests the whole dispute, from their discovery by the earl of Morton, through the several shapes and appearances they put on in England, to their final

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delivery

delivery back into the hands of that nobleman. Next, he presents the reader with an abstract of Mr. Goodall's arguments, to prove the letters spurious and forged : of Mr. Hume's and Dr. Robertson's objections to these arguments ; and sums up this chapter with critical observations on the objections. In the third chapter our author enters upon a more explicit examination of the arguments advanced by the two last writers, in support of the authenticity of the letters. Then he endeavours to prove the confession of Nicholas Hubert, the supposed messenger of queen Mary to Bothwell, an impudent bare-faced forgery. The fifth chapter contains a summary of the arguments produced by both parties ; and in the last place our author, not satisfied with exculpating Mary, brings his charge against Murray, Morton, and Lethington, whom he endeavours to prove accessories, at least, to the murder of the earl of Darnley. Here we find sketched out a plan sufficiently clear, and pursued by our author with great ability, and nice critical discernment.

The letters are said to have been found in a small gilt box, forgot by Bothwell in his flight from Edinburgh, and taken by Morton upon George Dalgleish, whom Bothwell had sent back for the coffer. The letters were eight in number, and besides them were some love-sonnets, and a promise of marriage from the queen to Bothwell, all in French. Our author having made some reflections on the improbability of the queen's committing to writing such strong and palpable evidence against herself as is contained in these letters, and on Bothwell's preserving in his hands such undoubted proofs of his own and the queen's guilt, specifies it as a presumption of forgery, that Morton, who was present at Dalgleish's examination, six days after the box was seized upon him, should never confront the prisoner with the persons who apprehended him, or make the least mention of the box or its contents thro' the whole course of the examination. By proposing the proper interrogations, it might certainly have been known whether the box was in Dalgleish's custody when taken ? What orders Bothwell had given about the box ? When he found it ? Whether open or locked ? If open, what it contained ? and where he had directions to carry it ? The remark is shrewd and pertinent, and strikes home at the genuineness of the letters ; for it cannot be supposed, that a person of Morton's understanding would have omitted putting their authenticity beyond doubt, had he not found himself gravelled with respect to the means, and been conscious that such questions would only have betrayed the forgery. Besides, Dalgleish was seized on the 20th of June, 1567 ; and the first men-

tion and appearance of the letters is in an act of Murray's secret council, dated the 4th of September following, near six months after their discovery.

Further, in this act the rebels declare, that their rising in arms against their sovereign, was owing to the share she had in the murder of her husband, the king, as appeared by diverse her privie letters, *written and subscrivit with her awin hand*, and sent by her to James Bothwell, chief executor of the horrible murder; whereas, in an act passed in Murray's first parliament, ten days after the foregoing, concerning the queen's detention, it is said to be from 'her awin default, in sa far as be divers her privie letters, written haelie, or *wobolly with her awin hand.*' This contrariety of expression in the two acts, our author deems another presumption of forgery, contrary to the opinion of the ingenious Mr. Hume, who considers it as of no consequence, and proceeding from the inaccuracy or blunder of the clerk: 'for, (says he) the letters were only *wrote* by the queen, the second contract with Bothwell was only *subscribed.*' Our author, on the other hand, is of opinion, that these words cannot be applied to a contract, which can neither be said to have been written or sent by the queen to Bothwell, or to any other writings whatever but the letters; and this opinion is the better confirmed, as they ground their reasons in both acts for taking up arms against the queen, and detaining her person, expressly on 'divers her privie letters.' It is also improbable, he thinks, that Murray, Morton, and secretary Lethington, would have trusted the compiling of these acts to a blundering clerk, or let such an obvious blunder escape them. If, therefore, the letters are genuine, he cannot see how so strange a discordance can be explained; if they be supposed spurious, a reason for this extraordinary conduct, may, in his opinion, be assigned. He quotes the remark of Dr. Robertson, which must be allowed truly ingenious, that when a paper is forged with a particular intention, the eagerness of the forger always prompts him to avoid all doubts or uncertainties, and to be as explicit as possible. This might be the case with Mary's enemies. To make the letters to Bothwell fully conclusive against the queen, might very naturally excite them at first to affix her subscription to them, in which shape they were asserted to be written and subscribed with her own hand; but on mature deliberation, reflecting that they contained such 'foul mateir, and abominable to be either thought of or written by a prince,' as might stagger the belief of many persons, they might naturally be induced to sink the subscription in the copies produced before the parliament, and in place of the words *written and subscrivit*, by

the queen, to substitute *baelie written with her awin hand*, in which form they ever afterwards appeared. This, however, is a conjecture, which, in our opinion, does not satisfactorily remove the difficulty any more than Mr. Hume's; for if we allow that Mary had actually written the letters, which alone shocks credibility, there seems no reason to deny her subscribing them, since the hand-writing in the letter would as clearly discover the author as the subscription \*.

After some other curious strictures, founded upon Mr. Goodall's remarks, our author proceeds to the appearance of the letters before the English commissioners, with whom Buchanan and Lethington held several private conferences, in order to prejudice them against the queen; artfully concealing their secret practices from her commissioners, who, at that time, had instructions from Mary to call for the proofs of Murray and Moreton's charge, to demand a sight of the original letters, which she asserts to be false, feigned, forged, and invented by themselves. This equitable demand, though pressed again on the 3d of December, 1568, was not only refused by Elizabeth, but a declaration made by the English queen, that she would receive proof from Murray and Moreton of the truth of the accusation: a proceeding, against which Mary's commissioners remonstrated as unjust and unprecedented, protesting they would advance no farther in the conference †.

After this Mary would have been satisfied with copies of the letters, offering to reit her defence upon them; a request which Elizabeth found means to wave, though she could not avoid publicly acknowledging its equity, and giving directions to have it complied with; a particular which our author proves upon

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\* It is remarkable that Crawford, a contemporary writer, bishop Lesly in his defence, and the queen herself, in repeated letters, all assert, that there were persons about the court, Lethington, in particular, who had often counterfeited her majesty's hand; however, no particular instances of their forgery, except the present, are produced.

† Here our author observes, after Goodall, that the only apology made by Murray and his party for their rebellion, and confining the queen's person, was the proofs of her guilt discovered in the letters; yet their rebellion begun in May, she was imprisoned on the 15th of June, the letters were not discovered till the 20th of June, nor used as a pretext for their rebellion and violence till the 4th of December; the strongest presumption this, that the letters were fabricated for the occasion.

undoubted

undoubted testimony. Instead of a copy of the letters, an extract of a *writing* was delivered to Mary's commissaries before the conference broke up, which contained not a word of the letters, and was probably no more than a transcript of the accusation, serving to give some specious answer to Mary's just demand. Mary went farther; she promised, upon sight of the letters, to prove not only her own innocence, the forgery, but also to fix the guilt on Murray and his adherents, as actual perpetrators, or at least accessories to the king's murder.

Murray and his adherents were dismissed: on the 11th of January, 1569, the conference broke up, the box with the original letters were carried into Scotland, and Murray screened from answering to queen Mary's charge. Further, to elude this princess's request to have even copies of them delivered to her, the bishop of Ross and lord Herries are called to court, and acquainted by Cecil, 'that hir majestie quene Elizabeth will not refus unto the quene, hir guid sister, to give the dowbills of all that was product;' but with this certification, that Mary sign a writing, promising 'that scho well answer to the samen writings and things laid to her charge, but only exceptionun.' Mary's minister immediately answered, that what Cecil now desired was already done by two several letters under her hand, and sealed with her seal; to which answer Cecil made no reply. Our author thinks this demand of Elizabeth's absurd and unnecessary; yet we must own, that to us it appears extraordinary why Mary should not rather comply with it, than have the duplicates refused; for by doing this she would have given the world further proofs of her sincerity, and driven Elizabeth to her last shifts. It must be confessed, however, that the above account of the letters, and of Elizabeth's conduct, attested by the express words of the records, varies so much from Mr. Hume's relation, that we are astonished to see a writer so ingenious, so learned, and so penetrating, fall into such prejudices, so inconsistent with charity and good nature; virtues which we never heard denied him. Here our author enters upon a close examination of Mr. Hume's narration, and acquits himself like an able critic; but it would exceed our bounds to enter upon the detail. Let us however observe, that it is highly probable Mary procured a copy by the following year, as the letters were then in every body's hands, in such a manner, at least, as Elizabeth thought proper they should appear; but that this was refused her while the commissioners were sitting, is undeniable; nor can it easily be conceived, had she procured copies when she first demanded them, how she could by these have detected



the forgery, an inspection of the originals, appearing to us to be absolutely necessary, so far as regards the hand-writing.

Our author now proceeds to give an abstract of Mr. Goodall's arguments, to prove that the French copies of the letters, which have passed for genuine transcripts of the original, among all historians and antiquaries since that time, are actually translations from Buchanan's Latin version of the original Scotch. It is observed, that the thoughts in the latter are easily and sententiously turned, abounding in phrases and proverbs peculiar to that language, servilely, and sometimes erroneously expressed in the Latin, and the errors from thence translated into the French, in a manner opposite to the idiom of the language. Nothing can be more learned, ingenious, and accurate than this criticism of Goodall's: it may be sufficient to quote the following examples.

'1. The Scotch says proverbially, in letter first, 'thair's na receipt (meaning a prescription of physic) can serve againis feir.' The Latin has 'nullum adversus timorem esse medicinam.'

'And the French is, 'qu'il n'y avoit point de remede contre la crainte.'

'2. Scotch, 'ze have *sair* going to see *seik* folk.' Another proverbial saying.

'The Latin translator has here committed no less than two blunders, he mistook the word *sair* (or fore) for *sair*, and the word *seik* for *fic*, (or such) and has translated them both erroneously in the last sense:

"*Bella hujusmodi hominum visitatio.*" And the French copies him thus: 'voyla une *belle* visitation de *telles* gens.'

'3. The queen is made to say, that she was going to seek her rest till to-morrow, 'quhen, (says she) I sall end my *bybill*,' in place of her *bylle*, (or bill) a word used commonly at that time for any sort of writing. The transcriber, from the resemblance of the two words, made it *bibyll*; the Latin follows him in this absurdity, 'ego eo ut meam quietem inveniam in crastinum, ut tum mea *biblia* finiam; and the French follows him thus: 'je m'en vay pour trouver mon repos jusques au lendemain, afin que je finisse icy ma *bible*.'

Mr. Hume, and Dr. Robertson, have, it seems, both confessed the truth of this criticism, but make light, says our author, of the discovery. Dr. Robertson's words are, 'all this author's (Goodall's) premises may be granted, and yet his conclusions will not follow; unless he likewise prove, that the French letters, as we now have them, are a true copy of those which were produced

duced by Murray and his party in the Scots parliament, and at York and Westminster : but this he has not attempted.' Our author's remark upon this observation is truly ingenious.

' Mr. Goodall (says he) is obliged to the learned Dr. Robertson, for having done it for him in his dissertation, by fairly acknowledging, ' that Buchanan made his translation not from the French, but from the Scotch copy.' Is not this downright conviction ? The historian here ingenuously tells the truth, tho' perhaps he was not aware of the consequences. Had there been any other French letters than the present, what occasion had Buchanan for the Scotch, when he himself must have had possession of the originals ? The dissertator had certainly forgot that Buchanan was actually one of the assistants appointed to the Scotch commissioners, and entrusted with the conduct of the whole process ; and did, with Lethington, Makgill, and Wood, a lord of the session, exhibit the original letters, and explain their contents in private to the English commissioners. Buchanan could not have lost or mislaid them, because it is evident from Mr. Anderson's account, that those letters were translated by Buchanan at London in the time of the conferences.

' The point in question is, whether such French letters ever existed ? Surely it is a fair conclusion to assert, that if they did not exist with Buchanan, they did not exist at all ; and if the Scotch commissioners, who were said to produce them, never saw them, nobody else ever did. It cannot be pretended that Buchanan did not understand the French ; he passed most of his life in that country, and taught a school there. Indeed since the dissertator has been drove to deny that the French letters before us are true copies of the originals, by all laws of proof and criticism, it was his business to produce these originals. But how is it possible to fix men, who, after having, for two hundred years, quoted and insisted on these letters as originals, and have even commended the elegance of their composition, on finding themselves forced to give them up, have now recourse to other letters, which they acknowledge to be lost ; and now pretend to say, were never seen, even by Buchanan, who was employed by the public to produce them. It was never till this day insinuated by any of the partisans against queen Mary, that the present French letters were vitiated translations. Not even Morton himself, nor Buchanan, who lived many years after their publication, ever said so ; which it was incumbent on them to have done. The silence therefore of those two persons, who had the originals in their hands, is a clear testimony to the authenticity of the present French copy, which now stands in place of the original. That they are vitiated translations,

was never pretended by any body, until Mr. Goodall, in the year 1755, detected those letters, and proved them, to a demonstration, to be so. Every body must be sensible, that the concession now made, would have come with a much better grace, had it been prior to Mr. Goodall's discovery: it therefore becomes incumbent upon those, who dispute their own copies, to produce the originals themselves. Mr. Hume will perhaps tell us again, 'that it is in vain, at this day, to object to the letters, they were regularly and judicially given in, and ought to have been canvassed at the time.' I heartily agree with him. Had the queen remained silent at the time when Murray produced his letters, I truly think his argument must have been conclusive: but did she remain silent on that occasion? On the contrary, she cried aloud, that her adversaries had produced forged writings against her: she prayed in vain, by repeated supplications, that they might be inspected by her or her friends; and at last, only begged to have copies of them, and she undertook to prove the forgery. What was the result of all this? The letters are huddled back in haste to Murray and Morton, and they are sent a packing to Scotland, with their evidence. What they did with them after that, there is no body, at this day, can tell. We are told they are lost, and that is the sum of the story. The conclusion to be drawn from this, is left to every impartial person to infer, as he thinks fit.'

He goes on in refuting his two learned opponents with equal precision and strength of argument; but it is not possible for us to follow him through this curious labyrinth of criticism. An examination of Dr. Robertson's arguments for the authenticity of the letters, forms the next chapter. If he has failed in any point, it is here. There is something so refined, so penetrating, and ingenious, in the doctor's remarks, as must be allowed to give him an appearance of superiority, as a polemic, over almost every opponent. Yet such fine-spun presumptive evidence is, perhaps, not the most natural method of discovering the truth: it is, perhaps, impossible for an honest man to put himself in the situation of a villain, and discover, from his own feelings, what would pass in the breast of a forger, eager upon carrying a point of so much consequence as this in question. A certain irksomeness arising from delicacy of sentiment, and remorse of conscience, intirely alters the situation of his breast, from that of the determined, resolute, and abandoned criminal. Even the fear of shame, and a thousand other little circumstances, occasion his setting about any transaction of this nature, in a manner wholly different. Our author might therefore have very well omitted a particular *critique* on Dr. Robertson's

bertson's Dissertation, as the principal points were sufficiently discussed in the former part of his work ; and as it would not be possible to draw up so fine a chain of presumptions, on whatever side truth lay, without such powers, and such a genius as the dissertator's. He might indeed have recapitulated, and placed in a collective view a variety of circumstances favourable to Mary, which he had before separately proved. For instance, Murray took arms in May ; the queen was imprisoned on the 15th of June ; the letters were not discovered before the 20th of June ; they were not produced till the 4th of December, though they are affirmed in the acts to have given birth to the rebellion ; a contradiction appears in the acts passed in Murray's secret council and parliament ; Dalgleish was tried a few days after the box, containing the letters, is said to have been taken upon him ; yet no questions are put to him, where he found it, whither he was carrying it, what were its contents, or to his apprehenders, whether the box was actually in his custody when he was taken ? Mary, during the conference, frequently demands a sight of the original letters, by which alone the forgery could be proved, which she is refused ; she then offers to rest her defence even upon copies, but this also is waved during the sitting of the commissioners : she offers to plead her innocence before Elizabeth, and the foreign ambassadors ; this likewise is refused : she proposes to turn the machinations of her enemies against themselves, by proving Murray and Morton abettors of the murder ; but they are permitted to return to Scotland, and with them the box of original letters : the natural disposition of Elizabeth, and the genius of her politics, are strong presumptions that she sought every opportunity of finding Mary guilty ; the French copies of the letters have been universally received as originals, yet are they proved to be spurious ; the letters contain such matters, as no woman who would preserve the least shadow of modesty, no person of common understanding, would have set down upon paper, and none but a madman would have kept. Lethington had often counterfeited the queen's hand ; he could not have done it upon a more important occasion. Dalgleish, Hay, Hepburn, and Powrie, Bothwell's servants, tried and executed in June, 1567, all acquit Mary with their dying breaths from any accession to the murder ; and this is attested by eighteen Scottish peers, eight bishops, and eight abbots, then present in Scotland. Nicholas Hubert, affirmed by Murray and his faction to be the confidant of the whole intrigue between Mary and Bothwell, and the bearer of the letters, is never produced as an evidence against her at the conference ; on the contrary, he is hurried down from the ordinary seat of justice to a remote prison in St. Andrews, Murray's place

place of residence, with a view probably to tamper with him. Murray is accused of the murder by Mary, yet Hubert is never produced as an evidence for him, though, in the pretended confession afterwards published for his, he is made to vindicate the earl, or what is similar in effect, highly to extol his character. But here we shall use the words of our author :

‘ Let us now see the method Murray takes to wipe off this foul aspersions, and to avoid all suspicion of practising by the force of torture or promises, upon a poor, ignorant, friendless creature, then in his hands, to mould him to his purpose. Does he send him to London to be examined before the English council, as his other witnesses, Crawford, and Nelson, had been ? Does he even venture to produce him before his own privy council at Edinburgh, to be interrogated there ? Or, lastly, does he bring him to a public trial, in the ordinary form, before the high court of justiciary at Edinburgh, as was allowed to Dalgleish, and the other servants of Bothwell ? No ! As to these last, the experiment had not at all succeeded. In spite of torture, they had, with their dying breath, spoke out the truth, and acquitted the queen. This man, Paris, was the last card Murray had to play ; a new method, therefore, must be followed with respect to him. He was secreted from public view, was carried to an obscure dungeon in Murray’s citadel of St. Andrews ; there he was kept hid from all the world, and at last condemned by the earl of Murray himself, in a manner no body knows how : and several months after his death, a confession in his name, taken clandestinely, without mentioning any person who was present when it was made by Paris, is privately sent up to London, (and given in to Cecil, but at what period no body can tell) accusing the queen in the blackest terms, and extolling the earl of Murray to the skies. And, to crown the whole, this precious piece of evidence is kept a profound secret from the queen and her friends, who, as we shall by and by prove, never once saw or heard of this confession.——Where facts thus speak aloud, reflections are needless.

† All that remains of this poor creature, are two confessions, one on the 9th, and the other on the 10th of August 1569. The first, said to be the original, and marked on some of the leaves with the initial letters of his name, thus N, is still extant in the Cotton library. This confession loads Bothwell with murder, but mentions nothing of the queen or the letters. The other confession, of the 10th of August, expressly charges the queen as accessory to the whole, of this last we have a copy, attested by one Alexander Hay, a notary, and clerk to Murray’s privy council ; and which, we see by an authentic paper, was  
sent

sent to London by Murray, in October 1569, as a further proof of his accusation against the queen, after all the conferences were over.

• That these confessions were kept secret, and never shown to Mary, is certain from the following circumstances.

• The only cotemporary writers, who mention the condemnation and death of this Frenchman, are but two, Lesly bishop of Ross, and the author of the manuscript history of Scotland, during the reign of queen Mary, and the four regents, Murray, Lennox, Mar, and Morton, published by Crawford, historiographer to queen Anne. This last author, who was at that time a living witness, mentions the condemnation of Paris in these words: 'The regent (Murray) proceeded from Stirling to St. Andrews, where Nicknavin for forcery was burnt; and Paris, a Frenchman, was hanged for the murder of the late king, *tho' he denied the fact.*'

• The other cotemporary writer who mentions this Frenchman, is Lesly bishop of Ross, one of Mary's commissioners, and at that time in the character of her ambassador at London. He drew up an apology, intitled, 'A defence of the honour of queen Mary,' which was printed at London in the end of the year 1569, soon after the execution of Paris.

• The bishop, in mentioning this man, uses the words following: 'As for him that ye *furmise* was the bearer of the letters, and whome you have executed of late for the said murder, he, at the time of his said execution, tooke it upon his death, as he should answere before God, that he never carried any such letters, nor that the queene was participant, nor of counsayle in the cause.' From the words 'the person whom ye *furmise* was the bearer,' it is plain, that neither the queen nor Lesly had either seen or heard of this confession of Paris, which is made to acknowledge this fact, of his being the bearer of the letters, in expresse terms. And the above passage from Crawford, fully explains the good reason that Murray then had, for keeping this pretended confession of Paris, a profound secret to all, except his own confederates, and secretary Cecil, viz. Because it was at this time universally known, by every body in Scotland, that this very Paris, at his execution, had publicly given the lie to any pretended confession, by solemnly denying the fact.'

We cannot dwell on such particulars; a thousand other circumstances concur in favour of Mary, at least as strong as any produced against her by those ingenious gentlemen, who, we may venture to say, have at least taken the uncharitable side of the question.

With

With respect to the historical collection, exhibited in his last chapter, by our author, of the direct or positive evidence still on record, tending to shew what part the earls of Murray and Morton had in the murder of lord Darnley, it is curious; but a whole Review would be scarce sufficient to place the facts in a conspicuous point of view. From the most impartial and attentive perusal, we are, however, of opinion, that the arguments produced by Mr. Hume, and Dr. Robertson, in their Vindication, are fully answered, and that horrible transaction fixed as clearly on the earls as ever it was upon the queen. Such indeed are the allegations on both sides, that the truth must ever remain problematical; and this a question which may afford scope for the display of talents, but never proofs or presumptions that can amount to conviction. In a word, our author has in general acquitted himself with great ability and address; he has invalidated the evidence against Mary, but he has not fully established her innocence; he has brought strong presumptions against Murray and Morton, but he has not convicted them; he has made a judicious assemblage of facts, but he has failed in placing them in the strongest light; and, lastly, he has distinguished himself as a critic of parts, but appears to less advantage as a casuist and rhetorician: these are our undisguised sentiments of this performance, which we offer with the utmost regard to truth, and respect for two gentlemen most deservedly esteemed in the republic of letters.

**ART. II.** *Reflections of a Portuguese upon the Memorial presented by the Jesuits to his present Holiness Pope Clement XIII. Translated from the Copy printed by Authority at Lisbon. To which is added, the Opinion of the Congregation of Cardinals, to whom the said Memorial was referred by the Pope.* 8vo. Pr. 2s. Millar.

**W**E believe the jesuits, so long the objects of hatred and envy, were never attacked by a foe of more zeal and ability than our author. Every thrust is aimed at a vital part, and pressed home with such bitterness, as calls for all the skill and address of a society highly famed for dexterity in the science of defence. Languishing and faint as they appear at present, it is a bold attempt in any private person to declare himself their irreconcilable enemy: even kings have trembled at their resentment, and the triple crown has shook on the head of Christ's vicar with the blasts of jesuitical calumny. Firm, learned, and virulent as our author may be, they will not fail of retaliating and recoiling back the blow with redoubled force. It must indeed be acknowledged, that any endeavours

deavours to avenge themselves will in some measure be justifiable, since the Portuguese *remarker* appears inflamed with a rancorous spirit of animosity, which carries him frequently to the most vilifying and opprobrious reflections on a whole body of men, many of whom, undoubtedly, deserve an exemption from the general charge. To the honour of the society it will be confessed by every candid person, that they have laboured with indefatigable industry in the vineyard of learning: in quest of knowledge they have penetrated the remotest countries; they have combated dangers, and surmounted difficulties almost incredible; they have exposed themselves to the inclemency of climates, the ferocity of barbarous and savage nations in every quarter of the globe; in a word, they have extended religion, arts and commerce, with an enthusiasm of zeal, steadiness and courage, unknown to any other sect of men. Their discoveries in Asia, Africa, and America, have proved highly beneficial to Europe; their observations have been equally useful to trade and science. Let us not therefore search the heart too scrupulously; whatever were the motives which impelled them, we have reaped the fruits of their diligence: if they have sometimes misled the consciences of kings, let us ascribe it to individuals, and not to the whole body. If they have protected guilty members, and skreened them from the rigour of the laws, was it from an attachment to vice, or out of opposition to the malice of their enemies, who embraced every occasion of aspersing the whole society? They have sometimes abused the ear of majesty to serve the purposes of ambition; and where are the ecclesiastics who would not? To conclude, the vices of individuals have been glaring and notorious, and so have the virtues; though it would perhaps be an error to ascribe either to the fundamental principles of the society, of which we know but little, except from apostates, who are scarce to be credited after a breach of the most solemn oaths and obligations.

In a protestant country like this, blessed with all that freedom in thought, word and action can bestow, it will not be imagined we set up for a defence of the jesuits, because candour obliges us to allow them their just claims. No; we detest and abhor many of their doctrines; but can we approve those of any other order of Romanists? The same spirit of persecution prevails among all; but with the jesuits it proceeds from ill-judged policy; with all the other sects from blind superstition, bigotry, or ignorance. They alone, of all the missionaries sent to the East and West, have been mindful of the interests of learning, while they were pushing those of religion  
and



and policy. What treasures of science have they imported from barbarous countries, procured in exchange for the lights of the gospel! In this point of view we would willingly regard them, without suffering the depravity of a few to cancel the obligations we owe to the whole: there was one false apostle out of twelve; shall we suppose there are not many out of so numerous a society?

With respect to the performance before us, it is shrewd, bitter, and intelligent; but savours too much of passion and invective to be deemed candid. Every line of the memorial presented by the father-general of the society, in the year 1758, to the pope, previous to the expulsion of the order out of Portugal, is examined; the conduct of the jesuits from their first institution rigidly canvassed; crimes of the deepest dye laid to their charge; murder, perjury, treason, lust, avarice, and every vice the most opposite to the laws of nature and society imputed to them. Nor can it be deny'd but all of these crimes have been committed by jesuits, though it is unsound logic to refer them to the whole body, and stigmatize any community for the misdemeanours of certain worthless rotten members belonging to it. Such, however, is frequently the reasoning of our author, which he confirms by facts committed by individuals, and by passages extracted from the works of pious jesuits, who lament the general depravity of the order. God forbid that the preachers of the most pure religion in our own country should be try'd by similar evidence! Can it be denied but the clergy here, as well as elsewhere, have among them persons who would disgrace a nation of savages; or will it be said that the clergy of England are immoral, because a late writer of their own body, and several others we could name, have taxed them with looseness of manners, and indifference about religion? These are the general topics of satyrist in all ages, and have been themes of declamation against communities of every kind.

Let not the reader suppose, from what we have said, that we think the society of Jesus innocent of the whole charge. No; we now speak with respect to our author, who has weakened his accusation by deducing general arguments from one or two particular instances. Too much truth still appears; had the writer confined himself to that, we should think better of his judgment, and worse of the jesuits. 'The jesuits, says he, stand evidently convicted of having long carried on a public and general trade, whereby they have incurred many canonical censures.' It may be so; but should this alter our sentiments of them more than holding pluralities will of ecclesiastics of the protestant

testant church? There is nothing criminal in trade, but as it contradicts the express canons of the church; and does not the avowed practice of our own clergy equally trespass against the spiritual laws? It is the passion of the jesuits for intrigue, their ambition, pride, mysteriousness, tergiversation, cruelty and treachery that render them the pests of society. To these objects our author ought to have confined himself: every assertion respecting these points might have been clearly proved from the uniform, invariable conduct of the whole body; from the to-mans of their order; the doctrine laid down by their best writers, and the facts related by the most candid and impartial historians.

To invalidate the pope's decisions, the jesuits, says our author, have insolently pretended to shew, that his holiness was not a sound divine; thereby setting aside the infallibility of the papal decision, not indeed with respect to the promises of Christ, and the chair of St. Peter, but as to the knowledge of the popes in matters of divinity. At last they carried their insolence and iniquity to such a height, as to make it a subject of public dispute, whether Clement VIII. was truly and lawfully pope; and with this spirit it was, that, on June 22, 1707, father Porquet maintained the two following propositions: *That the pope cannot decide infallibly touching the disputes concerning China. The popes in the church cannot define infallibly what is an idol.* Allegations such as these rather excite our mirth than any resentment against the jesuits; they could only be urged by superstition, and received as arguments injurious to the character of the society, by ignorance itself: however they might pass in Spain and Portugal, they will surely be laughed at in England, and have no other effect than lessening our opinion of a writer, otherwise sensible and sarcastic. It must after all be confessed this kind of reasoning is well calculated to the meridian of a rigid catholic, who persuades himself the blackest crime human nature is capable of committing, is denying the pope's infallibility, and weakening his pretensions to supremacy. It might therefore be wrong to charge this as a fault upon the writer; since he is the best advocate and most judicious pleader, who levels his arguments to the understandings of his judges. What in this country may be deemed blemishes in the writer, ought perhaps, with respect to circumstances, to be regarded as masterly strokes of art and refinement in controversy.

The variety of particulars contained in these reflections renders it difficult to couch the substance within the limits of an article; the reader must therefore be satisfied with the general idea of the work we have given; or if he desires a more intimate knowledge of the subject, with our assurance that his

time

time and money will not be mispent in the perusal and purchase of this curious tract. That nothing, however, in our power may be wanting to his satisfaction, we have here subjoined the opinion of the congregation of cardinals assembled by pope Clement XIII. his present holiness, to examine the memorial presented by the jesuits to his predecessor Benedict XIV.

“ In order to form a sound judgment concerning the affair of the jesuits, who live in the dominions of the king of Portugal, it is necessary to elucidate the truth of the fact. They have been accused to this holy see, touching several matters, by his most faithful majesty. Pope Benedict XIV. admitted the accusation, and not being able personally to determine the matter, he referred it to his eminence the cardinal of Saldanha, than whom no one is more unexceptionable, or more capable, either by reason of his great learning, or of his high dignity, which approaches the nearest of any to that of the pope, or of his abilities, to make the necessary inquiries, and distinguish truth from falshood; he being a person free from interest or passion, for, or against, either of the parties; extremely exact; filled with a zeal truly ecclesiastic, and with a most perfect submission to the head of the church, as may be seen by the nuncio's information.

“ This cardinal, who received the brief by which he was declared visitor of the company of Jesus, took for secretary to the visitation, the lord Magalhaes, one of the prebendary-prelates of this patriarchal church, a man of character and learning, and well versed in the civil and ecclesiastical laws, as the same lord nuncio testifies.

“ This brief was juridically notified to the jesuits, and a proper act, or attestation of this notification was drawn up. The provincial and the procurator of the Indies, as is believed, waited on the lord cardinal, and acknowledged him for visitor. Some time ago the cardinal published an edict, declaring the fathers of the company guilty of trading and merchandizing; which is clearly proved beyond all sort of doubt.

“ The memorial is set up in opposition to this edict, and is the object now to be examined. It contains two parts; the one tending to disculpate, the other to supplicate. The same weight and credit ought to be given to the excuses made use of here, as is commonly given to similar memorials of offenders; it being well known how unwilling men are to confess their guilt, especially when they do not stand acquitted before the tribunal of conscience; and, above all, when their excuses are addressed to  
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a sovereign who has not begun the process, and is not acquainted with the fact. If a criminal condemned by the Roman government has recourse to the pope, though the crime in question was committed under his eyes, he is referred to his judge; and there ought not to be any other method of proceeding, nor can there, without over-turning the course of justice, and dishonouring the judge, by making him pass for an ignorant or corrupt man. The same may be said in the present case, with regard to interfering in it, before sentence is given; or heeding the excuses in the memorial under examination; There is still another and a stronger reason, which is, that the criminals themselves are not the persons who speak in this memorial, but their superiors, who confess that they are ignorant of the fact.

“ To interfere now in this visitation (which is only beginning) would be doing a considerable injury to the cardinal visitor. It would be arraigning the credit and honour of the holy see, which has intrusted him with the executive power of its decrees, and that, *absque dilatazione quæ executionem quoquo modo impedit*. If that should happen, no one would be found who would undertake to execute such commissions.

“ The second, or supplicatory part of the memorial demands, first, that the innocent may not be punished; secondly, that a due regard be paid to the useful and just correction of the guilty; and thirdly, that the credit of the whole order be considered and saved. The two first points are provided for *ipso jure*, and also by the uprightness and abilities of the judge to whom this affair is committed. What may be doubted is, whether the judge can, consistently with the rigour of both the canon and civil laws, which he is obliged to observe, restrict his sentence to only an useful correction, without proceeding against the offenders so as to subject them to the just and useful punishment they deserve. As to the third point, of saving the credit of the company, that will depend on the religious themselves, and particularly on their superiors, who, if they truly and sincerely concur in this reformation, will regain the credit they have now lost among all judicious people, as may be observed in hundreds of books. But if they absolutely prevent it, or delay deserving it, they may deceive some, but not the public, and the company will lose its credit more than ever.

“ With regard to the edict which suspends the jesuits from preaching and confession; since they say they do not know the motives of this suspension, this affair requires all that prudence which the nuncio and the new patriarch are known to be endowed with; and they will accordingly ascertain by new enquiries,

quiries, the truth, or likelihood of truth. And if, in the mean time, it be thought proper to guess at the true cause, it may be said, that knowing evidently by the decree of the cardinal visitor, that these fathers do carry on an universal trade, and that they manifestly refuse to pay any regard to the divine precepts, the doctrine of the holy fathers, the canons of the councils, or the bulls of the popes, the lord patriarch does not think proper to trust the souls of the faithful to one who, *non confutebat animæ suæ*, and to whom it may be said, *medice, cura te ipsum*.

“ In short, the justest way is to refer this affair, with the remonstrances, and the memorial to the cardinal visitor, in order neither to subvert the course of justice, nor to give subject of discontent to a prelate, who has deserved so well since the first decree. Besides that there is no foundation for taking any other step, which would not only be irregular, but would do no honour to the holy see.

“ This is what conscience, the fitness of things, and justice, dictate to the congregation; not to speak of political reasons which forbid embroiling this court with that of Portugal, which perhaps would not quietly see a cause begun in that country, with the pope's authority and consent, and, at his request, removed hither.

“ No notice is taken here of the complaint made by the jesuits in the memorial, of their not having been heard; because the cardinal visitor has proceeded so regularly, that it seems impossible he should not have heard those fathers; and if they have other things to alledge, they must produce them before the person who is acquainted with the circumstances of the fact.

“ It is likewise idle in them to pretend to fear lest the cardinal visitor should delegate persons either not well intentioned, or ignorant of the institutions of the regulars; because that is attempting to tie up the hands of a judge, and excepting against persons not yet nominated or known.”

What the result of the cardinal of Saldanha's visitation was, every one knows. The jesuits, convicted of high crimes and misdemeanours, were to a man banished from Portugal; which, considering their influence in that kingdom, and the address of the society, may be esteemed an irrefragable proof of their guilt. Upon the whole, we must confess, that our Portuguese author possesses strongly the powers of ridicule and reproof; that he is witty and sanguine, but by no means a logician.

A R T.

ART. III. *The Annual Register ; or, A View of the History, Politics, and Literature of the Year 1759.* 8vo. Pr. 6s. Doddsley.

**T**HIS performance is of much the same nature with many others that have formerly appeared under the titles of Political states, and Histories of Europe, &c. Its plan, indeed, differs a good deal from theirs, but it may be doubted whether this difference be an improvement or not. The only thing that can be called an original in the compilement before us is, *The history of the present war* during the last campaign. This is divided into nine chapters ; the contents of which we shall insert, in order to give our readers some notion of the order and method in which the author has executed this capital part of his performance.

‘ Chap. I. The inclinations of the powers at war at the closing the last campaign. The king of Spain’s death apprehended. Condition of the king of Prussia, Empress Queen, Russia, Sweden, Holland, France, and England.

‘ Chap. II. The allied army moves. Successful skirmishes on the side of the allies. Battle of Bergen. Prince Ferdinand retires to Windeken. Plan of the campaign. General Woberfnow’s expedition into Poland. Prince Henry’s into Bohemia and Franconia. General Macguire defeated. Bamberg pillaged. Prince Henry returns to Saxony. Hesse abandoned by the allies.

‘ Chap. III. Expedition to the West Indies under Hopson and Moore. Account of Martinico. Failure there. The causes of it. Guadaloupe invaded. Description of that island. Basse Terre attacked and burned. General Hopson dies. Operations against Grand Terre. Several passes forced. The inhabitants capitulate. Bravery of a French lady. Marigalante taken.

‘ Chap. IV. Progress of the French after the battle of Bergen. Munster and other places taken. Situation of the French, and of the allies. Motions of prince Ferdinand. Battle of Minden. Hereditary prince of Brunswic defeats the duke of Brisac. The French pass the Weser. L. G. S. resigns the command of the British forces ; Marquis of Granby succeeds him. The French driven to Marburg. Siege of Munster. M. d’Etrees arrives at the French camp. Project of France for an invasion. Havre bombarded. Action off Cape Lagos. French fleet defeated.

‘ Chap. V. Count Dohna disgraced. Wedel succeeds him. The Russians enter Silesia. Battle of Zulichau. Russians take

Francfort on the Oder. General Laudohn joins them. King of Prussia joins Wedel. Battle of Cunnerdorff. King of Prussia repasses the Oder. Soltikoff and Daun communicate. King of Prussia detaches general Wunsch into Saxony. Parallel of the king of Prussia and prince Ferdinand of Brunswic.

‘ Chap. VI. Plan of the campaign in North America. Three expeditions. Ticonderago and Crown Point abandoned. Col. Townsend killed. Expedition to Niagara. Col. Prideaux killed. Sir William Johnson defeats the French. Takes the fort of Niagara. Consequences of this.

‘ Chap. VII. The expedition against Quebec. The Isle of Orleans occupied. Description of the town and harbour of Quebec. Situation of the French army. Action at the Falls of Montmorenci. General Wolfe sickens. The camp removed to Point Levi. The troops go up the river. The battle of Quebec. General Wolfe killed. French defeated. M. de Montcalm killed. Quebec surrenders. Movements of general Amherst on Lake Champlain.

‘ Chap. VIII. Prince Henry’s march into Saxony. General Vehla defeated. King of Prussia enters Saxony. Prussians defeated at Maxen. Again defeated at Meissen. M. Daun occupies the camp at Pirna. Munster surrenders to the allies. Hereditary prince of Brunswic defeats the duke of Wurtemberg at Fulda. March of the hereditary prince of Brunswic to Saxony.

‘ Chap. IX. The preparations at Vannes and Breff. The English fleet driven from their station. The action near Belleisle. French fleet defeated. War in the East Indies in 1758. French fleet under M. d’Ache twice beaten. M. de Lally takes Fort St. David’s, and repulsed at Tanjour. Lays siege to Madras. Obligated to raise the siege.’

We have perused this part of the work with due care and attention; and we cannot but in justice own there is some merit in its execution. The reflections upon the present state of affairs, and the contending parties, appear to be just and solid; and the conjectures drawn from the characters, views, and situation of the principal personages, seem to discover a good deal of sagacity and penetration, tho’ perhaps they may be sometimes liable to the censure of being over-refined. The language is clear and concise, tho’ it does not constantly maintain the historical dignity and simplicity; and when our author attempts the figurative stile, he is not always very happy in his metaphors. As a specimen of his way of writing, we shall here give the parallel which he has drawn between those two great com-

commanders, the king of Prussia, and prince Ferdinand, which he introduces in the following manner. ' But we cannot dismiss the affairs of Germany, in which two such battles as those of Minden and Cunnerdorf were fought, with events so different for the common cause, without observing something concerning the two generals who conducted them.

' They are certainly in reputation the first in Europe, which probably never produced two greater men; tho' they differ as much in their characters, and in the kind of talents they possess, as they agree in the greatness of their abilities for war. The king of Prussia rapid, vehement, impatient, often gives decisive blows; but he often misses his stroke and wounds himself. Prince Ferdinand is cool, deliberate, exact, and guarded; he sees every possible advantage, he takes it at the moment; \*pursues it as far as it will go, but never attempts to push it further. Nothing in the man disturbs the commander. In him we do not see a person who is a great soldier; it is the idea of a perfect general; it is a general in the abstract. Ferdinand suffers his temper to be guided by his business. He never precipitates matters; he takes them in their order and their course, and trusts nothing to fortune. The king on the other hand leads, and even forces circumstances; he does not endeavour to remove, but to over-leap obstacles; he puts all to the risk; and by suffering fortune to play her part in his designs, he acquires a splendor and eclat in his actions, which mere wisdom could never give them. Prince Ferdinand is famous for never committing a fault. The king of Prussia is above all the world in repairing those he has committed. Like some of the great masters in writing, whenever he makes or seems to make a mistake, it is a signal to the observer to prepare for some great and admirable stroke of spirit and conduct. His errors seem to be spurs to his abilities. He commits an error, he repairs it; he errs again; and again astonishes us by his manner of escaping. We should often condemn the commander; but that we are always forced to admire the hero.'

The second part of this work is called *The chronicle for the year 1759*. This is nothing but a mere collection of dry, unentertaining paragraphs from news-papers; and is not even calculated to afford materials for a history.

The remainder contains miscellaneous collections of state papers, and characters, great part of which are taken from lord Clarendon, and are valuable morceaux; natural history, antiquities, useful projects, and miscellaneous essays, some of



them curious enough, and others, as is unavoidable in all such collections, of no great consequence.

In the last place we have some pieces of poetry, and an account of a few books published in the year 1759. There is a good deal of wit and humour in the two first articles of the poetry, namely, a Simile, and Doll Common, a fragment, in answer to the foregoing; as also in the copy of verses on the vicar of W—d: most of the rest may, without any injury to the poetical world, be condemned *ad ficum et piperem*. We could even wish, for the honour of our country, that our author had omitted inserting the two odes for the last year, by our poet laureat. One would naturally imagine that it is the office, nay even the duty of a laureat to celebrate the great and shining actions which redound to the glory, honour, and advantage of his country, and have been performed within the circle of that year which affords a subject for his lyrical enthusiasm. A more glorious theme for an ode could not be supplied by the annals of any country whatsoever, than was last year by the gallant exploits of our countrymen; some of which were attended with circumstances that gave a fair opportunity to the poet to display all his art and skill, and even to endeavour, which seldom happens with propriety, to raise every passion in the human breast, which can be mov'd by the charms of verse and poetical numbers. In short, it was a subject which even a Dryden might have owned was worthy of him, and required the utmost exertion of all his faculties.

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ART. IV. *The Law of Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes, Bank-Notes, and Insurances: Containing all the Statutes, Cases at large, Arguments, Resolutions, Judgments, Decrees, and Customs of Merchants concerning them, methodically digested. Together with Rules and Examples for computing the Exchange between England and the principal Places of Trade in Europe. Also, the Arbitrations of Exchange set in a clear and rational Light, and illustrated with Variety of Examples. By a Gentleman of the Middle Temple. 8vo. Pr. 6s. Owen.*

THE laws of all countries have, in process of time, been swelled to such an enormous bulk, that the study of them has been justly deemed one of the severest tasks a man could impose upon himself; and the law itself has been often called a bottomless pit. Perhaps this appellation was never more properly

perly applied to it than in our own country. An abridgement of our laws has been lately published, in above twenty large volumes in folio; what must a man think of those laws, an abridgement of which is itself so voluminous? What would an old Roman say of this, who knew of no other laws than those of the twelve tables, not so large as a modern act of parliament? Even in Cicero's time they could not have been very voluminous; for he has declared, in some part of his works, that he could attain to a competent knowledge of them in fourteen days. Had he been an Englishman, and lived in our times, he would have found as many years too few for such a task: but this is not the worst; this evil, greatly as it is to be complained of, still continues to encrease. Every session of parliament, every sitting of the courts, adds new bulk, and new volumes to our laws; and statutes, precedents, and decisions, are daily and continually multiplying: so that it is to be feared, the realm itself will at last become unable to contain the laws of the realm.

No doubt the great multiplicity and diversity which the increase of commerce, and the refinements of life, have introduced into the affairs and business of men, have, in a great measure, given occasion to the almost infinite number of our laws: but we cannot help thinking, that the policy of our lawyers has contributed prodigiously to the increase of this mischief. The greater difficulty, obscurity, and mystery, there is in any profession, the greater regard and veneration is paid to its professors; and the greater authority they have over all those who lie under a necessity to consult them in it. It is probably with a view to this, that our lawyers have erected every decision of a court into a sort of a law, a rule, or precedent, by which subsequent decisions are to be directed; a conduct which, in our opinion, is not only productive of great inconveniencies, by rendering the study of the laws extremely perplexed and intricate, but also destitute of any good reason to support it. For if a decision has been unjust and iniquitous, it certainly never ought to have any authority as a precedent in any future trial; on the other hand, if it has been founded on the principles of truth and justice, these principles will, in any future parallel case, be equally discoverable, and equally obligatory. Indeed, with respect to settling forms and methods of procedure, which it is of no great consequence how they are settled, it being only necessary that they are settled some way or other, precedents may be of some use, and this is the most that, we apprehend, can be said in their favour.

The author of the treatise now before us has been of one advantage to the public; he has collected into one body all the laws and cases relating to bills of exchange, promissory notes, bank notes, and insurances, which were before dispersed up and down in the huge and unwieldy volumes of the law; and by this means done an eminent service to all those concerned in these matters, whose numbers are undoubtedly very considerable, being not only all those who are professed merchants, but most of those employed in transacting affairs relating to money-matters, in which the use of bills or notes is found convenient.

The author has divided his work into four chapters, each containing several sections. The first chapter treats of bills of exchange; this head is divided into the following sections:

‘Sect. I. Of the nature and freedom of trade and traffic, or exchange.

‘Sect. II. Of the antiquity and various kinds of exchange.

‘Sect. III. Of foreign bills.

‘Sect. IV. Of inland bills.

‘Sect. V. What shall be deemed a bill of exchange within the custom of merchants.

‘Sect. VI. Of the acceptance.—What shall be deemed a good acceptance.—Where acceptance shall bind.

‘Sect. VII. Of the protest: the necessity and validity thereof: when to be made, and of giving notice to the drawer of the drawee’s refusal.

‘Sect. VIII. Of the indorsement.

‘Sect. IX. Who shall pay the money, and of demanding it from the drawer, and suing him and the indorser and acceptor.

‘Sect. X. Of the action and remedy on a bill of exchange; and the manner of declaring and pleading thereon.

‘Sect. XI. Of the evidence necessary to support the action on a bill of exchange.

‘Sect. XII. Of the damages recovered for non-payment.’

From the nature of this work it is impossible to give an abridgement, and of no use to give a specimen. Those who are obliged to inform themselves of the matters it treats of, will naturally have recourse to the book itself, with which we doubt not they will find reason to be satisfied.

ART. V. *Bibliotheca Biographica: A Synopsis of Universal Biography, ancient and modern. Containing a circumstantial and curious Detail of the Lives, Actions, Opinions, Writings, and Characters of the most celebrated Persons of both Sexes, of all Ranks, in all Countries, and in all Ages: Alphabetically disposed. Particularly Emperors, Kings, Statesmen, Generals, and Admirals; Popes, Cardinals, Prelates, Fathers, and Arch-Heretics; Divines, Philosophers, Historians, Orators, Civilians, Poets, learned Ladies, Painters, and Players. Including also, the personal as well as public History of our Sovereigns, from the Conquest; with many hundred Lives of British Worthies, whose virtuous Acts adorn the Annals of these Kingdoms. By Thomas Flloyd, Esq; In three Volumes, 8vo. Pr. 18s. Baldwin.*

**T**HERE is scarce any branch of knowledge, which in the present age has not been inculcated under the form of a dictionary; and this has become necessary, from the immense extension of all kinds of history and science.

The additions necessarily every day made to history, will at last introduce abridgements; and the easiest, and perhaps the most agreeable form such abridgements can assume, is that of an alphabetical one. Suidas, Photius, and others, found it necessary to endeavour to contract the multifarious knowledge of their times into abridgements of this nature; by which means we have several facts, occurrences, and anecdotes handed down, which would otherwise have been buried in oblivion. We are therefore inclined to look upon every epitome, of the nature of that which now lies before us, in which the outlines of every great character are justly preserved, to be not only amusing for the present, but the most likely method of transmitting the accounts of the great to posterity.

The characters and anecdotes of this work (small we may call it, considering what a variety it comprizes) are such as are striking, interesting, and satisfactory: the author seems to walk between the tedious prolixity and minuteness of some biographers, and the uninforming brevity of others. 'In favour of such a design (says our author in his preface) it must be allowed, that the generality of readers are well contented, in their historical researches, to obtain *the knowledge of facts*; and of such personal anecdotes as at once characterize, entertain, and instruct: copious extracts from books, and large critical notes, frequently upon speculative points, are, perhaps, foreign to their purpose. Such illustrations have deservedly found a place in

in the larger biographies : but they have been the means of prodigiously swelling their bulk.

‘ In order, as far as possible, to preserve, at least the capital advantages of such collections, and yet contract the size, and thereby lessen the price ; it has been advised, from such ample materials, to attempt a *selection* of those lives only that appear to be interesting. Something of this sort was done by monsieur Ladvocat, at Paris ; and, very lately, another work larger in extent, but very much of the same kind, was published at Avignon. Both were well received and highly commended abroad, which, to avow the truth, induced the adopting of this plan. But before our first volume was far advanced, it became but too evident, that the desire of rendering articles very numerous, had introduced some of little significance, and diminished, at the same time, the space requisite for giving a just scope to those of greater importance. It was resolved to correct this error, the moment it was discovered, by inserting only memorable lives, and giving every essential event and date that could be procured.

‘ Not however to pass an arbitrary sentence on that method of abridging, which it must be admitted has been received by many with approbation ; or to preclude the reader’s judgment, by condemning these succinct articles to oblivion, we thought it best, to throw them entirely into a supplemental volume ; which probably will soon appear. By the help of this method, those names will occur there, which, for the reason before-mentioned, we thought it expedient to omit here, with the few remarkable facts that regard them. In order to give still greater satisfaction, or at least to put it into the inquisitive peruser’s power, to procure it for himself, we shall indicate, at the close of the proper articles, the large collection, where they are to be met with ; and by this contrivance, our fourth volume, will not barely form an appendix to this, but, which cannot surely prove unacceptable, become at the same time an useful *index* to the larger performances in our own language. Taking therefore these advantages together, we flatter ourselves that we shall not be thought to fall far short of the promise made in our title ; and that whosoever consults this repository of biographical learning, will be seldom disappointed.

‘ It may be also proper to observe, that sometimes the articles of our nobility are placed under their respective titles, and sometimes under the names of their families ; and as the spelling of titles and surnames is very precarious, and we have not room to take in all their varieties, it will be safest to run through the

whole of the initial letter to which it belongs, before an article is concluded to be wanting. As to the biographers in our own language, we very freely acknowledge, and are sincerely grateful for the assistance we have received from them; and are fully persuaded, that our compendium, instead of injuring, will extend their reputation, enhance the credit, and excite a more general attention to their useful labours; which, without all doubt, are as requisite in a library, as we incline to hope ours will be fit for the closet. But besides the lives drawn from these, we may presume to say, that many appear here for the first time in an English dress, and that there are some which have never appeared at all.'

Among the number we may reckon Hutcheson, Ludwig, Southwell, Wolfe, and several others, whose lives well deserved our notice; and yet which have been remarked upon by few writers of credit amongst us. Indeed, how was it possible, since their virtues have not, till of late, had an opportunity of being sufficiently known.

There is a constant revolution in the pursuits and the knowledge of men: characters this day the object of attention, may the next be regarded with indifference, without any other cause than the alteration of our humour; hence arises the necessity of every age being a critic on the past, and characterising those personages, whose actions seem most connected with modern pursuits and manners. In the present age of philosophy and politeness, our admiration is attached to very different personages from those who employed their attention about a century ago, and consequently a new system of biography is thus rendered necessary in every age. Julian is now looked upon with some share of respect, who was then regarded with horror, and Alexander is now almost an universal object of contempt, who was then the subject of universal panegyric. This is the effect of the progress of reason, who, tho' she proceeds but slowly, and tho' the difference of her situation be scarce discernible in the space of an hundred years, yet her minutest alterations deserve to be registered, and an epitome, properly written, may be the truest picture of the change.

The author has not only given us such anecdotes of eminent personages, as were to be found in the writings of others, but has also supplied several hitherto unpublished: we shall only select one concerning the late prince of Orange.

'I might here (says the historian) close this article without a panegyric on the deceased prince, as knowing that high personages have always flatterers to ascribe virtues to them they never knew,

knew, but that I am assured by a lady of quality, of whose impartiality I am thoroughly persuaded, who knew her royal highness long and well, that I am in no danger of exceeding the truth on this occasion. I shall therefore give an extract from a character of her royal highness, published in French at the Hague, which concludes thus : ' Her heart was firm and magnanimous, her principles were sure and invariable, her opinions constant, founded upon the laws of God, and probity, and justice ; and nothing could alter or change them. She gained the mastery over her passions, over all their illusions and irregular desires. Her heart abhorred vice, and detested falsehood and cunning. Neither fear, nor death itself, ever found her weak or pusillanimous. At the instant in which she lost her dear and illustrious consort, when the veil fell, and exposed to her sight a fearful spectacle, an abyss of grief and pain, she laid her hand on her heart, stifled its murmurs, and imposed silence upon her sorrow. ' I have, said she, a state to preserve ; young innocents to educate ; I have made a solemn promise, to him whom death has just now deprived me of, not to abandon myself to a fruitless grief ; let us exert ourselves, and shew the power of religion and resignation.' Her heart obeyed, and duty turned its back on grief and despair. No vexatious accident, no disappointment could make any impression upon her, from the minute she was assured she had done every thing that it was her duty to do. For a long time past her body, too weak for so strong a mind, began to bend under its efforts ; but she never permitted the least complaint to escape her, and carefully concealed what could not have failed troubling and alarming her children and attendants. She had such a command over herself, as to preserve to the last moment her usual ease and cheerfulness, and inquired of those who attended her, if they could observe any change of temper, and if her patience was any way lessened. It is in that moment, when death presents itself with its mournful retinue, when the world is disappearing from before our eyes, when eternity is opening to us, that we may judge of the effects produced in our heart of the care we have taken to form it, to guard against the fears of death, and to consider it as a natural term, where all our labours, and all our cares are to end. Ready to quit her mortal body, and to leave that other half of herself, her children, so tenderly beloved, seeing herself surrounded by her faithful friends, of whose sincere attachment she was well assured, giving themselves up to the horrors of despair, she thus addressed them, with a firm and steady voice : ' You weep, but why do ye weep ? Where is that profound resignation which you owe to the master of the world ? Where is that humility and submission, that you should

have learnt by reading and meditating on the word of God ? These tears and sighs, are they the fruits of all you have learned ? Observe me, and do as I have done. I have; as much as I was able, kept my heart clean, and my lips undefiled, I fulfilled my task with cheerfulness and resignation; and therefore death does not appear to me horrible, nor dreadful. I do not fear its approach; I feel the comfortable hope of going to experience, in the bosom of my creator, the reality of those good things, which he has assuredly promised to those who love him in sincerity.' She put every thing in order, and forgot nothing; and whilst shrieks and cries were only to be heard, she saw the approach of death, and observed him with a firm attention, received him as a friend, and falling asleep in his embraces, committed to her creator her spotless soul, her unshaken soul; a soul worthy of possessing the celestial mansions of the elect; the just recompence of her faith, her religion, and her hopes. Were I permitted to descend to particulars, what an example might I leave to posterity ! Perhaps there never lived so great a soul, and perhaps none ever carried the practice of virtue to a higher degree. The powers of her mind, and those of the heart, were kept in continual exercise. She little esteemed what are called negative virtues; such as good desires, having only a virtual existence, without ever being produced into action, or productive of any real good. She approved of active, not mere contemplative goodness; and thought that every opportunity of doing good should be sought for, and that it should be unchangeable in its principles; that we should study, to render the soul invulnerable, and to be useful in the world, and such as it would seek after; that little objects should never affect the heart, and that nothing should be done through vanity, or vain-glory, and that considering this world as a place of probation, and a passage to another life, we should never fix ourselves too firmly on it, as a place of residence. To conclude, she was the glory of the state, the support of the church, the delight of society, the ornament of her age, the honour of her sex, the happiness of her family, and will be the perpetual subject of our praise and our regret.'

In short, whatever praise is due to epitomizing, or compiling judiciously, we think justly belongs to this author. When a writer is humble enough to undertake a work, to which his abilities are far superior, he deserves commendation not less for his execution than his modesty,

ART.



ART. VI. *The Parliamentary, or Constitutional History of England; being a faithful Account of all the most remarkable Transactions in Parliament, from the earliest Times, to the Restoration of King Charles II. Collected from the Records, the Journals of both Houses, original Manuscripts, scarce Speeches, and Tracts; all compared with the several contemporary Writers, and connected, throughout, with the History of the Times. By several Hands. Vol. XXI. From the Meeting of Cromwell's third Parliament, in September, 1656, to the great Confusions in October, 1659. 8vo. Pr. 6s. Sandby.*

IN a former volume we gave an account of the preceding part of this laborious and useful performance, brought down to the meeting of Cromwell's third parliament, in October, 1659. The scene now opens with some very interesting particulars, not commonly related with so much accuracy by general historians, who have not had the same opportunities of consulting original papers and records, as our authors. We see the protector aiming a mortal thrust at public liberty, and a few patriots, of superior courage and capacity, parrying the blow, and opposing themselves with surprising intrepidity to the attacks of insolent power on expiring freedom. Those very persons who had contributed to Cromwell's elevation, without intending it; who violently declaimed against the encroachment on the constitution made in the late reign, without designing the fall of monarchy; or, who had adopted some republican principles from a notion that the liberties of the people could not otherwise be secured, all saw themselves the dupes of crafty ambition; and that they had exchanged a well-meaning misguided king, for a designing, despotic, hypocritical tyrant, masked under the specious and popular title of protector.

Cromwell found himself under the necessity of calling a parliament; a vigorous prosecution of the Spanish war requiring large supplies. The last had proved refractory, and was therefore dissolved in high resentment. He determined now to use every undue influence to render the new parliament more yielding to his arbitrary views: yet, notwithstanding the most violent measures were exercised during the election, such was the interest of many of his most strenuous opposers in the last sessions, that they were returned to serve in the present. His utmost wish was to ratify, by legislative sanction, his government, which had hitherto no other authority than what was derived from the sword. To effect this, a new and extraordinary method was devised: it was resolved, That no one should be permitted

mitted to sit in the house, before he had produced a certificate of his being approved by the council of state and the protector. On the first day of meeting, it was matter of astonishment to all who were not in the secret, to see the following certificate demanded at the door by persons appointed by Cromwell, and the members stopped who could not produce this illegal passport.

‘ Sept. 17, 1656.

‘ *County of*

‘ *These are to certify, that A. B. is returned, by indenture, one of the knights to serve in this present parliament for the said county, and is approved by his highness's council.*

NATH. TAYLOR,

*Clerk of the commonweal in Chancery.*’

Our authors observe; that Clarendon is mistaken in affirming, that Cromwell imposed a subscription on the members before they sat, purporting, ‘ that they would act nothing prejudicial to the government, as it was established under a protector;’ and that the greater part frankly submitted and subscribed: such a test was indeed required in 1654; but in the present parliament it was altered for the certificate recited.

Next day Sir George Booth presented a letter to the speaker, which he was ordered to be read, first privately, and afterwards openly, in these words:

“ S I R,

“ We whose names are subscribed, with others, being chosen, and accordingly returned, to serve with you in this parliament; and, in discharge of our trust, offering to go into the house, were, at the lobby-door, kept back by soldiers: which, left we should be wanting in our duty to you and to our country, we have thought it expedient to represent unto you, to be communicated to the house, that we may be admitted thereunto.”

In consequence it was ordered, that all the indentures of the returns of members chosen to sit in parliament, be laid before the house. On perusal of the indentures it was found, that divers persons elected were not returned to the house; and the question being asked the clerk of the commonwealth, ‘ by what order it was not done?’ he answered, ‘ By order of his highness's council, to deliver tickets to all such persons, and such only, as should be certified to him from the council, as persons by them approved to serve in parliament.’ After some evasion, the clerk produced the order, and it was then resolved, that the council be desired to assign their reasons for excluding certain members,  
duly

duly elected. To this the lord commissioner Fiennes was ordered to report, by word of mouth, that the council had agreed agreeable to the 21st article of the government of the commonwealth\*; upon which it was resolved by a great majority, that the excluded members be referred to make their application to the council for approbation. It was evident to the injured members, from this last vote, what influence the protector had in parliament; but they did not tamely submit to it. They published a noble and spirited remonstrance against this outrage to liberty, filled with the keenest sarcasm on Cromwell, the severest invective against the council, and the most pathetic exhortations to the people, to oppose the violence of oppression, and rouse themselves in vindication of trampled freedom and expiring liberty. Our limits will not suffer us to quote this paper, which breathes the most bold, vigorous, and manly sentiments; or the names of the ninety-two gentlemen who subscribed it. Such, in a word, was the effect it produced, that so great a number of members, ashamed of their companions, left the house, as rendered the following resolution necessary, to save appearances. 'That all persons who had been returned to serve in this parliament; and had been, or might be approved by the council, should give their attendance within seven days.' As to the remonstrants, no notice was taken of them.

The next curious particular that occurs is, the resolution of the house to petition Cromwell to assume the title of king. Framing this *petition and advice*, as it was at last called, employed the attention of the parliament for near a month. At length, the speaker presents him with the parliament's reasons for their petition and advice; upon which, Cromwell desires, 'time to seek God in council, who had been his guide hitherto, to have an answer put into his heart.' On April 3, 1657, he sent a letter to the speaker, desiring the house to appoint a committee to attend him that day at Whitehall. What the express words of his answer to the committee were, we know not; a chasm appears in the journals, nor is it supplied by any contemporary authorities: however, it is probable, from their renewing the debate next day, that Cromwell advanced some reasons against their proposal to make him king; but in such terms as did not imply a refusal. On the 7th, another, and more numerous committee was appointed to attend the lord protector for his further answer; whence it appears that what he had before said, was equivocal. Next day the whole house attended him at Whitehall; and here one of the most farcical disputes be-

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\* See the instrument at length, Vol. XX. of this work.

tween Cromwell and his parliament ensues, that is recorded in history. The reader cannot fail of being entertained with the arguments adduced on both sides, which take up near three-score pages. They, however, determined nothing; the first of May was appointed for Cromwell's final answer; afterwards the sixth, then the seventh, at eleven in the morning, which was again deferred to five in the afternoon; delays which clearly evince the deep policy of Cromwell, who wanted to sound the opinions of all parties before he declared his own.

On the eighth, a petition was presented to the house in the name of several officers of the army, to the following effect: 'That they had hazarded their lives against monarchy, and were still ready so to do, in defence of the liberties of their country: That having observed, in some men, great endeavours to bring the nation again under their old servitude, by pressing their general to take upon him the title and government of a *king*, in order to destroy him, and weaken the hands of those who were faithful to the public; they therefore humbly desired the house to discountenance all such persons and endeavours, and continue steadfast to the old cause, for the preservation of which they, for their parts, were most ready to lay down their lives.' Cromwell and the house were equally confounded; and this address certainly occasioned his, at last, giving the parliament this final answer.

'I come hither to answer that which was in your last paper to the committee you sent to me, which was in relation to the desires which were offered to me by the house, in what they called their petition.

'I confess, that business hath put the house, the parliament to a great deal of trouble, and spent much time.

'I am very sorry for that! it hath cost me some and some thoughts; and because I have been the unhappy occasion of the expence of so much time, I shall spend little of it now.

'I have, the best I can, revolved the whole business in my thoughts; and I have said so much already in testimony to the whole, that I think I shall not need to repeat any thing that I have said. I think it is a government that, in the aims of it, seeks the settling the nation on a good foot, in relation to civil rights and liberties, which are the rights of the nation: and I hope I shall never be found to be one of them that shall go about to rob the nation of those rights, but to serve them what I can to the attaining of them.

'It is also exceedingly well provided there, for the safety and security of honest men, in that great, natural, and reli-

gious liberty, which is liberty of conscience. These are the great fundamentals; and I must bear my testimony to them, as I have, and shall do still, so long as God lets me live in this world, that the intentions and the things are very honourable and honest, and the product worthy of a parliament: I have only had the unhappiness, both in my conferences with your committees, and in the best thoughts I could take to myself, not to be convinced of the necessity of that thing which hath been so often insisted on by you; to wit, the title of *king*, as in itself so necessary as it seems to be apprehended by you.

And yet I do with all honour and respect to the judgment of a parliament, testify that (*ceteris paribus*) no private judgment is to lie in the balance with the judgment of the parliament; but, in things that respect particular persons, every man that is to give an account to God of his actions, must, in some measure, be able to prove his own work, and to have an approbation in his own conscience, of that that he is to do, or to forbear: and whilst you are granting others their liberties, surely you will not deny me this; it being not only a liberty, but a duty (and such a duty as I cannot, without sinning, forbear) to examine my own heart, and thoughts, and judgment, in every work which I am to set my hand to, or to appear in, or for.

I must confess therefore, that though I do acknowledge all the other, yet I must be a little confident in this, That what with the circumstances that accompany human actions, whether they be circumstances of times or persons; whether circumstances that relate to the whole, or private, or particular circumstances, that compass any person that is to render an account of his own actions; I have truly thought and do still think, that if I should, at the best, do any thing on this account to answer your expectation, at the best, I should do it doubtingly; and certainly, what is so, is not of faith; and whatsoever is not so, whatsoever is not of faith, is sin to him that doth it, whether it be with relation to the substance of the action, about which that consideration is conversant, or whether to circumstances about it, which make all indifferent actions good or evil: I say circumstances; and truly I mean good or evil to him that doth it.

I, lying under this consideration, think it my duty, only I could have wish'd I had done it sooner, for the sake of the house, who hath laid so infinite obligations on me; I wish I had done it sooner, for your sake, and saving time and trouble; and indeed for the committee's sake, to whom I must acknowledge publicly I have been unreasonably troublesome.

I say

I say I could have wish'd I had given it sooner : but truly, this is my answer, That (although I think the government doth consist of very excellent parts, in all but in that one thing the title, as to me) I should not be an honest man if I should not tell you, that I cannot accept of the government, nor undertake the trouble and charge of it, which I have a little more experimented than every body, what troubles and difficulties do befall men under such trusts, and in such undertakings : I say I am persuaded to return this answer to you, That I cannot undertake the government with the title of *king* : and that is my answer to this great and weighty business.'

We shall only add, upon this subject, the reflections with which our authors close the conference.

' Notwithstanding, say they, Cromwell's refusing the title of *king*, with such seeming earnestness, it appears, upon the evidence of Mr. Whitelocke, and secretary Thurloe, ' That the protector was not only fully satisfied in his own private judgment, that it was fit for him to accept of the parliament's proposal, but also declared to several members his resolution to do so ; and that matters were prepared in order thereto.' A modern historian adds, that a crown was actually made ready ; and it appears by several original letters since publish'd, that not only the protector's own family, but even the sagacious Thurloe was captivated with the glare of his master's expected monarchy. And altho' all historians agree that Cromwell's fear of the resentment of the principal officers in his army, (who might hope to succeed him as protector in their turn) the solicitations of the republicans, and the suspected fury of the various enthusiasts of the times, did, without doubt, principally contribute to this piece of self-denial ; yet it is observable, from the whole conduct of the committee in the foregoing conference, that their aim was rather to restore the constitution, than to pay a personal compliment to Cromwell : and had he accepted the title of *king*, his own deposal might possibly have made way for the restoration of the Stuart family ; since, if the government must have been vested in a *king*, the nation would probably have chosen rather to submit to the family of their ancient monarchs, than to one who had been so lately their fellow subject ; and the rather, since such a revolution would have deliver'd the kingdom from the terrible consequences of a disputed title between a *king de jure*, and a *king de facto*. How far the jealousy of such a turn might contribute to Cromwell's determination, is matter of speculation ; but this conjecture will, perhaps, be allowed to have some weight, when it is remember'd that not one of the orators of the committee

except Mr. Lisle, had any concern in the trial of king Charles the first, and even he did not sign the bloody warrant; and that most of the others had been secluded by the army in December, 1648, before the judicial process was commenced against that unhappy prince. To this may be added, that lord Clarendon, though he says that many of the cavaliers were struck with horror at the proposal for advancing Cromwell to the crown, as tearing up all future hopes of the royal family by the roots, yet he admits that nobody was forwarder in that acclamation than very many of the king's party, who really believed that the making Cromwell king, for the present, was the best expedient for the restoration of his majesty; and that the army and the whole nation would then have been united rather to restore the true, than to admit of a false sovereign, whose hypocrisy and tyranny being now detected and known, would be the more detested.

It would be needless to specify the variety of particulars contained in this volume, including the public transactions from September, 1656, to October, 1659, the revolutions in parliament, in the army, and the administration; the curious lists of the standing forces by sea and land, of the public debts and revenues; and the entertaining account of all the parties, factions, and fanatical tribes, which, like the Hydra's head, multiplied by opposition, during this period. But what will afford the most rational amusement to a speculative reader is, the detail exhibited of the various schemes of government, devised and proposed by the members of that remnant parliament of Richard Cromwell. Some labour'd to have the supreme authority lodged in an assembly chosen by the people; and a council of state elected by that assembly. In the latter was to be vested the executive power; its power should be of limited duration, and it was to be made accountable to the succeeding council. Others advised, that the people should be represented by representatives constantly sitting, but changing by perpetual rotation. A third set of men gave it as their opinion, that there might to the popular assembly be joined, a select number resembling the *Spartan ephori*, who should have a negative in all things affecting the constitution. A fourth party proposed, that two councils should be chosen by the people, the one to consist of about three hundred, vested with the power only of proposing and debating laws; the other of a thousand, to enjoy the right of finally resolving and passing those laws: every year a third part of each council to go out, and others to be elected in their room. A fifth proposed, that the parliament should appoint twenty of their number, and ten of the principal

cipal officers of the army, to consider a form of government to be reported to parliament : if approved, the whole army to be drawn out to declare their assent. Lastly, the general officers of the army only proposed a select standing senate, to be joined to the representative of the people.

Our authors conclude with a query, Whether all, or any of these, forms of republican government, be included in the celebrated Oceana of Sir James Harrington, and a confession of their never having perused that performance. We will venture to inform them, that the ingenious author of the Oceana does adopt some of the above schemes, modelling them, however, to his own purpose; that a late essayist and politician, equal in elegance, strength, and refinement, to any writer of the age, has likewise borrowed from this detail of Ludlow; and that whoever has not a perfect intimacy with both, may justly be thought unacquainted with some of the best writers of his own country.

We shall give an account of the twenty-second volume of this work in our next Number.

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ART. VII. *The Modern Part of an Universal History, from the earliest Account of Time. Compiled from Original Writers. By the Authors of the Antient Part. Vol. XVIII.*

**T**HE authors of this learned performance have, at length, finished their stated progress round the eastern, southern, and western coasts of the vast African peninsula. They have made long excursions into the interior countries, as far as they could be assisted by the course of navigable rivers; and we have accompanied them through all their tedious peregrinations, with more satisfaction and profit than we imagined the parched sands of Lybia, the inhospitable deserts of Barca, the ignorance of the coast-negroes, the savage cruelty of the interior inhabitants, or the general characteristics of the country were capable of affording. Like travellers, who have spent the prime of life in search of foreign wonders, we behold, however, with pleasure, our labours drawing to a close, that we may taste, with higher relish, those blessings which nature has so liberally poured upon Europe. We regard ourselves as exiles, loaded with civilities and honours by foreigners, but retaining a hankering after the friendships we formed in our early years, the manners in which we were educated, the sciences, arts, and politics of our own country.

We come now to the remaining northern tract of Africa, known by the general name of Barbary, with which, by reason



of its commerce and situation, we are better acquainted than with any we have described. Our authors begin with the geography and general description of the country and people; the history of the Almoravides, Almohedes, Benimerini, and other dynasties, down to the reigns of the sharifs, and their establishment in Morocco. Before they proceed to the history of the great empire of Morocco, we are obliged with an entertaining account of the kingdom of Tremecen, first reduced under the Ottoman power, by the famous pirate Barbarossa, and now in the hands of the Turkish Algerines.

Under heaven there is not a more despotic and tyrannical government than Morocco, since the sharifs first subdued that empire. Religion, laws, ancient customs, and inbred prejudices; all conspire to render the monarch arbitrary, and the subjects abject. His authority extends not only over their lives and property, but their consciences too, of which, as the representative of Mohammed, he is the spiritual guide. From their infancy the people are tutored in a notion, that perishing in the execution of the imperial orders, entitles them to a place in paradise; but the honour of dying by the hand of their prince, to a superior degree of happiness. After this need we wonder at the instances of cruelty, oppression, and tyranny in the one, or of servility, submission, and misery in the other!

The emperor assumes the titles of, *Most glorious, mighty, and noble emperor of Africa, king of Fez and Morocco, Taphilet, Suz, Dabra, and all the Algarbe, with its territories in Africa, grand sharif or xarif, i. e. vicerent of the great prophet Mohammed, &c. &c.* He is the framer, judge, interpreter, and, when he pleases, sole executioner of his own laws; heir to the estates and effects of all his subjects, assigning such a pittance to the relations of the deceased as he thinks proper: yet does he allow a shadow of power in spirituals, to the mufti, and liberty to the meanest subject of suing him in courts of law; a mere phantom of freedom, which, when claimed, involves inevitably in ruin and destruction the rash plaintiff.

Morocco and Fez compose one empire, situated on the western borders of Barbary, bounded on that side by the ocean, on the east by the river Mulvy, which parts it from Algiers; on the north by the Mediterranean, and on the south by the great Atlas, or rather the river Suz, that divides Morocco from the province of Darhas. Some indeed extend its boundaries southward to the river Niger, which would give it an extent of twelve hundred miles from north to south; whereas the best geographers diminish it to little more than half these dimensions. As  
it

it lies from twenty-seven to thirty-six parallels north latitude, the climate is necessarily warm, but healthy, and pleasantly moderated by the cooling sea-breezes from the Atlantic, which fan it on the west, and diversified by a variety of mountains, plains, springs, and rivers. The soil is so excellent, that if cultivated with tolerable skill and industry, it would yield the products of most other parts of the globe; but this is not to be hoped for in a country groaning under the galling yoke of oppression.

All Barbary and Morocco, in particular, has ever been famed for its breed of horses, inferior in size, but excelling all other in elegance of symmetry, fleetness, and peculiar docility. Nor have the inhabitants been less celebrated in all ages, for their dexterity in breaking, training, and performing extraordinary feats of horsemanship. Even in these times they are allowed to be inimitable in this art; particularly the wild Arabs, who live in the mountains, and make this their chief employment. The dromedary and camel, animals peculiarly adapted to the nature of the climate and soil, are no less abundant and excellent in Morocco. Almost incredible stories are related of the journies these creatures will perform, without sustenance of any kind, for several days.

The inhabitants of this country are a mixture, 1st. of *Berebers*, or ancient natives, who live in the utmost poverty in the mountains for the sake of preserving their liberty. 2d. *Arabs*, a roving and wandering people, whose wealth consists in their cattle, horses, and grain. 3d. *Moors*, the descendants of those driven out of Spain. 4th. *Negroes*, or the woolly-headed blacks, made prisoners in war, or driven by intestine commotion from the western coast (these are omitted by our authors.) 5th. *Jews*, the most fraudulent people under the sun, who, however, have engrossed the chief trade, and are, in fact, the brokers, coiners, and bankers of the realm; and 6thly, the renegados, or those apostates from christianity, who rise to the highest preferments of the state, by that peculiar rancour and animosity they express against the subjects of European kingdoms, their own immediate countrymen in particular, and all Christians in general. To these we may add the class of slaves, treated with a severity and rigour here unknown, even in the piratical states of Tunis, Algiers, and Tripoli. All are the property of the emperor, employed without ceasing in the hardest and meanest occupations, fed with a pound cake of coarse barley-meal, soaked in oil, which they often cram greedily with one hand down their throats, while the other is busied in some grievous drudgery, to avoid the discipline of the knotted whip. Their lodging-

ing at night is a subterraneous dungeon, five fathoms deep, into which they descend by a rope-ladder, afterwards drawn up, and the mouth of the prison fastened with an iron grate. They are dressed in a kind of uniform, consisting of a long coarse woollen coat, with a hood, serving for cap, shirt, coat, and breeches. To crown their misery, these ill-fated persons are harnessed in carts with mules and asses, and more unmercifully lashed than their brute companions, for every the least fault or intermission from labour, though owing, perhaps, to fatigue and languor, from the severity of business, hunger, and thirst. But the cruelties exercised over these unfortunate wretches exceed all power of belief or description.

The following description of the city of Morocco will afford our readers an agreeable relief from the horrid scenes we have been just describing :

‘ Morocco, by its pleasant situation, and the number and variety of its noble edifices, may be justly esteemed the richest and most considerable city in all Africa, though much sunk from its pristine grandeur, both with respect to the number of its houses, and inhabitants, and the magnificence of its palaces and other public structures. It is conveniently seated between two rivers, the Nephtis and the Agmed, and upon that of the Tensift, all spoken of before, on a spacious plain, reckoned above fifty miles in length, about sixteen north of mount Atlas, one hundred and seventy from the Atlantic ocean, and near the same spot where Ptolemy places the ancient Boccanum Hemerum, if not on the ruins of it. The city is encompassed with very high stone walls, the cement of which resists the force of the pick-axe, and will even strike fire ; inasmuch that, though it hath undergone such frequent and obstinate sieges, and been so often plundered and damaged within and without, there is not the least token of a breach to be seen in them. They are likewise flanked with strong and lofty towers, with bastions and other bulwarks, and surrounded with a wide and deep ditch. The gates are still twenty-four in number, and retain some tokens of their pristine strength and beauty, tho’ not of their use ; and the houses are dwindled from one hundred thousand to less than one third of that number, the rest lying now waste, or turned into gardens, orchards, and corn-fields, and many of the noble structures that adorned it, either destroyed or gone to ruin. However, there remain in the part which is inhabited many stately buildings, particularly the royal palace, three magnificent mosques, some few baths and hospitals, together with some ancient inscriptions in Arabic, which seem to indicate the name of the founder,

founder, in words to this effect: *Under the reign of Jaafibb ibn Taxisu, &c.*

‘ The Al Caffava, or Michowart, within whose cincture is the imperial palace, is a large fortress, on the south side of the city, and capable of containing above four thousand houses. The walls that surround it are high and strong, flanked with lofty towers, bastions, and other works, and surrounded with a good ditch. It hath only two gates, one on the south, facing the adjacent country, and the other on the north, leading to the city; both of them very grand, and guarded by a company of soldiers, to prevent any christian slaves going out without their keepers. This gate faces a strait handsome street; at the end, and in full sight of which, in the center of a spacious court, stands the magnificent mosque built by Abdalmunen, king of the Almohedes; but which, they tell us, being too low for its bulk, was raised fifty cubits higher by his grandson Al Manzor, who also built the great tower of it, which, for height and beauty, is only to be equalled by those of Rabat, in the kingdom of Tremecen, and of Seville, in Spain, which were the works of the same architect. This noble building was moreover embellished with carvings of jasper, marble, and other costly stone; which, together with the rich stately gates of the cathedral of Seville, covered with bas-relievo work in brass, and bolts of the same metal, that conqueror caused to be brought from Spain, by way of trophies, to enrich this new fabric. On the top of the tower above-mentioned, were fixed through an iron spike four large balls of copper, plated so thick with gold, that they were supposed to be all of that rich metal. These were of different sizes, the largest capable of containing eight, the second four, the third two, and the uppermost one, sacks of wheat, all the four together weighing 700 pounds. Their origin and many other particulars relating to them, the reader may see in the margin; they being either so little credited or minded by the late Muley Ishmael, that he made no scruple to take them down, and convey them into his treasury.

‘ Under this large mosque is a deep vault, of the same length and breadth with the building, in which is repositied an immense quantity of corn, belonging to the emperors; but it was at first designed for a capacious cistern, to receive the rain water which fell upon the leaden covering, and was conveyed into it by pipes of lead. The battlements of the tower are of such an uncommon height, and offer to the view such a vast prospect round, as seldom fails of striking the beholder with such dizziness, from which one cannot easily recover one’s self; whilst the tallest men below

appear like so many little children : and from thence upwards arises a spire of about seventy feet high, on the top of which were fixed the four (Leo says only three) balls above-mentioned. The royal apartments, the seraglios for the sharif's wives and concubines, the state chambers, halls of audience, and the galleries leading from one to the other, are no less splendid and lofty ; pillars, moldings, cielings, and other ornaments, all shining with gold, and the furniture answerable.

‘ The gardens within, if not so regularly designed and varied, do, nevertheless, shew something of an uncommon magnificence ; being adorned with terrasses, fountains, spacious fish-ponds, shady pavilions, &c. great variety of fruit and other trees, fragrant verdures, and every thing that is curious and delightful. But, in the midst of all this splendor, one sees other noble buildings, such as palaces, colleges, baths, hospitals, halls, and other ancient edifices, with all the marks of their former splendor, running or run to decay. About four hundred aqueducts, some broken down, others tottering, and all of them shamefully neglected. The houses of the rich and noble are indeed built of stone, but much out of repair, and, which hath still a worse appearance, stand at such a distance from each other, as hardly to form one contiguous street in any part of the city ; whilst the chasms between are filled up either with such mud houses as all the meaner sort are forced to take up with, with kitchen gardens and orchards, or with old ruins and houses uninhabited and ready to tumble down. This is the present state of that once opulent metropolis, which, in Leo's, and even Grammay's time, contained no less than forty-five wide spacious streets, intersecting each other at right angles from end to end, all finely built, and well inhabited, as well as the prodigious number of lanes that ran parallel and collateral to them. All which doleful dilapidations are, in part, owing to the frequent wars it hath been exposed to, the change of sovereigns it hath gone through, but most of all to the tyrannic government it hath groaned under ever since the sharifs made themselves masters of it.

‘ The gardens, which stand at the farther end of the castle towards the country, and the park almost contiguous to them, shewed both some eminent tokens of their former elegance and costliness, when Mouquet was there, the former of which, besides a prodigious variety of fruit and other trees, shrubs, flowers, &c. was adorned with a noble square spot, railed in with a marble balustrade, in the center of which stood a column that supported a lion, both of the same stone. This last threw a fine stream of water out of his mouth into a large basin within  
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the rails, on the four corners of which stood four leopards, curiously carved, likewise of white marble, beautifully spotted with round spots of a green colour, and natural to the stone. In the other were to be seen a great variety of wild beasts, such as lions, tygers, leopards, elephants, gyraphos, deer, &c. Our author adds, that he saw the lions kept in a large ruined building, quite uncovered, and to which one ascended by a flight of steps.

‘At a small distance from the palace above-mentioned stands the quarter of the Jews, inclosed within its own walls, and with only one gate, which is guarded by the Moors. Mouquet tells us, that, in his time, there were at least four thousand of them that lived within that precinct, and paid a certain tribute to the government. The foreign agents, and even ambassadors, chuse to live in that place, rather than in any part of the city. As for the rest of the christian merchants, they commonly live near the custom-house, which stands about three miles distant from the palace. The Jews have always been highly taxed for their liberty of religion and trading; in spite of which there are many of them very rich, as they are the only agents, brokers, money-changers, and minters in the empire: And there is no doubt but the number of them is greatly increased since that author wrote. But it is, however, their constant policy, in all these despotic governments, to make the meanest appearance in their dress, houses, &c. to avoid being still more oppressed; and well may they do so, when the natural subjects are obliged to do the same, for fear of becoming a prey to those rapacious monarchs, or their ministers. Hence the miserable show that the houses of the middling and common people make, in all the parts of the city that are still inhabited. As for those of the alcajdes, nobles, military officers, and courtiers, they are lofty, strong, well built, and surrounded with stout walls, and flat on the top, with a turret in the middle, where they commonly spend the evening in fresco, after the African manner. The river Tensist runs through the city, and hath a handsome bridge over it; on its banks are a variety of mills turned by it, for divers purposes, and from it is conveyed a sufficient quantity of water into all the houses, gardens, &c. to serve their necessities. Thus much may suffice to give our readers such an idea of this famed metropolis, both in its flourishing and declined state, as may enable them to guess at the rest.’

Fez, once the capital of a kingdom of that name, is the next city in the empire in dignity, and perhaps the first in wealth, and several circumstances of beauty. The immense riches conveyed  
hither

hither by the Moors expelled out of Spain, contributed to restore its ancient beauty, and render it by far the most populous, large and extensive city of Africa, being upwards of twelve miles in circumference, or fourteen, according to writers who include the old and new cities within their description. It is besides the mart of commerce, and great school of the Mahomedan law. Old Fez, which alone merits any regard, stands on the declivity of two hills, separated by a beautiful valley, and the whole surrounded by a strong stone wall, flanked with towers. The houses are square, terraced on the tops, and after the manner of building in Barbary, without windows to the street: Those of the rich and great, as well as colleges, hospitals, mosques, cloisters, baths, and all public edifices, have spacious courts, adorned within with sumptuous galleries, fountains, basins of fine marble, and fish ponds, all shaded with lime and orange trees loaded with fruit, almost the whole year. Most of the houses have towers, in which the women sit to enjoy the cool evening breeze, and delightful prospect of the city and country. The river Fez runs through the city, plentifully supplying it with water, turning above four hundred mills of different kinds, and adorned with two hundred and fifty stone bridges, some exceeding beautiful and noble. Fez contains five hundred mosques, out of which number fifty may be called truly magnificent. One, in particular, called the *Caruvin*, is affirmed to be a mile and a half in circumference, including the college and cloister. It hath thirty stately gates, with a roof one hundred and fifty cubits high. The minoret, or tower, supported by thirty elegant pillars, is of a stupendous height. Of this fabric the roof is divided into seventeen arches, and the whole supported by fifteen hundred pillars of white marble, highly polished. Each arch is adorned with a lamp of prodigious size, continually burning; that, in particular, hanging over the *alsaki's* desk, is of enormous bulk and fine workmanship, surrounded like the sun by its planets, with one hundred and fifty smaller lamps, beautifully cast in brass.

It would be endless to enumerate and describe the public buildings; what we have said may excite the reader's curiosity to peruse the volume, where he will find ample satisfaction.

After largely describing the civil and military history of Morocco, our authors proceed to a description of the laws, regulations, manners, government, trade, and other particulars regarding the piratical states of Tunis, Tripoli, and Algiers. Here the variety of entertaining matter renders it difficult for us to select, and impossible to abridge. We must however observe, that the learned writers have paid but little attention to the elegancies

gancies of stile in this volume; and perhaps too little to the political interests of European kingdoms, with respect to the piratical states, whose very existence is a reproach to the narrow politics of Christendom.

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ART. VIII. *An Additional Dialogue of the Dead, between Pericles and Aristides. Being a Sequel to the Dialogue between Pericles and Cosmo.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Davis and Reymers.

THE masterly dialogues, of which we gave an account in our last Number, could not have been continued with more propriety, than by a writer whose works have been purchased with astonishing avidity, for their elegance of diction and sprightliness of sentiment. When such a triumvirate club their wits for the public entertainment, their endeavours cannot fail of meeting with a favourable reception. Plato's ease, and engaging manner, has not been more happily imitated than by our author. So inveigling, so shrewd and sarcastic, is Aristides, that you would take him for the *shade* of Socrates, as drawn by the most amiable of the Greek philosophers; yet apply the test of criticism, and his *subtlety* will be found to consist in *quibble*, his *reasoning* in *plausibility*, and his arguments employed *de lana caprina*, as the poet expresses it, rather to display his refinement, than convey information. What we mentioned as a blemish in the *Dialogues of the Dead*, the want of character, and those dramatical distinctions, which alone impart beauty and strength to the method of dialogue, has been attended to by our author. Pericles and Aristides, are not only diversified in thought and expression, but a third person is seen peeping behind the scene; namely, the all-sufficient and self-approving estimator, who may probably, in his own person, renew the conversation in a third dialogue, by the same well-bred stratagem used by Aristides, of listening at the key-hole. To speak our sentiments without disguise, whatever merit we are ready to allow our author as a writer, to us he appears more a caviller than a philosopher in this performance.

In the discourse between Pericles and Cosmo, the author of the *Dialogues of the Dead* has hardly advanced a sentiment that can be called the writer's; so equal has he drawn their characters, that it is difficult to say which is his favourite, following in this the two great patterns of dialogue-writing, Plato, and his admirer Cicero. He makes Pericles confess, that by weakening the court of the Areopagus, he tore up that anchor which Solon had fixed, to keep his republic steadfast and firm against the storms.



florums of popular faction ; and that, notwithstanding the integrity which both he and Cosmo preserved in their public conduct, and the great virtues they exerted, their place in elysium is justly below that of those who have governed republics, or *limited monarchies*, not merely with a concern for their present advantage, but with a prudent regard to that balance of power on which their permanent happiness depends. Pray is this ' leaving the matter short,' as our author, in the person of Aristides, affirms ? Can any political maxim be more decisive and undeniable ? We will at least venture to set it in opposition to the following, with which the reverend author makes Aristides conclude the argument. ' In a great, populous, civilized, and powerful kingdom, the harangues of an orator to any surrounding audience of the people, can no more affect the general welfare, than the buzzing of an eloquent bee can affect a province, when he leads out the murmuring hive on the mountains of Hybla or Hymettus.'—' As it would be impossible to seduce by eloquence, so it would be no less impracticable to corrupt, by bribes, this whole body of men, to the desertion of their own interest. A few, nay indeed a number, might be thus corrupted ; but this would never produce an united voice ; for the remaining part, and that much the largest, would clamour, and thus nothing but discord could arise. To silence so many millions, by repeated bribes, would require ten times the wealth, and more than ever man, nay, more than ever nation, possessed.' Here we see an officious direct application of a reflection, which the former author proposed as general, and an obvious truth, strained into a complimentary dialogue to *power*, equally pernicious and deceptive in the tendency. What shall our author say to great, powerful, and civilized people, who delegate their rights to a certain number of representatives, chosen by themselves ! To a people who, void of every idea regarding public virtue, barter their rights for the mean gratuity given by a candidate for a seat in the senate ! Who have absolutely reduced to system this species of corruption, whereby the price of every corporation is exactly ascertained ! Who entrust the liberties of the nation to representatives, who have wasted their substance in soothing, cajoling, corrupting and destroying the morals of their constituents ? Who are sensible that the broken fortunes of these representatives must be repaired by methods inconsistent with freedom ; that they are assembled in one house under the immediate eye of a court, rich in lucrative posts and preferments, and liberal in pensions, out of the public money ? What, shall eloquence, shall influence, and power of bribes, avail nothing here ? Wherein consists the difference between such a body of men, invested with the rights of the

whole people, and a crowd of Athenian populace, listening to the insinuating adulation, and feeling the generous liberality of a Pericles? Consult history, consult your own mind, and determine, whether in a government constituted like the limited monarchy of Aristides, there can ever be a dependance on the integrity of the people, where luxury and interest contribute in rendering corrupt, those on whom they have devolved their rights, and constituted their representatives. Upon the whole, we are of opinion, our author never applied his fine talents to a worse purpose than the present, as *the additional Dialogue* serves only to evince, that even learning, understanding, independency, and, perhaps, a virtuous disposition, united, are not proofs against the suggestions of ambition, or capable to restrain the possessor from servile adulation to power, and narrow jealousies of rival merit.

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ART. IX. *Observations relating to the Coin of Great Britain; consisting partly of Extracts from Mr. Locke's Treatise concerning Money, but chiefly of such Additions thereto, as are thought to be very necessary at this Juncture; not only for remedying the present great Scarcity of Silver, but for putting a Stop to those Losses which this Nation suffers by the over-valuing of Gold-Money, and by prohibiting both the Melting and Exporting of British Coin. Whereunto is annexed Sir William Petty's Quantulumcumque concerning Money; reprinted from an Edition that was printed for private Use in the Year 1695; and corrected by a Manuscript Copy of very good Authority. By J. Massie. 4to. Pr. 1s. Owen.*

AS there is no subject of more utility, or any capital article of commerce less generally understood, than gold or silver, the public is obliged to our author for the application he has bestowed on this and other points of public commerce. We shall endeavour to convey a just idea of his observations to the reader; subjoining such remarks as seem to us necessary to supply deficiencies, or correct errors into which he may have fallen. He builds upon reflections extracted from Mr. Locke, on the consequences of increasing the value of money, which that great philosopher has incontestably proved cannot be raised above its intrinsic value, or made to pass current for more than the gold or silver it contains, is worth in bullion; at least with foreign nations. He has even made this proposition obvious to us with respect to domestic trade, tho' Mr. Massie is of a different opinion, and therefore proceeds to a demonstration of it upon much the same principles, but in a different method. He labours to prove, that money, if raised above its intrinsic value, cannot be kept at increased rates of valuation, so that

that a lesser quantity of gold or silver shall purchase a greater quantity of any domestic commodity than before; since this *minimal* increase will proportionably raise the price of labour, manufactures, and commodities of every kind. First, All foreign commodities imported, would rise just in the proportion our money sunk in intrinsic value. Secondly, These must be sold by our merchants at a proportioned advanced price. Thirdly, Tradesmen must pass them to the consumers in just the same proportion. Fourthly, The landholders, who are the chief consumers, purchasing these commodities at an increased price, would find it necessary, and highly equitable to raise their rents. Fifthly, Of consequence the farmers must sell their corn, cattle, cheese, butter, wool, &c. so much dearer, as their rents are increased. Sixthly, Labourers and mechanics finding the necessities of life raised, must consequently increase the price of their labour; and thus all manufactures in general become dearer in proportion as money is raised above its intrinsic standard.

However logically this *seritus* may be formed, it is certainly contrary to experience. The best political writers of France have observed, that the frequent operations of the king to augment the numerary value of the coin did not produce a proportionable increase of the price of commodities. Lewis XIV. raised the value of money three sevenths, but for many years the prices increased only one. A fine writer of that country remarks, that corn in France is sold for the same number of livres it was in 1683, tho' silver was then at thirty livres the mark, and is now at fifty or more: indeed, from these and other facts we may conclude, that where money is gradually and judiciously raised, it will little, if at all, affect the prices of commodities. By the circulation of a greater number of guineas and shillings, domestic trade is enlivened and encouraged; and the new coin will purchase whatever could be procured by the old. If a labourer raises his price, the master expects an increase of labour, to which the artizan cheerfully submits, as he now sees himself in possession of a greater number of guineas and shillings. This, however, is only for a time; and we have advanced these facts only to shew, that the increased price of manufactures does not so immediately follow an augmentation of the coin, as our author supposes, tho' in the end his conclusions may prove just.

Mr. Massie, after shewing that silver is the measure of commerce in this country, proceeds to the consequences which he apprehends would attend an alteration in the value of our silver coin, the confusion it would introduce in every kind of domestic traffic,

traffic, by leaving no established rule of valuation. Here he enters upon some refined and very just criticism on Mr. Locke's treatise upon this subject; comparing various passages with each other, and shewing their contradiction.

The inconveniencies attending the alteration in the value of silver money, would by no means follow that of gold coin; as the rents of lands or houses, the prices of commodities and labour are not valued by gold coin. It is therefore, he thinks, a mistake to propose remedying the present scarcity of silver by altering its value; as this would be attended with consequences worse than the disease, an universal confusion in domestic traffic. The proper remedy, says he, is reducing the current rate of guineas and other gold coins which have long passed for more shillings and pence than the gold they contain is intrinsically worth in bullion. 'The gold brought here in exchange for silver that hath been carried abroad, neither will purchase a like quantity of silver from other nations, nor pass for so much in payment with them, as the silver-money carried abroad would have passed, if it had remained in this kingdom; and as very great quantities of gold are every year exported from hence to East-India, Holland, or other countries for trade; as also for public ministers, noblemen, gentlemen, &c. residing or travelling abroad; besides what is exported for war: this loss by over-valuing gold-money must have been very great in twenty years.' But soon after he runs into confusion, by acknowledging that the same happens to silver coin; for, says he, no silversmith will accept of an equal weight of impressed coin, for bullion. 'Every dealer in silver bullion knows very well, that one ounce or any other quantity of standard silver in British coin, will not purchase an equal quantity of standard silver in bullion; than which there cannot be a more plain and certain proof, that the stamp on our silver money debases the value of the silver therein contained.' These assertions, seemingly so opposite, will probably perplex a reader of ordinary penetration, however clear proofs they may seem to our author, that it would be hazardous to attempt the augmentation of the value of silver, otherwise than by the reduction of the value of gold coin.

To have viewed the subject in all its extent, Mr. Massie ought to have considered the effects to a nation of passive commerce, that always drains it of its money, and cannot be better remedied than by preserving an exact and true proportion between gold and silver. He ought likewise to have considered, how, abstracting from the influence of a partial state of commerce, a mere variation from the just proportion to be ob-

served between gold and silver, with respect to other nations will occasion great losses and inconveniencies to a trading kingdom; a consideration of great consequence in the reduction of gold coin. Suppose, for instance, a money system prevail in the kingdom, that shall raise the silver money above its just value, making fourteen ounces equal to an ounce of gold. While the proportion stood thus, the silver money would not only continue in the kingdom, but receive great increase: on the contrary, the gold would be exported in the same proportion, and the nation would lose upon it  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Again, let us imagine the gold raised above its real value, and that, instead of the common proportion of 1 to 15, an ounce of gold be made equivalent to sixteen ounces of silver. By such an alteration gold would be raised  $6\frac{2}{3}$  per cent. above its value; and silver reduced just in proportion: it is evident therefore, that this increase of the current price of gold would naturally cause the silver to be exported; and as gold would be imported in its stead and increase greatly, the nation must lose  $6\frac{2}{3}$  per cent in all the silver thus exported. To apply this observation to our author, would it not be a necessary consequence of remedying the scarcity of silver by reducing the value of gold, that the gold would be exported in a greater quantity, and the nation just so much losers as it is reduced in value; which, considering the extensiveness of the British trade, and the quantity of specie sent abroad, would be attended with the most destructive consequences? These reflections we refer to Mr. Massie's further consideration; observing to our readers, that writers are not in these times to be rated altogether according to the degree of intrinsic merit they possess, but by the purity of their intention, their well meaning, and labour for the public good,

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ART. X. *Philosophical Transactions, giving some Account of the present Undertakings, Studies, and Labours, of the Ingenious, in many considerable Parts of the World. Vol. LI. Part I. For the Year 1759. 4to. Pr. 12s. Davis and Reymers.*

CUSTOM seems, of late years, to have established it as a rule of this learned society, that a couple of annual volumes be published, of certain dimensions, and at stated periods, no matter what their contents. It can certainly be no inducement to men of talent to commence an intercourse with a select body, instituted for the sole purpose of promoting science, that their labours shall be indiscriminately blended with the impertinence of every pretender, ambitious of exposing himself in print; and bound up in a volume, which wags purchase as a

kalender

kalender of the yearly dunces, to fill an empty corner in a study. We are fully of opinion, that this undistinguishing compliment paid to the claims of real and feigned merit, has robbed the society of many useful correspondents, who set too just a value on their own productions to insert them in a chaos of literature, consigned to oblivion. Is it fitting that every officious pedant, whose sole merit is that he is communicative, should file on a shelf, clasp in an index, be stitched in the same calves skin, or mentioned by foreigners in the same breath with Newton, Halley, Brounker, Cotes, Gregory, and other names, that reflect light on their obscurity, just as the microscope throws rays on certain reptiles, only to render them more contemptible. What must be the opinion of that reader, who compares the *transactions* of a century since, with the solemn trifles now published under the specious title of *philosophical*, but that genius is in the wane, or the stores of science exhausted: and that the censors of the society want courage to reject, or judgment to select what is, or is not fit for the public inspection. But what these gentlemen have, for some reasons best known to themselves, neglected, we shall endeavour to supply to our readers, by pointing out those papers only which merit any sort of regard, and omitting an infinity of others, which we should buy dear did we purchase them by the weight. Such papers as deserve notice, we shall divide into miscellaneous and mathematical, deferring the latter to our next Number, as examining them would require more leisure and pains than the present opportunity will allow.

In the class of miscellaneous papers, the first that occurs is an account of some antiquities found in Cornwall, by Mr. Borlase; in which that reverend gentleman has displayed a considerable share of erudition, in describing a Roman patera, dug up near St. Michael's mount, with the following inscription in Greek and Roman characters on the bottom: *Livius modestus driuli* (or, *Douili*, for *Duilij*) *filius deo Marti*. This paper we mention intirely for the sake of the author's reflection, with which he closes his letter: 'that the inscription is the first discovered in Cornwall of such high antiquity; and will satisfy the learned, that the Romans had penetrated into the westernmost parts of Cornwall before the empire became christian: that the sacrificial vessels, the pateræ, and præfericulum, are of tin, the natural product of Cornwall: the vase, the weights, the millstone, are also of Cornish granite: and by the walls, the religious utensils, the weights, the quantity of shoes, bones, horns, vases, urn, and ashes, this fort appears to have been that of a fixed garrison, not a temporary occasional fortification'

tion : that by the shape of this fort, and the antiquities discovered in it, it was a Roman fort.'

Next we have a description and plate of a very ingenious silk reel, invented by Mr. Pullein, which we doubt not will prove beneficial to this manufactory, and assisting to the much wished for design of raising silk in our American colonies. Every artist in this way is sensible of the difficulty of winding the silk off the cocoons, on account of the *vitrage*, or natural gum that smears the fine threads, and makes them adhere with a force, which their strength is not sufficient to overcome. It is this inconvenience that Mr. Pullein proposes to remove; but the most accurate description of the instrument he has contrived, will be scarce intelligible without a plate.

In number VIII, we find some curious experiments concerning the encaustic painting of the ancients, by Mr. Josiah Colebrooke. After a variety of unsuccessful trials our author took putty, what the bricklayers call fine stuff, or slacked lime dissolved, while warm, in water : ' to this (says he) I added a small quantity of burnt alabaster, to make it dry : this it soon did in the open air ; but before I put on any colours, I dried it gently by the fire, lest the colours should run. When it was painted, I warmed it gradually by the fire (to prevent the ground from cracking) till it was very hot. I then took white wax three parts, white resin one part, melted them in an earthen pipkin, and with a brush spread them all over the painted board, and kept it close to the fire in a perpendicular situation, that what wax and resin the plaister would not absorb might drop off. When it was cold, I found the colours were not altered, either from the heat of the fire, or passing the brush over them. I then rubbed it with a soft linen cloth, and thereby procured a kind of gloss, which I afterwards increased by rubbing it with an hard brush; which was so far from scratching or leaving any marks on the picture, that it became more smooth and polished by it.'

Conversing with Dr. Kidby, our author was informed by that gentleman of a passage in Vitruvius, which he translates thus : " But if any one is more wary, and would have the polishing [painting] with vermilion hold its colour, when the wall is printed and dry, let him take Carthaginian [Barbary] wax, melted with a little oil, and rub it on the wall with an hair pencil; and afterwards let him put live coals into an iron vessel (chafing-dish) and hold it close to the wax, when the wall, by being heated, begins to sweat; then let it be made smooth : afterwards let him rub it with a candle and clean linen rags, in the

the same manner as they do the naked marble statues. This the Greek call *καυσις*. The coat of Carthaginian wax (thus put on) is so strong, that it neither suffers the moon by night, nor the sun-beams by day, to destroy the colour."

Satisfied from this passage, that the manner of using the wax in the above experiment was right, 'I was now (says he) to find if the wax-varnish, thus burnt into the picture, would bear washing: but here I was a little disappointed; for rubbing one corner with a wet linen cloth, some of the colour came off; but washing with a soft hair-pencil dipped in water, and letting it dry without wiping, the colours stood very well.

'A board painted, as in the above experiment, was hung in the most smoaky part of a chimney for a day, and exposed to the open air in a very foggy night. In the morning the board was seemingly wet through, and the water ran off the picture. This was suffered to dry without wiping; and the picture had not suffered at all from the smoke or the dew, either in the ground or the colours: but when dry, by rubbing it, first with a soft cloth, and afterwards with a brush, it recovered its former gloss.

'Suspecting that some tallow might have been mixed with the white wax I had used, which might cause the colours to come off on being rubbed with a wet cloth, I took yellow wax which had been melted from the honeycomb in a private family, and consequently not at all adulterated; to three parts of this I added one part resin, and melted them together.

'*Experiment IX.* Spanish white, mixed with fish glew, was put for a ground on a board, and painted with water-colours only. The board was made warm; and then the wax and resin were put on with a brush, and kept close to the fire till the picture had imbibed all the varnish, and looked dry. When it was cold, I rubbed it first with a linen cloth, and then polished it with an hard brush.

'In these experiments I found great difficulties with regard to colours; many water-colours being made from the juices of plants, have some degree of an acid in them; and these, when painted on an alkaline ground, as chalk, whitening, *cimolia*, and plaister, are, totally changed their colours, and from green became brown; which contributed much to make the experiments tedious. I would therefore advise the use of mineral or metallic colours for this sort of painting, as most likely to preserve their colour: for although I neutralized Spanish white, by fermenting with vinegar, and afterwards washed it very well with water, it did not succeed to my wish.



‘ These experiments, and this passage from Vitruvius, will in some measure explain the obscurity of part of that passage in Pliny which Dr. Parsons, in his learned comment on the encaustic painting with wax, seems to despair of.

‘ *Ceres pingere* was one species of encaustic painting. *Emavson, inustum*, may be translated, forced in by the means of fire, burnt in: for whatever is forced in by the help of fire can be rendered into Latin by no other significant word, that I know of, but *inustum*. If this is allowed me, and I think I have the authority of Vitruvius (a writer in the Augustan age) for it, who seems to have wrote from his own knowledge, and not like Pliny, who copied from others much more than he knew himself, the difficulty with regard to this kind of painting is solved, and the encaustic with burnt wax recovered to the public.

‘ What he means by the next kind he mentions, *in ebore cestra id est viriculo*, I will not attempt to explain at present.

‘ The ship painting is more easily accounted for: the practice being, in part, continued to this time; and is what is corruptly called breaming, for brenning or burning. This is done by reeds set on fire, and held under the side of a ship till it is quite hot; then resin, tallow, tar, and brimstone, melted together, and put on with an hair-brush while the planks remain hot, make such a kind of paint as Pliny describes; which, he says, *nec sole, nec sale, ventisque corrumpitur*, as they were ignorant of the use of oil painting, they mixed that colour with the wax, &c. which they intended for each particular part of the ship, and put it in the manner above described.

‘ In the pictures painted for these experiments, and now laid before your lordship and the society, I hope neither the design of the landscape, nor the execution of it, will be so much taken into consideration as the varnish (which was the thing wanted in this inquiry): and I think that will evince, that the encaustic painting with burnt wax is fully restored by these experiments; and though not a new invention, yet having been lost for so many ages, and now applied further, and to other purposes than it was by Vitruvius (who confined it to vermilion only) may almost amount to a new discovery, the use of it may be a means of preserving many curious drawings to posterity: for this kind of painting may be on paper, cloth, or any other substance that will admit a ground to be laid on it. The process is very simple, and is not attended with the disagreeable smell unavoidable in oil painting, nor with some inconveniences inseparable from that art; and as there is no substance we know, more durable than wax, it hath the greatest probability of being lasting.’

We

We shall only add to these experiments, that a bird drawn by Mr. George Edwards, on paper prepared with a ground of whitening and fish glew, painted with water colours, and then done over with wax, &c. burnt in, were presented on the 5th of April to the society. The picture might be rolled up like common paper, without cracking the varnish; but whether after all, either this, or the method proposed by count Caylus, be the true encaustic painting of the ancients, is to us a matter of doubt.

Number XII, contains a thermometrical account of the weather, kept for three years in Maryland, by Mr. Richard Brooke. Some of that gentleman's observations on the epidemical distempers consequent on the changes of the air well deserve the medical reader's perusal.

Some experiments made by Mr. Delaval of Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge, seem to prove, that bodies are changed from conductors of the electrical fluid, to resistors or non-conductors, by divesting them of their sulphureous principles. The hints here proposed will be deemed worthy of regard by gentlemen who cultivate this curious branch of natural philosophy.

From certain observations made by Mr. Hubnier, professor of history in the university of Copenhagen, related in number XXI, he thinks it highly probable, that the *Terra Tripolitana* is nothing more than wood, wholly petrified, and afterwards calcined by the subterraneous fire; but a subsequent letter from Mr. Mendes da Costa refutes Mr. Hubner's conjectures, with respect to their universality, and renders it highly probable, that the instances he mentions evince only a partial and local production of this earth, by concurring circumstances of wood and earth buried together in the bowels of a volcano.

The following extracts of letters from signor Venali, relating to certain antiquities lately discovered in Italy, will be acceptable to the curious.

In an inscription, which I found, while the front of the church of St. John Lateran was erecting, and which is now in the gardens of cardinal Corsini, without the Porta Aurelia (or St. Pancrazio) mention is made of the *equites singulares*, as guards of the persons of the emperors.

Herculi Invicto Sacrum  
Genio Num. Eq. Sing.  
Augg. N. N. Pro Salute  
Imp. Cesar. L. Septimii  
Severi, et M. Aurelii An  
tonini - - - - -

Et Juliae Aug. Matri  
Castrorum. Aug.

- - - - - Do

mus divinae. Trib.

Occo. Valente, et Octavio

Pisoni. et. Ti. Exerc. Fl.

Titiano. et Aurel. Lupo

C. Julius Secundus

. rexit. Ere. suo. Deo. Do. D

Dedit. Idibus. Sept.

Severo III. et Antonino Au

g g N N. Cos.

‘ As Commodus was not ashamed to enter the lists in the amphitheatre, as a gladiator (as appears by an inscription, which I have lately published) I do not question, but that he might have a further ambition to be ranked among the *equites singulares* &c.

‘ Without the gate of St<sup>o</sup> Paolo, in the way to Ostia, about eight miles from Rome, there has been discovered, within these few days, a magnificent sepulchre of very large dimensions, and of a round figure. In the middle of it was a sepulchral urn covered all over with sculpture in no inelegant taste. Among the rubbish, on the outside, they met with this inscription in large capitals,

C. TUCCIUS. L. F. TRO. DVVOMVR.  
ACTIA. UXOR.

‘ Not far from this sepulchre, there are now found *ædis rusticae*, peasants houses, adorned with rich marbles in the walls, and with statues.’

‘ During my summer recess at Viterbo, as I was tracing out the remains of antiquity in the adjacent country, I dropt, by mere accident, upon the ruins of Ferentum, a town of Etruria, different from that of the same name in Latium, near Mons Albanus. Here, besides the walls of the city, consisting of wrought square stone, I had the satisfaction of finding a temple built of the same materials, of neat workmanship, and a very elegant stile of architecture: but what surprised me more was a theatre almost perfect, not only in the circular part of it, but also in that, which was taken up by the scene or stage. It had its porticos intire on the outside, and likewise three entrances, answering to the *valvæ regiae*, and the *hospitalia*, described by Vitruvius: so that nothing was wanting to render it complete, but the *orchestra* and *pulpitum*. These remains are accessible

accessible to all the world; yet no one hitherto has delineated or published them. We have several valuable monuments in Latium, Sabina, Etruria, Campania, and Calabria, which contain subjects of the highest erudition, but yet are unknown to, and disregarded by, learned men; while at the same time they are searching, with great expence and labour, after others in Greece and Asia, which are already known, and perhaps not so intire as these. I have caused a drawing to be made of the theatre above-mentioned, and some time or other (probably) may offer it to the public.

‘ I have lately met with a curious dissertation, published by a professor of the university of Pisa, upon a gem, which exhibits the Theban war, with the names of five heroes engraved in Etruscan characters upon it. You (in all probability) saw it at Florence, in the cabinet of Baron Stofch, who a few days ago was struck with an apoplexy, and lies now at the point of death.’

‘ A few mouths ago I published a dissertation upon a little marble relievó, inscribed with Greek characters of the smallest size. The subject of it is the story of Circe, as related by Homer, Odyss. lib. x. It is really remarkable, that whereas there are extant several ancient monuments alluding to the Iliad of that poet, very few are found, which refer to the Odyssey.

‘ There has lately been discovered without the *Porta Prænestina* (or Maggiore) about four miles from Rome, an old sepulchral apartment, wherein were four sarcophagus's, adorned with very curious relievó's. Two of them were of a large size; the other two of a smaller. On the first of the large ones was elegantly carved the fight of the giants, who are represented with thighs composed of serpents. The second appeared to me to express the combat of the Amazons and Theseus. Of the two smaller sarcophagus's, one exhibited Bacchus in a chariot drawn by centaurs, and preceded by the whole chorus of the Bacchantes: the other seemed to be a battle (perhaps) between the Greeks and the Trojans; as one part of the figures had long beards, tunics, and long breeches: all of them were of exquisite workmanship.

‘ There has been lately dug up here an admirable statue of Venus, with an elegant Cupid standing upon a dolphin; as also several curious inscriptions.

‘ I have communicated your extract of Mr. Swinton's most learned conjectures concerning a coin of Monefes, a Parthian king, to signor Corsini. He approved of the performance, and admired the judgment and acute penetration of the author: but excepted a little to that part, where, in order to ascertain the epoch of the piece, he [Mr. Swinton] expresses a doubt with regard

regard to the *vißery* on the reverse of it ; as there was no engagement that year between the Romans and the Parthians. But when Moneses had usurped the throne, dispossessed the lawful heirs, and plundered the neighbouring nations, it is no wonder, that he should stamp a *vißery* on his coin : which symbol ought to be referred to some considerable advantage gained over the barbarians, and not over the Romans.’

Dr. Lister, Hoffman, and some later naturalists, have doubted the existence of the sulphureous principle in those waters called mineral. Dr. Rutty has, on the other hand, in number XXVIII, fully evinced the existence of sulphur in waters, by a great number of curious observations and queries, which deserve well of the public, but would exceed our limits to render complete.

Annexed to a letter wrote by Mr. Mountain, in number XXX, of the effects of lightning, we have some sensible remarks by Dr. Knight, which render very dubious that long-established opinion, that lightning fuses metals, without producing heat or ignition.

It would be impossible to present the reader with a view of the several experiments, made by Mr. Wilson, on the *Tourmalin*, or *Ashstone*, which may justly be deemed a valuable accession to the philosophy of the electrical effluvia ; or, of the ingenious remarks on electricity communicated to the society by Robert Symmer, Esq. We shall therefore close this article with a short extract, from some observations made by Dr. Watson, on that stone called *Lyncurium*, by the ancients. ‘ If (says the doctor) I may be permitted to give my thoughts concerning the *Lyncurium* of the ancients, I make no scruple to think it to be exceedingly probable, that what we now call the *Tourmaline* was the *Lyncurium* of Theophrastus, as it agrees with that author’s description in all its sensible qualities ; to wit, that it is a very hard pellucid stone, of a deep-red colour ; that it is very proper to engrave seals upon ; that it attracts, like amber, not only straws and light pieces of wood, but filings of iron and brass, as has been lately evinced by many experiments. And what will give some weight to this opinion is, that this stone, though not much attended to by us till very lately, is very common in several parts of the East-Indies, and more particularly in the island of Ceylon, where it is called by the natives *Tournamal*. ’

‘ The first account which we have had, of late years at least, of this extraordinary stone, was in the History of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris, for the year 1717 ; where we are told, that Mr. Lemery exhibited a stone, which, he said, was  
not

not common, and came from Ceylon. This stone attracted and repelled little light bodies, such as ashes, filings of iron, bits of paper, and such like. The publisher of that history then proceeds to give some reasons for these phenomena. Linnæus, in his preface to the *Flora Zeylanica*, mentions this stone under the name of *lapis electricus*; and takes notice of M. Lemery's experiments before-mentioned.

Notwithstanding this, no further mention was made of this stone, and its effects, till very lately. The duke de Noya, in his letter to M. de Buffon, which was presented to the Royal Society a few months ago, informs us, that when at Naples in the year 1743, the late count Pichetti, secretary to the king, assured him, that, during his stay at Constantinople, he had seen a small stone, called a tourmaline, which attracted and repelled ashes. This account the duke de Noya had quite forgot; but, being last year in Holland, he saw and purchased two of these stones, which are called *aschentrækker*. The making experiments with these called to his remembrance what formerly had been told him by count Pichetti. With these stones he made, in company with messieurs Daubenton and Adanson, a great number of experiments, of which the duke has favoured the public with a particular account.

In the year 1757, there were two accounts published upon this subject: the one is a memoir of M. Æpinus, read to the Royal Academy at Berlin, intitled, *De quibusdam experimentis electricis notabilioribus*. The other is a treatise in quarto, printed at Rostock, intitled, *Disputatio de electricitatibus contrariis. Auctore Joanne Carolo Wilke*. Since which time Dr. Heberden, who is ever desirous of extending the bounds of science, having procured some of these stones from Holland, a great number and variety of experiments with them have been made here, particularly by the ingenious Mr. Wilfon.

[To be continued.]

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ART. XI. *The Voyages and Cruises of Commodore Walker, during the late Spanish and French Wars. In two Volumes. 12mo. Pr. 5s. Millar.*

WITHOUT any of the masterly talents of an author, or incidents very singular or striking, the writer of these voyages has attained the happy art of engaging the attention, and strongly interesting the reader in his narrative. It was well known before this publication, that the commodore bore the character of a generous, brave, and skilful officer; that he is unfortunate is equally well known; but that he is so thro' any fault in

in his own conduct, is a matter which we find questioned by persons who have made the strictest inquiry: certain we are, that his case appears a flagrant proof of the necessity of reforming our laws between debtors and creditors; whereby so many brave and loyal subjects are kept languishing in loathsome prisons, while they might be extending the national honour and interest, and striking terror in his majesty's enemies. But unhappily there always are certain persons in this country, whose private interest it is to oppose every measure for the public good: who thrive and fatten on the spoils of their country; hear the widow's moaning, and orphan's cries without remorse; and, provided they can screen themselves under the sanction of law or chicanery, set at defiance conscience, honour, and the world. \*

It would be robbing the reader of great satisfaction to present him with an abstract of the voyages before us; as perhaps the most amusing anecdotes and incidents are those which have no immediate relation to the principal narrative. The following humorous story will evince our assertion. When Mr. Walker was setting out on his second cruise in the Boscawen private ship of war, A. D. 1745, a report made by the French officers, when the ship was taken, that a gunner's wife had been murdered on board, began now to be look'd upon by the men, as ominous of the misfortunes which would attend the cruise. One of the seamen remarkable for his sobriety and good character, one night alarmed the ship, by declaring he had seen a strange appearance of a woman, who informed him, among other particulars, that the ship would be lost: The story spread among the crew, and laid such hold of the imagination, as would have been attended with the most serious consequences, had not Mr. Walker contrived a device for turning it into ridicule, and with great presence of mind related the following anecdote to the assembled ship's crew:

\* In June, 1734, Mr. Walker lying at an anchor at Cadiz, in his ship the Elizabeth, a gentleman of Ireland, whose name was Burnet, was then on board, going to take his passage over to Ireland. This gentleman was a particular acquaintance of Mr. Walker's, and he was extremely fond of him, being a man of great good sense, and very lively in conversation. The night before the affair we speak of happened, the subject turned upon apparitions of deceased friends, in which this gentleman seemed much to believe, and told many strange stories as authorities for them, besides giving some metaphysical arguments, chiefly that the natural fear we had of them proved the soul's confel-

- \* Mr. Walker has lately obtained his liberty, much to the honour of those who procured it.

tion

sion of them. But Mr. Walker, who was intirely of another way of thinking, treating all his arguments with ridicule, Mr. Burnet, who was bred a phyfician, was curious to try how far fancy might be wrought on in an unbeliever, and refolved to prove the power of this natural fear over the fenfes : a strange way, you will fay, to convince the mind by attacking the imagination ; or, if it was curiofity to fee the operations of fear work on fancy, it was too nice an experiment to anatomize a friend's mind for information only. But perhaps the humour of the thought was the greateft motive ; for he was a man of a gay temper, and frolicfome.

About noon, as they were ftanding, with more of the fhip's company, upon deck, near the forecaftle, looking at fome of the governor's guard-boats making faft to a buoy of a fhip in the bay, in order to watch the money, that it might not be carried out of the country, Mr. Burnet propofed, as a plan for a wager, he being a remarkable good fwimmer, to leap off the gunnel of the fhip, and dive all the way quite under water, from the fhip to the boats at that diftance, and fo rife up upon them, to ftartle the people at watch in them. A wager being laid, he undreffed, jumped off, and dived intirely out of fight. Every body crowded forwards, keeping their eyes at the diftance where he was expected to come up ; but he never rifing to their expectation, and the time running paff their hopes of ever feeing him more, it was juftly concluded he was drowned, and every body was in the greateft pain and concern ; efpecially thofe, who by laying the wager, thought themfelves in fome meafure acceffory to his death. But he, by fkilful diving, having turned the other way behind the fhip ; and being alfo very active, got up by the quarter-ladder in at the cabin-window, whilft every body was bufy and in confufion, at the forward part of the fhip ; then concealing himfelf the remaining part of the day in a clofet in the ftate-room, wrapped himfelf up in a linen night-gown of Mr. Walker's. Evening coming on, the whole fhip's company being very melancholy at the accident, Mr. Walker retired with a friend or two to his cabin, where, in their converfation, they often lamented the bad accident and lofs of their friend and dear companion, fpeaking of every merit he had when living, which is the unenvied praife generally given to our friends when they can receive nothing elfe from us. The fupposed dead man remained ftill quiet, and heard more good things faid to his memory than perhaps he would elfe have ever in his life-time heard fpoken to his face. As foon as it was night, Mr. Walker's company left him ; and he being low in fpirits went to bed, where lying, ftill



still pensive on the late loss of his companion and friend, and the moon shining direct thro' the windows, he perceived the folding-doors of the closet to open; and, looking stedfast towards them, saw something which could not fail startling him, as he imagined it a representation of a human figure; but recalling his better senses, he was fond to persuade himself, it was only the workings of his disturbed fancy, and turned away his eyes. However, they soon again returned in search of the object; and seeing it now plainly advance upon him, in a slow and constant step, he recognized the image of his departed friend. He has not been ashamed to own he felt terrors which shook him to the inmost soul. The mate, who lay in the steerage at the back of the cabin, divided only by a bulk-head, was not yet a-bed; and hearing Mr. Walker challenge with a loud and alarmed voice, 'What are you?' ran into him with a candle, and meeting Mr. Burnet in the linen gown, down drops the mate without so much as an ejaculation. Mr. Burnet, now beginning himself to be afraid, runs for a bottle of smelling spirits he knew lay in the window, and applied them to the nose and temples of the swooning mate. Mr. Walker, seeing the ghost so very alert and good-natured, began to recover from his own apprehension, when Mr. Burnet cried out to him, 'Sir, I must ask your pardon; I fear I have carried the jest too far; I swam round and came in at the cabin window; I meant, Sir, to prove to you the natural awe the bravest men must be under at such appearances, and have, I hope, convinced you in yourself.' 'Sir, says Mr. Walker, glad of being awakened from a terrible dream, and belief of his friend's death, you have given me a living instance; there needs no better proof: but pray take care you do not bring death amongst us in earnest.' He then lent his aid in the recovery of the poor mate, who, as he retrieved his senses, still relapsed at the sight of Mr. Burnet: so that Mr. Walker was obliged to make him intirely disappear, and go call others to his assistance; which took up some considerable time in doing, every body, as Mr. Burnet advanced to them, being more or less surpris'd; but they were called to by him, and told the manner of the cheat, and then they were by degrees convinced of his reality; tho' every one was before thoroughly satisfied of his death. I being persuaded that this story carries a lesson in it, which speaks itself, shall conclude it by mentioning this circumstance, that the poor mate never rightly recovered the use of his senses from that hour. Nature had received too great a shock, by which Reason was flung from her seat, and could never regain it afterwards: a constant stupidity hung around him, and he could never be brought to look direct at Mr. Burnet afterwards, tho' he was as brave a

man as ever went, in all his senses, to face death by daylight.'

Mr. Walker has shewn such a readiness of wit upon many other occasions, that it is probable we owe this story wholly to his invention; but whether we do or not, the application was judicious and seasonable; it corroborates many other instances given in this narration, of his being perfectly master of the passions, humours, and affections of the private men; one of the most necessary qualifications, and perhaps the most difficult to obtain, of a sea-officer.

## FOREIGN ARTICLES.

ART. XII. *Oeuvres du Philosophe de Sans-souci.*

## The Works of the Sans-souci \* Philosopher.

THOUGH this volume of poems has been openly denied by the royal author, to whom it was ascribed, the learned, however, are under no doubt, but that most, if not all the poems contained in it, were written by him. It is certain, that some time ago this monarch caused his poems to be printed, twelve copies of which, bound up in the most magnificent manner, were distributed among his particular friends; which of them was unfaithful to his trust we shall not take upon us to determine, but certain it is, that none at all acquainted with the subject, dispute the collection to be his.

A king, who, in this extraordinary manner, undertakes to instruct mankind, does honour not only to himself but to humanity: tho' his motives for disowning these poems may be politic and wise, yet his motives for writing them are certainly laudable. Not led by the blind admiration which influences the crowd, we may safely rank them among the few publications that do honour to the present age; and had they been written by the meanest subject, would have been applauded by all who are possessed of any taste, or who are pleased with strong and manly thinking.

The collection consists of odes and epistles, addressed to several of his friends; and the art of war, in six cantos, addressed, as it would seem, to his nephew. This last, tho' not very correct, abounds with some noble sallies of passion; his odes are

\* Sans-souci is a house of pleasure belonging to the king of Prussia.—Had it meant *careless* or *easy*, it would have been written Du philosophe Sans-souci.

rather too temperate for that kind of writing, but his epistles are certainly models of elegance, strength, dignity, and ease. We could wish the generality of our readers were capable of understanding and relishing him in the original; if such had been the case, a translation of any part of his works would have been quite unnecessary; but as there are many, who may prefer a faint copy which they understand, to the original they may be imperfectly acquainted with, we shall beg leave to gratify such with a translation of one of the epistles. It is just that we, who sometimes censure what others write, should give them an opportunity of censuring us.

- Epistle XIX. from the king of Prussia to his private secretary **Monf. Darget.**

*‘ The apology of kings.*

• Patient transcriber of my painful strain,  
Guardian of all the labours of my brain;  
Tell me, Darget, from ceremony free,  
What think you of a master form’d like me?  
From long-protracted solitude, become  
Absent, unequal, melancholy, dumb.  
Who, for whole days, sits plodding o’er a book,  
No algebraist with a fow’rer look,  
Slighting each joy that pleasure would impart,  
Thought on his brow, and sorrow at his heart.  
Speak out, Darget, to reason canst thou bring  
A life, so mortify’d in such a king.  
• A king, ye gods!’ methinks I hear thee cry,  
While the big wish sits sparkling on thine eye,  
• Would gracious heaven indulge me with a crown,  
The gods themselves should look with envy down:  
No crabbed problem should my thoughts pursue,  
But beauty, ever kind as well as new;  
Would some well-judging people make me king,  
From morn till night I’d drink, and dance, and sing;  
Search all the magazine of things below,  
Is there a bliss forbidden kings to know:  
Where’er their most fantastic wishes fall,  
Some ready slave anticipates the call;  
Kings can condemn, or pardon, save, or kill,  
And make it peace, or give us wars at will;  
Idols of earth, and favourites of the skies,  
’Tis their’s to taste new pleasures as they rise.  
Hail, happy state of demigods below,  
Where unembitter’d pleasures ever flow:  
Hail, happy state of transport, and of rest,  
Where none but fools, or madmen, are unblest.

• Soft,

Soft, good Darget, let passion ne'er prevail,  
But cool enquiry hold the pond'ring scale:  
Let's view those pleasures with impartial eyes,  
And coolly trace the subject as it lies.

Fortune for thee has humbly drest the scene,  
Meting thy pleasures with her golden mean.  
Mediocrity presents the well-mix'd bowl,  
To opiate every sorrow of thy soul;  
Not niggard quite, nor lavish of her store,  
Has giv'n thee just enough, and nothing more.  
What greater curse can Providence decree  
Than indigence, or superfluity?  
Extremes are but the wayward tricks of nature,  
Or dwarf or giant, 'tis a monstrous creature;  
Ill dress'd alike the beggar and the beau,  
Who shrinks in rags, or sweats in ermin'd shew:  
Soft peace for thee forsakes the kingly crown,  
To wrap thy temples in her nightly down.  
While blest'd without solicitude, or sorrow,  
Thy taste of present bliss excludes to-morrow.

Too happy man from ev'ry danger free,  
That overwhelms the great, and presseth me;  
Too mean for envy, too obscure for foes,  
The storms of censure lull thee to repose.

If when at home thy praise-deserving wife,  
Forbears to stun thee with domestic strife,  
As eve returning with fatigue oppress'd;  
If she receive thee fondly to her breast,  
If no collected rheums invade thine eyes,  
If Dalichamp\* with proper health supplies,  
What other bliss has providence in store?  
Darget, mistaken mortal, ask no more.

Yet, as I speak, methinks I hear thee call  
My prudent counsel, declamation all.  
Talk ne'er so wise, and reason as I will,  
That frigid face looks opposition still;  
Condemns my fine description as untrue,  
And far more bright than nature ever drew.

Well then, we grant that heav'n some pain dispenses,  
In making thee a king's amanuensis,  
Who oft for hours pursues the scribbling fit,  
And mercy on us takes! it all for wit.  
Who fancies ready fame prepares to hear,  
And eccho back his trash in ev'ry ear:

---

\* A surgeon.

Then when the live-long page is copied out,  
 Makes, heav'n defend our hearing, such a rout;  
 On stops and points exhausts his indignation,  
*A comma here has quite mistook its station.*  
*And here a dash — and there a blank should be,*  
*Hypben ! parenthesis ! apostrophe !*  
*That fatal period sets the sense at odds,*  
*All must be copied fair by all the gods.*  
 Thus damn'd once more to dress the page divine,  
 You wish him at the devil ev'ry line.

If such the faithful portrait of thy woes,  
 If such the source whence ev'ry sorrow flows,  
 Come on my friend, and let us calmly try,  
 Who best deserves compassion, you or I.  
 Try what estate can best from sorrow save,  
 And wisely weigh the monarch with the slave :  
 Yet, think I not intend to deck my rhimes  
 With paradox, the blush of modern times :  
 Or smoothing falshood with ingenious care,  
 Give some exploded trash a novel air.  
 The truths I tell, I feel them at my heart,  
 Truths which even pride forbids me to impart.

Severe the task, and rigid is the school,  
 And harder than all arts, the art to rule :  
 The king, who winds thro' each detail of state,  
 Who studies to be good, as well as great ;  
 Who fills th' incumbent duties of his reign,  
 Can only boast pre-eminence of pain.

On either side imposing equal laws,  
 Fixing determin'd dates to every cause ;  
 If justice over discord would prevail,  
 And resolutely fix the wav'ring scale,  
 Behold a fiend that keeps the world in awe,  
 Chicane, with all her hundred dogs of law ;  
 Forth issuing furious from her dark abode,  
 Spurns with contempt the legislative code.  
 But stranger still ! even those who disagree,  
 Receive, dissatisfy'd, the quick decree,  
 And with a fund of long debate supply'd,  
 Judge from caprice the justice of their side.

Imposing taxes next require his skill,  
 Where each contributes sore against his will ;  
 Ambition's with, the courtier's lacquer'd pride,  
 Is by the grudging cottager supply'd.  
 Whence each their different discontents express.  
 One asks for more, and t'other would give less.

To ev'ry tax while that avows dissention,  
From ev'ry tax this hopes a nobler pension.  
Each, loud exclaims at each, yet all agree,  
To arrogate redress from majesty.  
Happy the king in lore hermetic school'd,  
Could he content them both by making gold :  
Yet happier, far more happy could his laws  
Restore the commonwealth which Plato draws.

The hardy foldier next demands his care,  
And rigid discipline with brow severe ;  
The furious warrior, eager for debate,  
If unemploy'd, would overturn the state.  
By their prætorian bands, the Romans saw  
A venal empire, and subverted law.  
Lions of war, impatient to command,  
Themis must rule them with her iron hand :  
Yet not severity alone will do,  
But threats, and hopes, and sometimes flatt'ry too :  
Their force together must united run,  
And all the hundred thousand act as one ;  
Compact the vast machine must learn to roll,  
A king, the central nave that moves the whole :  
This to effect requires unbounded care,  
The half too much for one alone to bear.

“ Well then, at last, the catalogue is done :”  
Patience, my friend, 'tis scarcely yet begun.  
Cares follow care, and toils succeed to pain,  
I've shew'd a few, but hundreds yet remain.

The rights of kingdoms next his peace assail,  
His policy must guide the public weal :  
To rivals, friends, his conduct must oppose,  
And these demand restraint, and succour those.  
Thus balanc'd, each European pow'r is free,  
All finding in distrust, security.  
If kings were just, and treaties were sincere,  
Small were the task, and light the statesman's care.  
But when contracting powers, by interest sway'd,  
Make politics a low deceiving trade :  
When fraud, of caution, falsely bears the name,  
And turns to science what should make our shame :  
When truth appears no more, but every state  
Abounds with men, whom crimes have render'd great :  
Even wisdom's self must learn to change her side,  
And combat crimes with arms by crime supply'd.  
Treaties with two-fold meaning well design'd,  
Must seem to fasten, and yet nothing bind.

K k 2

Convention 3

Conventions firm as zephyrs when they blow,  
Must be prepar'd, and copied out for show :  
Hence genuine virtue no delight can bring,  
Since crimes themselves are virtuous in a king.

Few are the friends an hapless monarch knows,  
His nearest neighbours are his greatest foes.  
While these ambitious views in secret frame,  
'Tis his to counteract each fav'rite scheme ;  
And pond'ring how their words and acts agree,  
Read in the present, dark futurity.  
Thus, wherefoe'er he turns, whate'er he tries,  
Dangers unseen, and disappointments rise ;  
As when besiegers, anxious for renown,  
Advancing o'er the glacis of a town,  
With cautious steps, and slow, explore around,  
Nor trust their safety to the hollow ground,  
Where many a death in bosom'd ambush lies,  
And thunders long to meet their kindred skies :  
Such is the skill, and such the caution shewn,  
In disappointing mines that sap the throne.

' But grant each duty done. Alas ! in vain  
His thoughtless, thankless subjects, still complain :  
In ev'ry science those expect him skill'd,  
In commerce, laws, in council, and the field.  
Those who are punish'd blame his harsh decree,  
The prosecutors blame his lenity.  
Is he for war ? From hence fresh clamours spring,  
' Heav'ns ! what a curse, ambition in a king !'  
Is he for peace ? ' Our prince in idiot state,  
Fears the loud call that animates the great.'  
Rules he alone ? his caution each accuses,  
Who council wiser than his own refuses.  
Does he permit his ministers to rule ?  
Then each perceives the monarch but a tool.  
Has he a fav'rite ? All his weakness see.  
Without, 'tis mere insensibility.  
If free, despis'd ; if ceremonious, nice ;  
But gallantry comprizes ev'ry vice.

Vain, very vain, my friend, are all who can  
Hope for perfection in imperfect man :  
Their crowns, and globes, and thrones, and ointments too,  
Lift kings not one inch nearer heav'n than you ;  
To fix a faultless monarch on the throne,  
Let sculptor *Adam* carve him out in stone ;  
For none but such can 'scape each envious blow,  
Which *Cæsar* felt, and *Titus* learn'd to know.

Ask

Ask you, why obloquy with angry frown,  
 Still glances at the head that wears a crown ?  
 The answer's plain : for some by nature free,  
 Detest whatever checks their liberty.  
 Others again, with smaller cause of hate,  
 Envy the glitt'ring tinsel of his state :  
 One to his friend in secret seems to cry,  
 ' Ah, could our monarch learn to think as I.'  
 Another openly ; ' Were I in his place,  
 Things should put on a very different face.'  
 See, to repair their shatter'd fortunes some,  
 With smiles and bows, and long petitions, come :  
 Tell me, Darget, can such a king as I,  
 Supply their wants, when heav'n can scarce supply !  
 Yet each refusal new detraction sows,  
 And ev'ry hour procures encreasing foes.  
 Secure in conscious rectitude to stand,  
 To steer the bark with unremitting hand,  
 When tempests rise and blacken on the view,  
 To steer the bark is all that's left to do :  
 Tho' envy hiss, and loud resentment swell,  
 Be theirs to rage, and ours to govern well.  
 Yet think me not, Darget, resolv'd to spare  
 One guilty monarch with fraternal care :  
 Perish, ye gods ! the prostituted lays,  
 Which daub a tyrant with injurious praise.  
 The honest muse shall ever learn to blame  
 The herd of vulgar kings, unknown to fame,  
 Pregnant with whim, or slumb'ring on a throne,  
 And to no kingdoms dreadful, but their own :  
 With such the muse declares eternal strife,  
 Take then their portraits finish'd from the life.  
 A vulgar king —— but, lo ! thy looks betray  
 A most impatient wish to get away.  
 Thy wife prepares to chide thy late return,  
 Thy cook exclaims ; the roast begins to burn !  
 The very coachman thinks I keep you long,  
 I hear him cough, and snack his angry thong.  
 Well, go thy ways ; but first, this maxim know,  
 That all estates find equal bliss below.



ART. XIII. *Lettres de Madame la Marquise de Villars, Ambassadrice en Espagne, dans le temps du Mariage de Charles II. Roi d'Espagne, avec la Princesse Marie-Louise d'Orléans, fille de Monsieur, frère unique de Louis XIV. & de Henriette-Anne d'Angleterre, sa première femme. 12mo.*

**I**N these letters we have a spirited and entertaining view of the court of Madrid, of the character of the Spanish nation, and of the grand preparations made for solemnizing the nuptials of Charles II. of Spain, with Maria Louisa of Orleans, niece to Lewis XIV. The visits she received and returned among the Spanish ladies, have furnished madame de Villars with subjects for the most sprightly satire, and delicate raillery, preserving in both the utmost good humour, and regard to politeness and decorum. We may venture, in short, to recommend her letters, as models in the epistolary way.

ART. XIV. *Lettres Historique, pour servir de suite à l'Histoire de de la Grande Bretagne, et à l'Histoire Militaire et civile des Ecossais au Service de France. 12mo.*

**F**ROM the spirit of prejudice, of resentment and partiality, that breathes through every line of this little performance, we may judge it the production of some gentleman, whose misfortune in being forced to spend his life in a foreign country, the avowed enemy of his own, has not sufficiently roused him to a sense of the duty he owes to those laws, and that government under which he received his being and education. Let the reader judge of the rest by the following paragraph, which, besides its inelegance, is almost false in every particular. 'Qui pourroit concevoir, si l'événement n'étoit encore sous nos yeux, que l'auguste C. E. avec 2000 montagnards, sans cavalerie, exposés en flanc comme en front au feu de l'artillerie Angloise, fût venu à bout de détruire à Preston un corps d'Anglois de plus de 5000 hommes des plus aguerris, qui venoient de se distinguer en Flandre; de prendre ensuite avec une très-petite armée deux ou trois places, et de s'avancer jusqu' à 25 lieues des Londres?'

ART.

## Monthly CATALOGUE.

Art. 15. *Some Thoughts on the Anomalous Malignant Measles, lately peculiarly prevalent in the Western Parts of England.* 4to.  
Pr. 6d. Cooper.

THE author of this little florid declamation will perceive from the lenity with which we treat his performance, that his apprehensions of the critical lash are groundless, and that we can wink at a thousand trespasses against good writing, out of regard to a good intention in the writer. Indeed, we are not fond of seeing direct blows levelled at Priscian's head, or a well-meaning piece obscured with affectation, hard words, and a peculiar phraseology, when the sense might as well be conveyed in the ordinary language of mankind.

The nature of the disease here described will appear from the following extract :

' The diagnostics of the anomalous malignant measles, which disease for some months past has made a melancholy carnage amongst children, may be said to be these ; a heaviness and pain in the head, a difficult respiration, (seemingly arising from an obstruction somewhere in the trachea) an amazingly rapid pulse, and some red eruptions more or less, which run in irregular groups and splashes on the surface of the skin, and which always on their first appearance, at least, give a degree of transient relief to the patient : the tongue is either white or brown, according to the greater or less vitiation of the humours : the urine is sometimes high and transparent, at others, turbid. It not seldom happens, that nature having in vain made an effort to get rid of the disease by the skin, furiously impels it towards the guts ; where it almost universally produces a fatal colliquative diarrhæa.

' The pulse, which in the beginning was very frequent and smart, towards the latter end, if the patient dies, turns languid and excessively quick ; the difficulty of breathing sometimes much abates after the state of the disease, for some days, till near the article of death ; the eruptions alternately appear and disappear, and nature makes many unsuccessful attempts to discharge the offending matter by the skin, but at length utterly disappointed, harrassed, and exhausted, yields to unavoidable dissolution.'

With respect to the method of cure, the author strenuously opposes, and with seeming reason, all brisk evacuations by stool, though he allows of gentle clysters at the beginning of the disease. Blisters, he says, are sometimes useful, and for a

very uncommon reason; namely, that they dispose the patient to sleep. Here is the method which he asserts he has practised with success. If sent for early in the disease, a few grains of ipecacuanha by way of emetic; and if the patient be costive, for any continuance of time, a dose of rhubarb, just sufficient to procure a stool or two, are administered. When the *prima via* are cleared, our author proceeds with the following formulæ:

℞ Magnesiz Albæ ʒj; pulver. e Bolo composit. gr. v; Salis Volatilis Corn. Cerv. gr. iij; Olei Cinnam. chymic. guttulam unam; Syr. Croci q. s; M. f. Bolus sexta quaque hora sumendus in Cochleare pleno Julepi sequentis, dilutis:

℞ Aquæ. Cinnamomi tenuis recentisque ʒ v; Spir. Laven-dulæ c. ʒij; Sp. volatil. aromat. gtt. xxx; Syrupi e Meconio—Balsamici aa ʒv; M.

‘ To this, perhaps, a small quantity of elixir paregoricum, might be added, not without advantage. As the dyspnœa and cough attendant on the disease, don’t appear to arise from a humoral infarction of the lungs, such as would make the lac ammoniacum an eligible medicine, and which would contraindicate hypnotics; but rather from a local inflammation and obstruction either in or above the lungs; I give a dose of syrupus e meconio or some other-like anodyne, every night: this, it appears to me, has a double good effect, not only, in moderating, without suppressing the fever; but likewise, in quieting the lungs, and freeing them, and the trachea, from the agitation of coughing, which must necessarily by increasing the local inflammation, endanger ulcers, or a gangrene of the parts: to this end likewise a sperma ceti linctus, mixed with yolk of egg, with a portion of the diacodium, may be exhibited often, by tea spoonfuls.

‘ Also a plaister or cataplasm of theriaca andromachi, with a pretty good quantity of camphor, may be applied with a probability of doing service: let it be spread on thin leather edged with emp: adhæsiv: big enough to envelop the neck and throat, and reach downward to the breast, as far as the superior edge of the sternum.

‘ I think after the fever, thus, or in like manner regulated, has done the work for which nature intended it, ’tis his right to administer two or three rhabarbarate purges; and if a flaccidity and languor of solids require it, a decoction of the following sort may be used with advantage.

℞ Cort.

℞ Cort. p. crass. pul. ℥ss. coq. in aquæ fontanæ ℥xxxvj, ad evaporationem tertiæ partis, colaturæ frigidæ adde. ol. cinnam: chym. (in spiritus vini rect. q. s. soluti), guts. v; elix, vitriol. gtt. 36; sp. lavend. c. ℥ss. syr. croc. ℥ijss. M. exhibe cochlear. iij, seu dosin, ad Ætatem Infantis idoneam, bis, terye, de die.

Such was the practice of our author, which we must allow to be well enough adapted to the diagnostics he describes, and the age of the patient; for, in general, the malignant measles, as he calls them, are confined to children, from one to six years of age.

Art. 16. *The Political Hum-Bug: Addressed to the General Dedication-Post of Great-Britain.* 8vo. Pr. 1s, 6d. Ranger.

This pamphlet might, with more propriety, be called the literary hum-bug, as instead of humour, which we were led from the title to expect, we find nothing besides impudent gross abuse against a glorious monarch, and a minister who has hitherto merited all the applause bestowed on his conduct by his grateful country.

Art. 17. *Tristram Shandy in a Reverie. Containing among other choice Things, his Thoughts on the two late remarkable Trials and the Delinquents—An Answer to the Clock-maker—Adventure at the Bedford—Hints upon Matrimony, &c. &c. To which is added, The Litera Infernalis, or Poor Yorick! Recorded by Himself. And by him addressed to the Admirers of his Life and Opinions.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Williams.

The most stupid, unmeaning, silly attempt to humour, that ever insulted the public curiosity after every thing that bears the name of *Shandy*.

Art. 18. *Two new Essays, by David Hume, Esq; 1st, Of the Jealousy of Trade. 2d. Of the Coalition of Politics.*

The last of these essays, in particular, reflects credit on the good sense, moderation, and public spirit of the elegant writer. Mr. Hume's writings will admit of no abstract, as it would not be possible to couch his meaning in less compass than he has allowed it, without losing much of the strength and beauty of his reasoning. We shall therefore close this article with observing, that the author runs no hazard of diminishing the reputation he has deservedly acquired of a refined, manly, and free inquirer, by this addition to his political works.

Art,

- Art. 19. *The History of Tom Fool.* 12mo. 2 Vols. Pr. 6s. Waller.

Our hero probably takes the name of Tom Fool for much the same reasons that appellation has been bestowed on kings jesters; namely, their being the honestest and wittiest persons about court. Certain gleams of humour flash in every page upon the reader, which shew the author possessed of the comic powers, had he had more regard to propriety of character. This alone is wanting, in our opinion, to render him deserving of a place among our best novel writers.

The author's reasons for publishing his book are whimsical and uncommon.

' There is a certain period of time, metaphysicians predicate by this term, anxious space.

' This vacuum is the half hour immediately preceding dinner; when diamonds scratch sash-windows, or decorate drinking-glasses; when plates are turned round upon forks, and the inside of French roles moulded into geometrical trapeziums.

' At that time, all the English world is,—a—I don't know howish.

' Therefore this book is recommended to be bought by all families, unchristian, as well as christian; and one chapter of it to be then served up, by way of whet.'

- Art. 20. *Candid and critical Remarks on the Dialogues of the Dead: In a Letter from a Gentleman in London to his Friend in the Country.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Kearsley.

That the Dialogues of the Dead are not to the taste of our critic, we may infer from their being of a complexion totally different from his own compositions; but whether the public has decreed genius to the author, or taste to the critic, the booksellers of both can by this time determine.

- Art. 21. *The Transmigrating Soul; or, An Epitome of human Nature. A moral Satire.* By Lieutenant John Slade, of his Majesty's tenth Company of Marines. 8vo. Pr. 3s. Dodsley.

Some of the characters in this performance are not badly delineated, though we must own we were not sorry when we arrived at the last page.

- Art. 22. *The Beavers: A Fable.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Hooper.

In this fable there is a good deal of keen satire, too obvious to be misapplied. The versification is smooth and elegant.

Art.

Art. 23. *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Fifty Nine : A Poem, inscribed to every Briton who bore a Part in the Service of that distinguished Year. Fol. Pr. 6d. Baldwin.*

We cannot but regard this writer more for his patriotism than his poetry.

Art. 24. *A Scotsman's Remarks on the Farce of Love à la Mode, Scene by Scene. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Burd.*

Here we strongly suspect the author is turn'd critic on himself.

Art. 25. *An Essay on the pernicious Practice of impressing Seamen into the King's Service. Humbly dedicated to the Rt. Hon. William Pitt. By a Merchant of London. 8vo. Pr. 6d. Townsend.*

All that is here offered to the minister has been a thousand times repeated by scribbling merchants, country gentlemen, and pseudo members of parliament, since the commencement of the war.

Art. 26. *An Analysis of the philosophical Works of Lord Bolingbroke, by the late unfortunate Earl Ferrers, for his private entertainment; to which is prefixed, A Parallel of Earl Ferrers's Case, with that of Lord Santry, a Peer of Ireland, both convicted of Murder: and a sentimental Letter to a Friend. 8vo. Pr. 2s. Burd.*

It is a matter of indifference to the reader, whether or not this miserable abridgement be truly ascribed to the unfortunate peer mentioned in the title page. Certain we are, that his memory will reap but little honour from a compilation of apothegms strung together without meaning or method, and probably ushered into light, on this occasion, as a bait to the public curiosity. Most of the apothegms are trite; and some, we may venture to say, downright nonsense. What, for instance, can be intended by the following: 'Clearness and precision, are the two great excellencies of human laws. By refuting *one* and the *other* when they differ, the clergy have made it no hard matter to refute *them both* when *they* agree. Where mystery begins, religion ends.' Here is a jingle not to be found, we believe, in the works of lord Bolingbroke, or of any other philosopher: in a word, this is a most stupid, a most blundering, and unwarrantable imposition on the understanding of the public.

Art.

Art. 27. *Two Odes.* 4to. Pr. 1s. H. Payne.

Whatever merit these odes must be allowed to possess, certainly the author might have chosen a subject more worthy of his genius. Every candid reader must regret that so much wit and poetry are employed in throwing ridicule on two gentlemen deservedly placed among the first poets of the age. But however we may condemn the judgment of our bard, we cannot deny our applause to the beauty of his verse, the strength of his humour, and poignancy of his satire. Several lines in imitation of the tuneful swans of Cam are equally natural and ludicrous: in them we admire the happy genius of the poet, while we lament the want of candour in the man. Fashion is admirably described in this stanza,

Perch'd on the dubious height, she loves to ride  
 Upon a weather-cock, astride.  
 Each blast that blows, around she goes,  
 While nodding o'er her crest,  
 Emblem of her magic pow'r,  
 The lightameleon stands confest,  
 Changing its hues a thousand times an hour.  
 And in a vest is she array'd,  
 Of many a dancing moon-beam made,  
 Nor zoneless is her waste:  
 But fair and beautiful, I ween,  
 As the cestos-cinctur'd queen,  
 Is with the rainbow's shadowy girdle brac'd.

The pedigree of Pegasus, the poet's race and fall, are no less humorous than poetical.

High blood and youth his lusty veins inspire.  
 From Tottipontimoy he came,  
 Who knows not, Tottipontimoy, thy name?  
 The bloody-shoulder'd Arab was his sire.  
 His White-nose. He on fam'd Doncastria's plains  
 Resign'd his fated breath:  
 In vain for life the struggling courser strains.  
 Ah! who can run the race with death?  
 The tyrant's speed, or man or steed,  
 Strives all in vain to fly.  
 He leads the chase, he wins the race,  
 We stumble, fall, and die.

Third from Whitenose Springs,  
 Pegasus with eagle wings;

Light

Light o'er the plain, as dancing cork,  
 With many a bound he beats the ground,  
 While all the turf with acclamation rings.  
 He won Northampton, Lincoln, Oxford, York :  
 He too Newmarket won.

There Granta's son  
 Seiz'd on the steed ;  
 And thence him led, (so fate decreed)  
 To where old Cam, renown'd in poet's song,  
 With his dark and inky waves  
 Either bank in silence laves,  
 Winding slow his sluggish streams along.

See, see, he soars ! With mighty wings outspread,  
 And long refounding mane,  
 The courser quits the plain.  
 Aloft in air, see, see him bear  
 The bard who shrouds  
 His lyric glory in the clouds,  
 Too fond to strike the stars with lofty head,  
 He topples headlong from the giddy height,  
 Deep in the Cambrian gulph immerg'd in endless night.

The ode to oblivion is replete with fine imagery and keen satire, which we shall therefore insert for the entertainment of our readers.

• Parent of Ease ! Oblivion old,  
 Who lov'st thy dwelling-place to hold,  
 Where sceptred Pluto keeps his dreary sway,  
 Whose sullen pride the shivering ghosts obey !  
 Thou who delightest still to dwell  
 By some hoar and moss-grown cell,  
 At whose dank foot Cocytus joys to roll,  
 Or Styx' black streams, which even Jove controul !  
 Or if it suit thy better will  
 To chuse the tinkling weeping rill,  
 Hard by whose side the seeded poppy red  
 Heaves high in air his sweetly curling head,  
 While creeping in meanders slow  
 Lethe's drowzy waters flow,  
 And hollow blasts, which never cease to sigh,  
 Hum to each care-struck mind their lulla lulla-by !  
 A prey no longer let me be  
 To that gossip Memory,  
 Who waves her banners trim, and proudly flies  
 To spread abroad her bribble-brabble lies.  
 With thee, Oblivion, let me go.  
 For Memory's a friend to Woe ;

With



With thee, Forgetfulness, fair silent queen,  
The solemn stole of grief is never seen.

All, all is thine. Thy pow'ful sway  
The throng'd poetic hosts obey.

Tho' in the van of Mem'ry proud t' appear,  
At thy command they darken in the rear.

What tho' the modern tragic strain  
For nine whole days protract thy reign,  
Yet thro' the Nine, like whelps of currish kind,  
Scarcely it lives, weak, impotent, and blind.

Sacred to thee the crambo rhyme,  
The motley forms of pantomime :  
For thee from eunuch's throat still loves to flow  
The soothing sadness of his warbled woe :

Each day to thee falls pamphlet clean :  
Each month a new-born magazine :  
Hear then, O Goddess, hear thy vot'ry's pray'r !  
And if thou deign'st to take one moment's care,

Attend thy bard ! who duly pays  
The tribute of his votive lays ;  
Whose muse still offers at thy sacred shrine ;——  
Thy bard, who calls Thee *his*, and makes *him* Thine.

O sweet Forgetfulness, supreme  
Rule supine o'er ev'ry theme,  
O'er each sad subject, o'er each soothing strain,  
Of mine, O Goddess, stretch thine awful reign !

Nor let Mem'ry steal one note,  
Which this rude hand to thee hath wrote !  
So shalt thou save me from the poet's shame,  
Tho' on the letter'd rubric Doddsley post my name.

O come ! with opiate poppies crown'd,  
Shedding slumbers soft around !  
● come, fat Goddess, drunk with Falstaff's sack !——  
See, where she sits on the benumb'd Torpedo's back !

Me in thy dull elysium lapt, O blest  
With thy calm Forgetfulness !

And gently lull my senses all the while  
With placid poems in the sinking stile !

Whether the herring-poet sing,  
Great laureat of the fishes' king,

Or lycophron prophetic rave his fill,  
Wrapt in the darker strains of Johnny —— ;

Or if He sing, whose verse affords  
A *bewy* of the *choicest* words,  
Who meets his lady muse by moss-grown cell,  
Adorn'd with epithet and tinkling bell :

These,

These, Goddess, let me still forget,  
 With all the dearth of modern wit!  
 So may'st thou gently o'er my youthful breast  
 Spread with thy welcome hand Oblivion's friendly vest.'

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The talents and learning of this gentleman might, in our opinion, be more usefully employed, than in seriously refuting the cant and jargon of a set of wrong-headed enthusiasts.

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